

September 1933

The Dictatorship of President Roosevelt. See page 1

The Awful English of England. See page 72

The American **Mercury**

Edited by

H. L. MENCKEN

Four Stories

I. The Cook at Drixall's

II. The Waxen Man

III. Cora Unashamed

IV. Winter Evening

Hunting Headlines in the Balkans

The Odyssey of a Wop

Buck Duke's University

Red Days in Chicago

Harry Thurston Peck

Memoirs of a Schoolma'am

The Last Indian Outbreak: 1906

Magenta

Lowry Charles Wimberly

Nancy Hale

Langston Hughes

Albert Halper

Whit Burnett

John Fante

W. J. Cash

Samuel Putnam

Walter Guest Kellogg

Marion Grubb

H. L. Davis

Thomas Hornsby Ferril

The Soap-Box and Reviews of the New Books

Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher

50c for one copy—By the year \$5.00

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Into the new...the unknown

AROUND THE WORLD

IN THE

FRANCONIA

WITH HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



"Ghost ships of Magellan's fleet..."

Only this Franconia world cruise takes you to the South Sea Isles and the whole momentous and entrancing world of the Southern Pacific and the Indian Oceans... to Tahiti and Rarotonga, Samoa, Viti Levu in the Fiji Islands... to the very antipodes of the earth: New Zealand and Australia... to Papua in New Guinea and Kalabahal on almost unknown Alor Island. She includes such favorite world-cruise features as Bali and Java, Singapore, Penang, Ceylon, South India... and places even more rare: the paradise of Mahe in the Seychelles... Madagascar and the populous, polycolored East Coast of Africa... South Africa... South America!

It is fitting that Hendrik Willem van Loon accompany such a cruise... his witty, learned talks on board will emphasize its deep significance, widen its scope. Fitting, too, that the ship is the Franconia. Already a leader among world-



"Islands arise, grow old and disappear..."

cruising liners, the Franconia will be completely reconditioned... will sail on her great adventure resplendent and even more luxurious than heretofore.



"The rice fields of Java..."

At this year's rates this unique opportunity demands your consideration. The five-months cruise New York to New York costs but \$1,200 up without shore excursions, \$1,700 up including them. (Passengers joining the cruise on the Pacific Coast receive a rebate of \$100-\$125). Compare that with what you spend in just an ordinary winter-and-spring at home!

*Franconia sails from New York Jan. 9th
from Los Angeles Jan. 24th*

Send for the extraordinary 80-page booklet "A Voyage of Re-Discovery". Besides all the facts of the Franconia's unique voyage, it includes Mr. van Loon's drolly illustrated and very personal story of this world cruise. For your copy address your local agent or

CUNARD LINE

25 Broadway, New York

THOS. COOK & SON

587 Fifth Avenue, New York



"This is one of the few things I have discovered in thirty years devoted to a study of the past as revealed in the present and of the present as explained by the past; that in order to get the right point of view one needs the right perspective. And one does not get it by sitting with one's nose glued to the object under observation. You may well argue that the contemplation of self-government as practiced among the natives of New Guinea or in the strange democratic commonwealth of Australia will hardly teach us how to do things in Washington. Of course not. But we will better understand ourselves and our problems if we contemplate our achievements against a background of other habits and other customs. That this trip happens to lead through one of the loveliest parts of the world is a most agreeable detail, but if it merely made the circuit of the Poles, I would still be on board the ship."

Hendrik Willem van Loon

ITINERARY

Jamaica* Panama
Los Angeles
Hawaiian Islands
South Sea Islands
(Tahiti*, Rarotonga*,
Apia*, Suva*)
New Zealand* Australia*
New Guinea*
Dutch East Indies
(Kalabahal*, Bali, Java)
Straits Settlements
and Malaya
(Singapore, Penang)
India Ceylon Seychelles*
East Africa
(Mombasa*, Zanzibar*)
Madagascar*
South Africa (Cape Town*,
Durban*, Port Elizabeth*)
South America
(Montevideo*, Buenos Aires,
Santos*, Rio de Janeiro*)
Barbados*

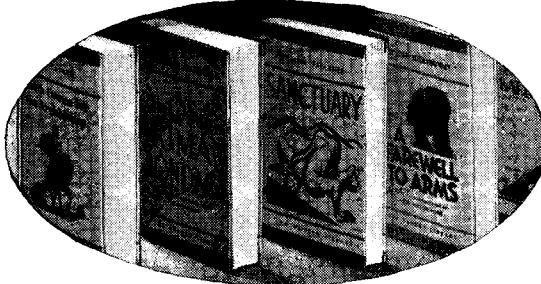
*Franconia is the only world cruise to call here.

Franconia

ONLY WORLD

CRUISE TO THE SOUTH SEAS AND SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE

How Many of these 63 Great Modern Library Books Haven't You Read?



Which Do You Want --- for Only 95¢ Each?

HERE are 63 of the most popular of all the fine books in the Modern Library—as proven by actual check-up of hundreds of thousands of sales. Some of these books you have probably read. Others you have always meant to read. As you know, Modern Library books are beautifully and durably bound. They were all published, in smaller editions, at from \$2.50 to \$10 a copy. But now, in the Modern Library, they are only 95c each!

Check over this list now. Indicate on the coupon the books you want. And remember, you need send no money now. This coupon brings them to you on our satisfaction-guaranteed plan!

- 3—AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI
- 5—SOUTH WINDNorman Douglas
- 9—THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA ... Nietzsche
- 11—REVOLT OF THE ANGELS France
- 13—THE WAY OF ALL FLESH...Samuel Butler
- 19—A FAREWELL TO ARMS, Ernest Hemingway
- 26—THE MIKADO, THE GONDOLIERS, PIRATES OF PENZANCE AND IOLANTHE, Gilbert
- 28—MADAME BOVARY...Gustave Flaubert
- 37—ANNA KARENINATolstoy
- 42—ARROWSMITH.....Sinclair Lewis
- 47—CANDIDE... Voltaire
- 51—LOVE'S COMING OF AGE Carpenter
- 53—MADEMOISELLE DE MAUPIN Gautier
- 56—LONG FELLOW'S POEMS
- 59—SWANN'S WAY Marcel Proust
- 60—THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPINOZA...Spinoza
- 61—SANCTUARY, Faulkner
- 64—JANE EYRE...Bronte



- 66—AN OUTLINE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS
- 71—THE DECAMERON Boccaccio
- 72—TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES..... Thomas Hardy
- 76—THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS Henry Adams
- 77—APHRODITE Pierre Louys
- 78—TARTUFFE, THE MISANTHROPE, THE HIGHBROW LADIES, THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES, THE PHYSICIAN AND THE MISER.....Moliere
- 79—ALICE IN WONDERLAND, THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS AND THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK...Lewis Carroll
- 88—THE GOLDEN ASS... Lucius Apuleius
- 89—GREEN MANSIONS... W. H. Hudson
- 95—NAPOLEON ...Ludwig
- 103—SAMUEL PEPYS' DIARY...Samuel Pepys
- 109—SONS AND LOVERSD. H. Lawrence
- 119—MOBY DICK.....Herman Melville
- 120—VILE BODIES Evelyn Waugh
- 121—THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE...Hardy
- 126—THE CREAM OF THE JEST Cabell
- 128—THE RAINBOW D. H. Lawrence
- 131—VANITY FAIR W. M. Thackeray
- 132—STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM, Schreiner
- 138—THE ROMANCE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI Merejkowski



- 147—TRISTAM SHANDY Laurence Sterne
- 151—BROTHERS KARMAZOV Dostoyevski
- 161—CANTERBURY TALES Chaucer
- 165—MEMOIRS OF CASANOVA Casanova
- 170—THE SUN ALSO RISES Hemingway
- 176—OF HUMAN BONDAGE, Somerset Maugham
- 179—THE MEDIC.....G. F. Young
- 180—POINT COUNTER POINT...Huxley
- 181—THE PHILOSOPHY OF PLATO
- 184—THE OLD WIVES' TALE...Bennett
- 185—TOM JONES Henry Fielding
- 191—DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP Willa Cather
- 192—A HISTORY OF THE BORGHIAS..... Frederick Baron Corvo
- 193—DROLL STORIES Balzac
- 196—THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO
- 200—THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN..... Mann
- 201—THE ARABIAN NIGHTS (for adults) Burton
- 202—CAPITAL AND OTHER WRITINGS Karl Marx
- 203—YAMA THE PIT Kuprin
- 205—THREE SOLDIERS John Dos Passos
- 206—POWER, Feuchtwanger
- 207—PETER IBBETSON Du Maurier
- 208—THE DIVINE COMEDY Dante
- 209—ANTIC HAY...Huxley
- 210—PENGUIN ISLAND Anatole France



THE MODERN LIBRARY, Inc., Dept. A.M.-149
20 East 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the Modern Library books whose title numbers I have encircled below. I will pay the postman 95c for each plus a few cents postage. It is understood that if at any time, within 5 days, I wish to return any or all of these books, I may do so and you will refund the price of each volume I return.

(Place Circle Around Numbers of Titles You Wish)

3	5	9	11	13	19	26	28	37	42	47	51	53
56	59	60	61	64	66	71	72	76	77	78	79	88
89	95	103	109	119	120	121	126	128	131	132	138	147
151	161	165	170	176	179	180	181	184	185	191	192	193
196	200	201	202	203	205	206	207	208	209	210		

NAME

ADDRESS

☐ Check here if you prefer to enclose WITH this coupon 95c for each book selected, and we will pay the postage in full. Same guarantee privilege applies, of course.

SEND NO MONEY Simply Mail the Coupon

It is easy to order Modern Library books if you will use the little coupon at right. Merely encircle upon it the title numbers of the books you would like us to send to you. There is no need to send any money now. When the books are delivered to you, just pay the postman, plus a few cents postage. Then look over the books for 5 days. See how well they are printed, in large clear type on excellent paper—complete, unbridged, unexpurgated. Note their durable gold-stamped, balloon-silk bindings. See what a handsome addition they will make to your library. Then, if you do not feel that they are an excellent bargain, worth much more than their reasonable price, merely send any or all of them back—and you will receive a full refund of 95c for each book you return. The Modern Library, Inc., Dept. A.M.-149, 20 East 57th Street, New York City.



THE AMERICAN MERCURY



The LITERARY BAZAAR

FIRST EDITIONS :: RARE BOOKS :: AUTOGRAPHS :: STAMPS :: LITERARY SERVICES

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES, Magazine excerpts on many subjects, Old Prints, Your wants solicited, Quotations on request. SALISBURY'S, 78 East 10th Street, New York.

BARGAIN OFFER

BOOK BARGAINS: Interesting catalogue No. 60M listing fine second hand books is now ready. Write for it today, mentioning your particular interests.

OWEN DAVIES, Bookseller
346-F North Clark St., Chicago

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, OLD, RARE, UNUSUAL and Out-of-Print Books. Huge Stock, Lowest Prices. Catalogs Free. DAUBER & FINE BOOKSHOPS, Inc., 66 Fifth Avenue, at 12th Street, New York. Open until 10 P.M.

FOREIGN LANGUAGES

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOK-MAN, 202 West 96th St. (near Broadway). "Headquarters for French Books and Magazines." Careful, prompt attention and reasonable prices. Bargain Catalogue 5 cents (stamps).

GENERAL

TIRED OF BUNK AND HOOEY? Then try a membership with CONTACTS, the only correspondence club for the mentally isolated, which connects you with original thinkers the world over. Unusual books loaned free. Send 3c stamp. CONTACTS, Box 91, Station D, New York City.

GENERAL

THE TREND OF YOUR ACHIEVEMENT can be revealed in a CERTIFIED GRAPHO-ANALYSIS made from your Handwriting. A former University Professor will give this Personal Service, free to everyone sending a Dime and Stamped envelope to cover cost. Write THOMAS J. CUTTING, C.G.A., 846 Keystone, River Forest, Illinois.

MENTAL DEVELOPMENT

WHAT ARE THE LATENT CAPABILITIES of a man or woman at 20—what are they at 50? And how developed? JOHN R. BREMNER, Ph.D. at room 904A, 18 E. 48th St., N. Y. City—Eldorado 5-6888.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP INC., 570 Lexington Ave., New York.

AUTHORS EXCHANGE ASSN.

guarantees dependable cooperation, expert advice. Nominal dues entitles members to FREE reading, criticism, editing. Only 6% marketing charge. We publish a magazine, "AUTHORS" \$1.00 yearly, 10c copy. AUTHORS EXCHANGE, Suite M, 303 Fourth Ave., New York.

RARE BOOKS

CURIOSA, SEXUALIA, EXOTICA. The Largest publishers of privately printed literature in the United States, invite you to send for their free catalogue of curiosa, sexualia, esoterica. PANURGE PUBLISHERS, 98 Fifth Avenue, New York.

RARE BOOKS

MATURE READERS AND COLLECTORS of Amatory Curiosa of all races are invited to join our select clientele. We specialize in curious books, scientific sexualia, anthropological esoterica, privately printed items in limited editions, unexpurgated translations of classics exotically illustrated. Catalogues on request. THE FALSTAFF PRESS, Dept. CM, 230 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE BOOKS YOU CAN'T GET ELSEWHERE may be read for a nominal fee. Members have access to a large collection of rare, scarce, out-of-print, and curious books; limited, privately printed editions, unexpurgated translations. Please state occupation or profession when writing for information. ESOTERIKA BIBLION SOCIETY, Dept. M-4, 15 East 45th Street, New York.

SCHEDULE OF RATES

AND NOW AT GREATLY REDUCED cost The Literary Bazaar places before you its large and wealthy collectors' market. Announce your first editions, your rarities, your literary services, in this section. A half-inch advertisement (6 lines of type) now costs only \$5.00—and on the twelve time order only \$4.00. Write Dept. L. B. THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 730 Fifth Ave., New York.



FIRST EDITIONS, RARE
BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS
MANUSCRIPTS
[Catalogues Issued]
JAMES F. DRAKE, Inc.
24 W. 40 St., N. Y. C.

If you are using the mails for profit —
let us help you increase that profit.

DISPATCH
ADDRESSING & MAILING CO.
INCORPORATED
117 East 24th Street, New York
Stuyvesant 9-5843—5844

Spiritman's Place and Function in Nature

Dr. Alcinius B. Jamison's latest book on Psychic Science tells you about spirit in its uncreative state; of its incarnations and evolution to a God-consciousness; and that you are innately an eternal integral autonomic being and a personator of the eternal natural law of being. The treatise is a spiritual character builder. Cloth 264 pp. Price, postpaid, \$2.10.

A. B. JAMISON, M. D.

Suite 2, 175 W. 88th St., New York City

The LITERARY BAZAAR of THE AMERICAN MERCURY is the meeting place for those who are interested in autographs, first editions, rare books, stamps, prints, coins and manuscript agents. Read some of these advertisements—you will find them interesting and sometimes profitable. Perhaps you have a private library or a stamp collection that you would like to turn into cash at this time. We can help you sell it. Write to Miss Jean Jay, THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XXX

September 1933

NUMBER 117

TABLE OF CONTENTS

LONG LIVE THE KING!	J. Frederick Essary	1
FOUR STORIES:		
I. The Cook at Drixall's	Lowry Charles Wimberly	8
II. The Waxen Man	Nancy Hale	14
III. Cora Unashamed	Langston Hughes	19
IV. Winter Evening	Albert Halper	25
AMERICANA		32
MEMOIRS OF A SCHOOLMA'AM	Marion Grubb	35
HUNTING HEADLINES IN THE BALKANS	Whit Burnett	42
THE LAST INDIAN OUTBREAK: 1906	H. L. Davis	50
THE ARTS AND SCIENCES:		
Surnames as Common Property	Howard F. Barker	58
The Costs of High Obstetrical Care	Morris Fishbein	61
RED DAYS IN CHICAGO	Samuel Putnam	64
THE AWFUL ENGLISH OF ENGLAND	H. W. Seaman	72
HARRY THURSTON PECK	Walter Guest Kellogg	83
THE ODYSSEY OF A WOP	John Fante	89
MAGENTA	Thomas Hornsby Ferril	98
BUCK DUKE'S UNIVERSITY	W. J. Cash	102
CHICKEN FIGHT	Robert Lane Anderson	111
THE SOAP-BOX		116
THE LIBRARY	H. L. Mencken	122
THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS		128
CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS		iv

Unsolicited manuscripts, if not accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes, will not be returned and the Editor will not enter into correspondence about them. Manuscripts should be addressed to The Editor, and not to individuals. All accepted contributions are paid for on acceptance, without reference to the date of publication. The whole contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without permission.

Published monthly at 50 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$5.00 in U. S. and Possessions, Mexico, Cuba, Spain and Colonies, and the Republics of Central and South America. Canada, \$5.50; other foreign subscriptions, \$6.00; all rag edition, \$10.00 by the year. The American Mercury, Inc., publishers. Publi-

cation office, Federal and 19th streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York. Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1933, by The American Mercury, Inc. Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th of the month preceding the date. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. The American Mercury is indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*

CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

SOCIOLOGY

THE BEGINNINGS OF TOMORROW.

By Herbert Adolphus Miller.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company
\$2.50 5¾ x 8¾; 310 pp. New York

Dr. Miller, who was formerly professor of sociology in Ohio State University, here tries "to get close to the edge of the craters in the eruptive social conditions" of Russia, Japan, Turkey, Syria, Arabia, Korea, China, India, Egypt, the Philippines, Indo-China, and Siam. He deals at length with the activities of Lenin, Sun Yat-sen, and Gandhi, and also with those of Kemal of Turkey and Zaglul of Egypt. He says that whatever we know of social "laws" and of "human nature" are "derived from observations of the young, rapidly changing, and relatively small groups of the West." These "may be vastly modified by an intensive study of [the] settled cultures of populations of great age," which are the possessions of Africa and Asia. The world, especially Europe, is now in chaos. "The serious question arises whether the West can survive." As to where salvation will come from, Dr. Miller says: "The morning is cloudy and there will be thunderstorms, but finally the sun will come up clear and potent from the East." A bibliography and an index are appended.

MODES & MANNERS.

By Max von Boehn. The J. B. Lippincott Company
\$4 5¾ x 8½; 290 pp. Philadelphia

This is the second volume of a work that will run to four volumes. The first dealt with the social life of the later Middle Ages; the present one covers the Sixteenth Century; the remaining two will bring the chronicle down to modern times. Herr von Boehn is a well-known *Kulturgeschichtsforscher*. His chief emphasis here is on costume, but he paints in the social background of the epoch with broad strokes, and is full of odd and amusing details. The manners of the Sixteenth Century, in all the Northern countries, were almost incredibly gross. People even of the highest ranks were filthy in their persons, and their feeding habits were those of animals. But throughout the century the gentler decorums of Italy exerted a stealthy but steady influence, and toward its close even England and Germany began to be civilized. There are nearly 200 illustrations, 16 of them in color. Most are reproductions of contemporary portraits. There is an index.

iv

VICE IN CHICAGO.

By Walter C. Reckless.

The University of Chicago Press
\$3 5½ x 7¾; 314 pp. Chicago

Dr. Reckless is associate professor of sociology at Vanderbilt. Here he takes up the investigation of vice in Chicago where the Chicago Vice Commission left off in 1911. The segregated districts were closed in 1912. Dr. Reckless finds that the improvement since then has been only on the surface. There are not so many open brothels, but a lot of prostitution goes on now in respectable apartments in so-called fine neighborhoods. The woman who wants to sell her body can do so these days almost anywhere and still remain a "lady." Again, "Negro prostitution has grown enormously, due to the social unadjustment following the wholesale immigration of Negroes into Chicago's undesirable and disorganized neighborhoods." There are many interesting tables, maps, and case histories. A valuable book.

BAD COMPANIONS.

By William Roughead.

Duffield & Green
\$3.50 5¾ x 8¾; 301 pp. New York

Mr. Roughead is a specialist in crime, and has printed a number of books rehearsing celebrated criminal trials of the past. Of the eight chapters in the present volume, three deal with murders, three with cases involving sexual perversion, one with perjury, and one with fraud. The author is a Scotsman, and writes in an odd but not unattractive manner, with a considerable use of fantastic words. A good deal of his material is from sources not easily accessible; he is, in fact, an indefatigable collector of out-of-the-way criminal literature. His book is illustrated, and there is a preface by Hugh Walpole.

TRAVEL

RED SEA NIGHTS.

By William J. Makin. Robert M. McBride & Company
\$3 5¾ x 8¾; 327 pp. New York

Mr. Makin went to the coronation of Ras Tafari, Emperor of Abyssinia, as the correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune and the London News-Chronicle. He begins his narrative with rather melodramatic adventures in Marseilles, but once he gets to the Red Sea coast he settles down to some excellent straightforward reporting. He has a very interesting chapter on the slave traffic between the

Continued on page v

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

African coast and Arabia, carried on in dhows that are barely seaworthy and require great skill and daring for their navigation. There is another chapter, equally readable, upon the port of Jidda, where Moslem pilgrims debark for the journey to Mecca. The region thereabout is controlled by members of the Wahabi sect of Mohammedan Puritans, and the police regulations in force suggest life in Kansas in the palmy days of Prohibition.

AN INDISCREET ITINERARY, *or, How the Unconventional Traveler Should See Holland.*

By Hendrik Willem van Loon.

Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$1 4 7/8 x 7 7/8; 117 pp. New York

Dr. van Loon's little book began as a modest folder for the Netherlands Railways; expanded to its present form, it makes an excellent guidebook, especially for the traveler who has only a short time to spend in Holland. Non-essentials are passed over rapidly, but everything of genuine interest has its place, and there is enough of history in the telling to provide a good background for the picturesque present. Dr. van Loon describes Holland as a very charming country, which it is indeed in fact; he even says that it still has good five-cent cigars. There are numerous drawings by the author, and the fly-leaves are left blank for "notes, sketches, time-tables, and anything that enters your mind."

HISTORY

THE FIRST WORLD WAR: *A Photographic History.*

Edited by Laurence Stallings. Simon & Schuster
\$3.50 8 7/8 x 12; 306 pp. New York

The 513 photographs which make up this book were assembled from many sources, official and otherwise, and some of them, it is stated, are here printed for the first time. The volume is plainly pacifist in tendency, and Mr. Stallings' captions rub in the lesson of the pictures that war is simply organized imbecility, but there is no piling up of mere horrors, as in certain previous works of the same general character. No partiality is shown in the selections: there are photographs showing German successes as well as photographs showing German reverses. Mr. Stallings, beside providing the captions (often very brief, but always effective), contributes an introduction. "If this picture book survives," he says, "doubtless it will get in time another preface, and one which will make sense out of chaos." The reproductions are in the main very good.

*Continued in back advertising section,
page x*

Complete Book Manufacture

A SURPRISINGLY large percentage of the books reviewed and advertised in this number of THE AMERICAN MERCURY were manufactured complete in our plant.

This comes as a natural result of our many years of experience in manufacturing books of the highest quality for the most discriminating publishers

The VAIL-BALLOU PRESS

The Efficient Plant

Main Office and Factory: Binghamton, N. Y.

New York Office: 220 Fifth Avenue



WE DO OUR PART
THE AMERICAN
MERCURY

\$5.00 a year
\$9.00 two years

Send to

I enclose \$ _____

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

HARPERS PRESENTS THE LEADERS

**DOWN AND OUT
IN PARIS AND
LONDON**

**BY GEORGE
ORWELL.** "Excellent!"
says J. B. Priestley of
this genuine human
document. "Terrible,
fascinating, and neces-
sary-to-be-read."—
London Express. \$2.50

**MARRIAGE IN
GOTHAM**

**BY ISH BEL
ROSS.** A revealing story
of high society in New
York and of the reper-
cussions of divorce
scandals on parents
and children. \$2.00

HENRY P. DAVISON

**BY THOMAS W. LA-
MONT.** The life story of
one of the great Morgan
partners, by his friend
and associate. \$3.50

THE FARM

By Louis Bromfield

AUTHOR OF "THE GREEN BAY TREE", ETC.

In this new novel Mr. Bromfield returns to the manner and material of his early success, *The Green Bay Tree*, to tell the story of an American family for four generations. The action extends from the early nineteenth century well into our own day. Scores of colorful characters throng the pages, and dramatic incidents crowd each other to make the book a really epic panorama of American life in the making. \$2.50

Harper Prize Novel

THE JUDGES

DOROTHY CANFIELD - HARRY HANSEN - SINCLAIR LEWIS

**THE MAD HATTER
MYSTERY**

**BY JOHN DICKSON
CARR.** The silk hat
snatcher's antics were
a joke until they found
Philip Driscoll with a
crossbow bolt in his
heart. A Harper Sealed
Mystery. \$2.00

WAS IT MURDER?

BY GLEN TREVOR. An
exceptionally intricate
and diverting story of
murder at an English
public school. A Harper
Sealed Mystery. \$2.00

**THE MUMMY CASE
MYSTERY**

BY DERMOT MORRAH.
Murder at Oxford in
"a really exciting and
most ingenious mys-
tery, delightfully writ-
ten."—*London Times.*
A Harper Sealed Mys-
tery. \$2.00

THE SNOWS of HELICON

By H. M. Tomlinson

AUTHOR OF "ALL OUR YESTERDAYS", ETC.

This new novel has in abundance all the rare qualities which have won for Mr. Tomlinson a place second to none among writers of English. Its theme—the eternal conflict between the spirit of beauty in the world and man's lust for power—is developed through the story of a successful architect who realizes gradually the mockery in his work and whose bitter doubts end finally in revolt. In this novel Tomlinson dramatises his whole philosophy of life. \$2.50

Publishers **HARPER & BROTHERS**

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

AMONG THE SEASON'S NEW BOOKS

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION FOR SEPTEMBER

DARK HAZARD

By *W. R. Burnett*

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE CAESAR", ETC.

In this new novel the author of *Little Caesar* and *Iron Man* tells the story of an easy-going gambler and a woman of principle who tried to follow the same path to different goals. The record of their life together is that of a man's irresistible impulse to get something for nothing set up against a woman's ceaseless fight for security for herself and her child. "Brilliant, satisfying."—*Christopher Morley in the Book-of-the-Month Club News.* \$2.50

LAMB IN HIS BOSOM

BY CAROLINE MILLER.

An extraordinary story of a pioneer family in the Georgia wilderness; a story of heroism, toil, love and sin. \$2.00

SEVEN YESTERDAYS

BY PAUL HOFFMAN. A

poignant picture of the childhood and adolescence of a sensitive German boy. \$2.00

MONSOON

BY WILFRID DAVIS

"This is the finest Indian novel since *A Passage to India*."—*Harold J. Laski.* \$2.00

The Fault of Angels

By *PAUL HORGAN*

A spirited comedy, set in a typical American city where wealth supports Civic Art, revolving about Nina, devastating wife of the orchestra leader, who gaily rushes in where angels fear to tread. Harper Prize Novel. \$2.50

CECIL RHODES

By *Sarah Gertrude Millin*

AUTHOR OF "GOD'S STEPCHILDREN", ETC.

Forceful, fascinating, and always surprising, Cecil Rhodes lived a life as sparkling as the diamonds from the great Kimberley mines which made his huge fortune. He could find no more appropriate biographer than Sarah Gertrude Millin. As a writer she has established an enviable reputation; and South Africa, where she has lived her life, is the background of Cecil Rhodes' activities in behalf of glory, the British Empire, and himself. "A superb biography."—*London Times.* "A vivid and just life."—*J. C. Squire.* An English Book Club Selection. \$3.75

PULL DEVIL PULL BAKER

BY STELLA BENSON. "An engaging modern Munchausen makes his bow."—*New York Times.* A Literary Guild Selection and a best-seller. \$2.50

GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE

BY D. W. BROGAN. Not since Bryce's *The American Commonwealth* has a book of this stature, interpreting American government and politics, come out of England. \$4.00

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS

EDITED BY CHARLES A. BEARD. "One of the most important books of the year, an illuminating glimpse of our national character."—*John Erskine.* \$3.00

49 EAST 33rd STREET New York

vii

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

These Are The Books



These are the books that fill a permanent place on the shelves of your library, the books that sell, not for a season, but for years. They are selected from the recent publications of HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY.

NORMAN DOUGLAS "LOOKING BACK"
\$3.50

MORRIS R. COHEN
"LAW AND THE SOCIAL ORDER"
\$3.75

ELLA WINTER "RED VIRTUE"
\$3.00

ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED "SOUTH AMERICA"
\$2.00

JOHN M. KEYNES
"ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY"
\$2.50

MABEL DODGE LUHAN
"INTIMATE MEMORIES"
\$3.00

LINCOLN STEFFENS "AUTOBIOGRAPHY"
\$3.75

DAVID GARNETT "POCAHONTAS"
\$2.50

JOSEPHINE HERBST
"PITY IS NOT ENOUGH"
\$2.50

LEE SIMONSON "THE STAGE IS SET"
\$5.00

FELIX RIESENBERG "LOG OF THE SEA"
\$3.00

Harcourt, Brace and Company

383 MADISON AVENUE

NEW YORK

The American MERCURY

September 1933

LONG LIVE THE KING!

BY J. FREDERICK ESSARY

IT HAS long been the boast of prideful Americans that the Presidency of the United States is the most powerful political office in the world. Probably this was true even before the New Deal. But the office was not so conceived by the Founding Fathers, nor was it so ordained in the Constitution. The original purpose of the Founders was to make Congress supreme, and to lay fixed and immutable limitations upon the prerogatives of the Executive. The right to levy taxes and the right to appropriate money—the most powerful functions of government—were reserved to Congress. Also the right to declare war, the right to propose constitutional changes, and (given to the Senate alone) the right to ratify treaties, and that to confirm appointments.

But in recognizing the President as the actual head of the dominant party, and in making the Presidency the fountain-head of both policy and patronage, the country by degrees exalted the officer and endowed the office with an authority undreamed of by the generation which fashioned the Republic. Now another long leap has been taken in the same direction, longer than any ever before attempted. In the short

space of six months' time the President has been given practically unmeasured control over all the processes of industry in the country, over all agricultural production, over every detail of fiscal policy, over banks and banking, over all public works, over transportation, and over the relief of destitution—in brief, over almost every major activity of the American people.

These extraordinary grants of power, laid on top of those already inhering in the Presidency, have set up in this land of the free an executive autocracy the like of which exists in no other democracy in the world. One may indeed wonder if Mussolini, Stalin, Hitler, Kemal Pasha or any other living potentate exercises as much direct power in his own country as Franklin D. Roosevelt now has in ours.

When presented for passage to the House or Senate, each of the fourteen major enactments of the last congressional session bore across its face an "emergency" label. The emergency, we were told early and late, was the sole justification of these measures. It was the bank emergency, the agricultural emergency, the price level emergency, the mortgage foreclosure

I

emergency, the unemployment emergency, the national credit emergency, the railroad emergency, the tax emergency, and so on down the line. Emergency became the king-pin of the Roosevelt strategy. And amazingly successful strategy it certainly was.

The powers thus granted the President in the bewildering period that has just closed fall into five general classes, with a few more not so easily catalogued. The first embraces powers over banking and fiscal policies, powers that are almost without limit. These are followed by others involving public works, industry and transportation; by those to effect "agricultural adjustment"; by those designed to reach the problem of unemployment; by those dealing with the budget—and by others extending to the operation of Muscle Shoals, publicity for security issues, the re-financing of insurance companies, and finally, the refunding of home mortgages.

II

Public Act No. 1 of the Seventy-third Congress, an act passed by both Houses in a single day, without benefit of committee consideration or debate, declared "that a serious emergency exists and that it is imperatively necessary speedily to put into effect remedies of uniform national application." Following that brief preamble is a section validating all the actions taken by the President under the war powers which he assumed on the day of his inauguration. Then comes this revolutionary series of specific grants:

1. During time of war or "any other period of national emergency," declared to be such by the President himself, he may investigate, regulate or prohibit by means of licenses or otherwise, any transactions in foreign exchange.

2. He may close any bank or all of them, State or national, keep them closed for any period he directs, and fix the terms of their reopening.

3. He may regulate transfers of credit between banking institutions or any payments by such institutions.

4. He may prohibit the hoarding, exportation, melting or earmarking of gold or silver coin or bullion or currency by any person within the United States.

5. He may require any person engaged in any such transactions to furnish under oath all records, papers or other data which the government may wish to inspect.

6. He may require, through the Secretary of the Treasury, any individual or corporation to deliver to the Treasury any gold coin, bullion or gold certificates owned by such parties.

7. He may exact a penalty equal to twice the value of such gold or certificates from any one refusing to surrender them.

8. He may, by proclamation, prohibit any member bank of the Federal Reserve System from transacting any banking business whatever except such as he prescribes.

9. Through the Comptroller of the Currency he may place any national bank that is insolvent or of doubtful solvency in the hands of a conservator.

10. With the President's approval, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation may assist in reorganizing any national or State bank or trust company by a subscription to that bank's preferred stock.

11. Finally, he may terminate the "emergency" when he pleases, and cause the retirement of all circulating notes not secured by government bonds bearing circulating privileges.

The President's long arm reaches still further in the direction of the banks. Public Act No. 66, commonly known as the Glass-Steagall Bill, enacts drastic reforms in banking practices. Its manifest purpose is to nationalize the entire banking business of the country by drawing or driving every banking institution, whether chartered by a State or by the national government, into the Federal Reserve System.

This is to be done by barring from the deposit insurance fund, now set up, all banks outside the system after July 1, 1936. The President is authorized to fix the date (it must be on or before July 1, 1934), when the insurance plan is to go into effect, and his Secretary of the Treasury may license banks to participate in it only under authority of an Executive Order. Other vast powers carried in the Glass-Steagall Bill are delegated to the Comptroller of the Currency and to the Federal Reserve Board, who hold office by presidential appointment.

The Thomas amendment to Public Act No. 10, known as the Agricultural Adjustment Act, delegates more and even greater powers to the President. No glowing preamble introduces this revolutionary piece of legislation. The title is simply a reminder of the fact that Section 8 of Article 1 of the Constitution provides for the coining of money and the regulation of its value. The amendment empowers the President:

12. To determine whether the foreign commerce of the United States is adversely affected through depreciation in the value of the currency.

13. To determine if an expansion of credit is necessary in order to secure by international agreement a stabilization at proper levels of the various currencies.

14. To induce the Federal Reserve banks through open market operations to purchase up to \$3,000,000,000 in government securities in order to sustain the market.

15. To start the printing presses, as a further resort, and to issue \$3,000,000,000 in greenbacks.

16. To debase the gold content of the dollar down to 50% of its present value.

17. To fix the weight of the gold dollar and to fix the weight of the silver dollar at a definite ratio in relation to the gold dollar.

18. To provide for the unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the ratio so fixed.

19. To accept up to \$200,000,000 in silver on account of war debts, such silver to be valued at fifty cents an ounce in United States currency.

20. To issue and put into circulation silver certificates for the amount of money which the debtor nations may pay in that metal.

21. To increase or decrease, in conjunction with the Federal Reserve Board, the reserve balances required to be maintained against either demand or time deposits.

But the President's command of banking and fiscal policies is not wholly comprehended in his control of the banks and his power to inflate both credit and the currency. Congress has also delegated to him the actual power of taxation. In the tax section of Public Act No. 67, under which \$220,000,000 in new levies is ordered, he is authorized by proclamation to suspend these levies provided

22. The total receipts, excluding public debt receipts, exceed the total expenditures at the end of any fiscal year after June 30, 1933.

23. Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution is accomplished.

Again, Public Act No. 73, "to extend the gasoline tax for one year and to modify postage rates on mail matter," authorizes the President

24. To change the postage rates, up or down, on all classes of mailable matter as he may determine, except that the first-class rate shall not be reduced to less than two cents an ounce and the local rate for postal cards shall be unchanged.

Finally, the President at his discretion, is empowered in the National Recovery Act to throw open to public inspection all income-tax returns.

III

In passing on to the far-reaching Industrial Recovery Act and its collateral meas-

ures, one encounters an expansive declaration of policy in the very first section. It says:

A national emergency productive of widespread unemployment and disorganization of industry, which burdens interstate and foreign commerce, affects the public welfare, and undermines the standards of living of the American people, is hereby declared to exist. It is hereby declared to be the policy of Congress to remove obstructions to the free flow of interstate and foreign commerce which tend to diminish the amount thereof; and to provide for the general welfare by promoting the organization of industry for the purposes of coöperative action among trade groups, to induce and maintain united action of labor and management under adequate governmental sanctions and supervision, to eliminate unfair competitive practices, to promote the fullest possible utilization of the present productive capacity of industries, to avoid undue restriction of production (except as may be temporarily required), to increase the consumption of industrial and agricultural products by increasing purchasing power, to reduce and relieve unemployment, to improve standards of labor, and otherwise to rehabilitate industry and to conserve natural resources.

That effect may be given to this stupendous programme of state Socialism (if that is the phrase) the President is empowered:

25. To set up such agencies and make such appointments to them as he may choose, "without regard to the Civil Service laws."

26. To delegate his powers and functions to such agencies or appointees.

27. To require industries or groups of industries to adopt codes of fair competition within their industries, affecting wages, maximum hours, working conditions, prices, the restriction of output, and combinations.

28. To reject or modify such codes and dictate substitutes, and to compel industrialists to accept them under pain of being driven from business.

29. To suspend the anti-trust laws except those which prohibit monopolies or monopolistic practices.

30. To declare embargoes and fix quotas on imports when any imported article or articles may be found by the Tariff Commission to be in "unfair" competition with a similar article or articles produced in the United States.

31. To require any business, large or small, to take out a government license, the forfeiture of which will make it impossible for that business to go on.

32. To revoke or suspend the terms of any such license, this revocation or suspension to be "final if in accordance with law."

33. To require any trade or industrial group to make a statement of its activities before receiving the benefit of a license.

34. To permit employes to organize and bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing, free from interference or coercion by their employers.

35. To impose upon industry and labor standards governing hours of employment, rates of pay and other working conditions, when not mutually agreed upon.

36. To initiate before the Interstate Commerce Commission proceedings for the regulation and control of oil pipe-lines.

37. To divorce any pipe-line from a holding company if unfair practices or exorbitant rates are found to exist.

38. To prohibit, in interstate transportation, petroleum or petroleum products withdrawn from storage in excess of the amount permitted to be withdrawn by any law of the State of origin.

A second section of the National Recovery Act sets up the Federal Emergency Administration of Public Works. It authorizes the President "to establish such agencies, to accept and utilize such voluntary and uncompensated services, to appoint without regard to the Civil Service laws and to utilize such Federal officers and employes and such State and local officers and employes as he may find necessary, to prescribe their duties and fix their compensation, . . . in order to effectuate the purposes of this title."

Under the powers granted to carry out the public works part of the programme the President

39. May expend \$3,300,000,000 in the construction of public works of whatever character he may dictate.

40. May build up the Navy within the limits of the London Naval Treaty of 1930, for which purpose he has set aside nearly \$340,000,000.

41. May donate 30% of the cost of a local project to any State or municipality and lend the other 70% of that cost to the State or city.

42. May expend \$400,000,000 on highways and fix the terms of that expenditure as to routes and roads to be improved.

43. May expend \$50,000,000 on national forest highways, trails and bridges, or on Indian reservations.

44. May expend \$25,000,000 "for aiding the redistribution of the overbalanced population in industrial centers."

Public Act No. 68, amending the Interstate Commerce Act, is the third and last of the measures coming under the head of Industrial Recovery. Its purposes are defined in the following preamble:

In order to foster and to protect interstate commerce in relation to railroad transportation by preventing and relieving obstructions and burdens thereon resulting from the present acute economic emergency, and in order to safeguard and maintain an adequate national system of transportation, there is hereby created the office of Federal Coördinator of Transportation, which shall be appointed by the President.

Acting through this coördinator the President is empowered

45. To set up a new Federal Control organization, determine the duties of its staff, and fix the compensation of its personnel.

46. To divide the lines of the rail carriers into three groups, to wit, an eastern, a southern and a western group.

47. To create three regional coördinat-

ing committees of five regular members and two special members each.

48. To require the carriers to avoid unnecessary duplication of services and facilities and to use joint terminals and trackage.

49. To fix the allowances and all charges for "accessorial services."

50. To require the railroads to avoid waste and all preventable expenses.

51. To promote their financial reorganization so as to reduce their fixed charges and improve their credit.

52. To set up a labor committee for each regional group, to be selected by the railroad labor organizations.

53. To disapprove loans to a railroad, under the Reconstruction Finance Corporation Act, if it is found that such railroad is in need of financial reorganization.

IV

From the foregoing it will be seen that approximately thirty specific grants of power have been made to the President by Congress to enable him to deal with industrial recovery alone—grants frankly designed to revolutionize the processes of American business. But under the heading of Agricultural Adjustment there is much more. The Farm Relief part of Public Act No. 10, is planned "to relieve the existing national emergency by increasing agricultural purchasing power, to raise revenue for extraordinary expenses incurred, . . . to provide emergency relief with respect to agricultural indebtedness, to provide for the orderly liquidation of joint-stock land banks, and for other purposes." In order to consummate these aims, the President, using the Secretary of Agriculture as his agent, is given power

54. To reduce the production "of any basic agricultural commodity" through agreements with producers or through the rental of productive acreage.

55. To impose taxes of unspecified amounts upon manufacturers and processors handling seven major farm products,

and if necessary, upon competitive products.

56. To distribute the money raised by these taxes as a bounty or bonus to agricultural producers.

57. To license processors, associations of producers and others engaged in handling any agricultural commodity or any competing product.

58. To revoke any license so issued, for cause, thereby driving the licensee out of business.

59. To suspend the anti-trust laws in case any of these laws conflict with marketing agreements with processors.

60. To levy a "compensating" import tax, equal to the amount of the processing tax, upon imported products of like character.

61. To expend \$100,000,000 for administrative purposes in carrying this law into effect; also to expend all taxes collected under the act to further the purposes of the scheme.

62. To borrow \$200,000,000 from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and lend it to farmers.

63. To issue 4% bonds in the sum of \$2,000,000,000 (the government guaranteeing the interest) with which to take up farm mortgages.

64. To borrow \$100,000,000 from the R.F.C. with which to make loans to the joint-stock land banks.

65. To make loans (through the R.F.C.) to the extent of \$50,000,000 to drainage, levee or irrigation districts.

66. To organize through the Farm Credit Administration (Public Act No. 75) twelve Production Credit Corporations and twelve Banks for Coöperatives.

67. To create a Central Bank for Co-operatives in Washington.

68. To have the use of a \$120,000,000 revolving fund with which to finance the credit organizations.

Passing from Farm Relief to unemployment, one finds three enactments empowering the President to ameliorate the destitution of the twelve millions of Americans now idle. Summed up briefly these measures authorize the President

69. To expend up to \$250,000,000 in maintaining reforestation conservation camps throughout the country. (Public Act No. 5)

70. To make direct grants to the States for unemployment relief to the amount of \$500,000,000. (Public Act No. 15)

71. To develop a system of national employment offices under a new Labor Department bureau to be known as the United States Employment Service, at a maximum cost of \$4,000,000 a year. (Public Act No. 30)

So long as Congress, responding to the lash of the President, was engaged in affording "relief" to somebody or some interest, the skies were clear, and a merry time was had by all. But when economy was reached the wails of the sufferers were heard to the furthest reaches of the nation. Whatever it was that moved Congress in dealing with the economy issue, whether patriotism, suspended animation or merely an impulse to pass the buck, the fact remains that it placed in the hands of the President another long list of unheard-of powers "to maintain the credit of the United States." For example, he was authorized

72. To fix within certain broad limits both the pensions and compensation to be paid to the veterans (and their dependents) of all wars and insurrections since 1865.

73. To decrease to the extent of 15% the wages and salaries of all government employes, civil and military.

74. To force into retirement any or all government employes who have been as long as thirty years in the Federal service.

75. To discharge outright, without regard to the Civil Service, government employes whose services he decides to be not needed.

76. To reorganize or consolidate the executive agencies of the government, or to abolish them altogether, unless overruled by Congress.

77. To cancel or to annul existing air and ocean mail contracts.

Nor were the powers thus enumerated, covering banking and fiscal affairs, industrial recovery, agricultural adjustment, employment and economy, quite all. As a sort of dessert for this legislative feast, Congress set up the Tennessee Valley Authority, giving the President power to operate Muscle Shoals, to build the Cove Creek Dam (at a cost of \$34,000,000), to lease Nitrate Plant No. 2, and to conduct various drainage and soil erosion experiments at a total immediate cost of \$50,000,000.

Also, it set up a searching system for the enforcement of publicity for security issues. This makes so many things, formerly free from taint, unlawful to those who would beguile the rest of us into investing that the stock and bond promoters of the country are still in a panic. But the President's personal power in this field is limited to the prosecution of offenders through the Department of Justice. Another enactment allows the Reconstruction

Finance Corporation, "with the approval of the President," to subscribe to the preferred stock of hard-pressed insurance companies or to extend loans to them up to \$50,000,000. Finally, there is the Home-Owners Loan Act, under which the government will subscribe \$200,000,000 to the capital of a Home-Owners Loan Corporation and guarantee the interest on \$2,000,000,000 in bonds, all to relieve the pressure on owners of mortgaged urban and suburban real estate.

V

So runs, in brief, the almost incredible tale of the first six months of the Roosevelt régime. It is not my purpose to debate, defend or denounce any of these enactments or the mass taken as a whole. It is my job simply to call the roll—to record the living facts of the new dictatorship. These facts speak for themselves.

Four Stories

I. THE COOK AT DRIXALL'S

BY LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY

THE three waiters finished folding the napkins and filling the sugar bowls.

It was Sunday afternoon, along about four o'clock; so there wasn't anything more to do now unless a stray customer should chance in or unless the cook should think up something or other to keep them busy. They sat down at the far end of the counter, their low voices out of earshot of the cook, who was puttering around the gas-range up by the street window. The waiters were dressed in uniforms that matched the light green of the walls and the strip of green along the outer edge of the white counter. Where they were sitting the room widened out, making space for several small tables. Here and there, in neat frames on the wall behind the counter, were the usual café witticisms. One of them read: Mary Had a Little Lamb. What'll You Have?

The cook had just let the dishwasher off for the rest of the afternoon. And old Drixall, the proprietor, was asleep out in front of the cash-register, his bald head flushed with the heat, his thick legs sticking out straight from his chair to the floor, like the legs of a dead man. A palm-leaf fan, with a red border, was resting against his round stomach. He had gone to sleep under the draft from an electric fan, but only a few minutes ago the cook had carried the fan over by the range and plugged it there.

The youngest of the waiters, the one in the middle, was still cussing about the fan.

"The lousy bastard," he said. He was pale-faced, and had a shock of reddish hair and a big head that made his thin body look top-heavy.

The older waiters glanced toward the front of the room, but apparently the cook hadn't heard anything. He had opened the oven door and was turning some pies around. The waiter to the kid's, right spoke up. "This here cook ain't so lousy," he said. He coughed against the back of his left hand a couple of times. He was tall and consumptive-looking, with a long, melancholy face, white like a baker's. "That is, I ain't sayin', understand, that he ain't lousy. What I mean is you can find 'em more lousier. Shorty here'll tell you the same."

The cook closed the oven door and began scraping at the griddles with an affair something like a big putty knife, fastened to a longish, wooden handle. He scraped away at the griddles awhile, his big stomach jiggling against the edge of the stove. Then he put the scraper down and looked over at Drixall. A fly was crawling around on Drixall's head.

The cook called down to the waiters, cussing them a little for not clearing out all the flies. They made a move to get up, but he told them to keep their seats. He turned toward Drixall again, began humming a tune, and started twisting at a little black mustache that gave his otherwise heavy features a smartish look. The way he was standing, with his right hand

to his mustache, the waiters could see the mermaid that was tattooed in red and blue on his forearm. He hummed along into the refrain of the song, then picked up a fly-swatter, squeezed himself through the opening at the end of the counter, and edged over toward Drixall. But the fly made off. The cook watched it a minute, called it a name or two, and went back to the stove.

Shorty began whirling a napkin past his red face. "Naw, this here buzzard ain't so lousy," he said. "You'll find that out, kid, when you get to know cooks the way me and Whitey knows 'em." He was short and dumpy and had wall eyes that never seemed to be looking toward what they were actually looking at. "I knowed a goddam cook once out in Cheyenne—"

"Well, this bastard's all the cook *I* wanta know," the kid said. He took out a pocket-knife and began digging at a hangnail. The knife slipped, making his finger bleed a little.

The cook was at the window now, glancing up and down the street. Pretty soon a couple of men passed along on the other side and waved at him. And after a bit a man stopped and tapped on the window with a cane. He was elderly and dignified, and wore a white duck suit with a wide Panama hat. The cook squared his shoulders and brought his hand up in a kind of salute. The man went on down the walk, and the cook, coming back to the stove, took half a dozen pies out of the oven, and set them on a shelf.

The kid was making little jabs at the counter with the knife, but when he caught the cook looking his way he shut the knife up and put it in his pocket. "Why don't the boss give him the air?" he said.

Shorty whirled the napkin over his

head three or four times, then past his face again. "Give who the air?" he said. "If you mean the cook, that's just what the boss done a month ago, only it didn't get him nowhere. Maybe you know Judge Slocomb or maybe you don't. And maybe you know cooks or again maybe you don't know cooks. Anyways, that was the judge that just went by, and when the boss give the cook his time the judge give Drixall a chunk of his mind and back comes this here buzzard with more pay and cockier than ever. The judge claims there ain't his match nowhere for pastry or steaks either."

The cook cut into one of the pies. Then he called to the waiters. "Hey, you!" It was a way he had of calling to them. When he called that way no one of the three knew which one he meant. So they would all come to their feet at once. But this time only Whitey and Shorty got up. "Hey, you!" the cook said. "I mean *you*." Whitey and Shorty sat down again.

"To hell with him!" the kid said. But he went around inside the counter, got a plate from underneath it, and took it up to the cook. He put it down on the counter, making it clatter a little. Then he started back to the other waiters. The cook waited until he had got almost to them, when he called again, "Hey, you!"

The kid turned and went up ahead, almost to the cook. The cook looked at the plate and then straight at the kid. "Ain't you forgot something?"

The kid slipped his hand into his pocket. "Forgot what?" he said.

"I said ain't you forgot something?" The cook set his arms akimbo and started humming the tune again. The kid's eyes fell, and stepping down the counter a way he got the cook a fork. Then he returned to the waiters.

"You don't get nowhere buckin' no

cook, kid," Whitey said. "Noways not in these here times."

"Naw," said Shorty, "you just as well took him the goddam fork to start with."

The cook put a piece of pie on the plate, and cut into it with the fork, but it was still too hot to eat. He opened the warming oven, brought out a big drumstick, and began gnawing at it.

II

A woman came along. She had a good shape, and was dressed in light blue, polka-dotted with white. She gave a twist or so to her shoulders as she went by the window, but she didn't look in. Standing at the left side of the window, the cook watched her down the street. She must have looked back, for he waved at someone, his bull neck reddening up into the oily shine of his black, rather kinky hair. He stepped away from the window, took off his tall white cap, and began looking over into the wall mirror that was between the cash-register and the front door. He twisted the ends of his mustache some more and smoothed at his hair. Turning toward the stove again, he stood humming the tune and looking at the mermaid tattooed on his forearm.

"He thinks he's hell with the women," the kid said.

Whitey coughed a couple of times, drowning the kid's voice.

"And if he hasn't got nigger in him, why then I never saw a nigger," the kid went on.

Whitey coughed again.

The cook finished off the drumstick. He was about to put the bone down, when he noticed the fly crawling along on the window. He tapped on the pane with the bone, and the fly, after buzzing up and down the pane for a bit, made off,

zigzagging over towards Drixall. It circled around Drixall a couple of times and then flew up to the ceiling. The cook cussed it again, and then began opening and closing his hand, watching his muscles play along the body of the tattooed mermaid.

Shorty put the napkin down and picking up a salt cellar moved it around on the counter, making imaginary circles. "Nigger or no nigger, nobody ain't tellin' him nothin'. But gettin' back to that there Cheyenne cook, this one's a goddam lily alongside of him, for all that there Cheyenne chef was one of the most pious bastards you ever seen. There wasn't no goddam cussin', for instance, around where he was, and he knowed Scripture till you couldn't rest, and claimed he had recipes that come to him from on high. But the thing I'm comin' to was the time—"

The cook had eaten the pie. He put the plate on the counter, sliding it down a bit towards the waiters. Whitey nudged the kid. The kid went up, got the plate and fork, and carried them into the back room. He had hardly taken his seat again at the counter, when a woman came in at the front door. It was the boss's wife.

In spite of the heat she seemed fresh and cool. "Hello, everybody," she said. She stopped at the mirror and stood there for a minute or so, powdering her face, rouging her lips, and setting her wide, white hat at a slightly different angle. Then she noticed old Drixall. "He's like he always is—dead to the world, poor old dovey!"

The cook was leaning across the counter. "Old fellows like him take plenty of sleep," he said. He turned his head and winked at the waiters.

The woman took her handkerchief and wiped Drixall's pate. He shifted a little

in his chair, but didn't wake up. She went back to the mirror, looked at herself again, and then sat down at the counter, almost directly across from the cook. He turned the fan so the current of air would strike her. Just then the fly lit on Drixall's head again. The cook picked up the swatter, but in a second the fly was gone. The woman held her face toward the fan, the draft blowing the brim of her hat back against the crown. She was in the neighborhood of thirty, blonde and plump, the type that always looks fresh and clean. There was a light green band around her hat, and a little green trimming at the collar and sleeves of her white dress. The cook came outside the counter and sat down a couple of seats from her, the swatter still in his hand.

"The cook's a damn liar," the kid said. "He claimed there wasn't anything left but wings and neck."

Shorty grinned. "Say, kid, when you been in this game as long as Whitey and me you'll learn a waiter don't get no ambrosia or no drumstick neither. Anyways, when it comes to drumsticks this cuss'll hold out on the boss even." He lowered his voice. "But I ain't sayin' nothin' about when it comes to the boss's woman." He leaned over and winked at Whitey. Whitey drew a sugar bowl over to him, and shook it a little, levelling the sugar down until it lay even.

Up ahead the woman had taken hold of the swatter and was trying to get it away from the cook. He held on and they tugged back and forth, but pretty soon he let go, moved over a seat, and grabbed her by the hand. A bunch of kids, coming along the walk, rubbered in at the window, and she jerked away from the cook, put her hands to her hair, fluffed it around her ears a bit, and looked over toward her husband. But Drixall, still asleep, had

slid farther down in his chair and begun to snore heavily.

She glanced toward the waiters. "Don't mind the boys," the cook said. "The boys are O. K." He made another grab for her hand, and she slapped him on the arm, where the mermaid was. She whispered something to him. "Sure," he said, rubbing his left thumb along the body of the mermaid. "Sure, the kid's O. K., too."

Some men came by, one of them looking in at the door and saying hello to the cook. When they were out of sight, he jumped up and got both arms about the woman. She twisted around, and managed to slap him hard on the face, calling him a mean thing. He held on to her, but she finally got to her feet, ducked out of his arms, and ran, giggling, down past the waiters, with the cook laughing and big-bellying his way after her, until they were at the wider part of the room, where the tables were.

Two of the tables were out of sight of the window, and she put one of them between herself and the cook. But he shoved on it, squeezing her against the wall, the edge of the table catching her at the hips. She kept giggling. The cook reached across, grabbed her and drew her toward him, knocking a ketchup bottle over. She tussled with him, and the bottle rolled off the table, smashing on the tiled floor.

At the noise of the bottle smashing, Whitey began coughing loudly, and the woman saw Shorty jerk a thumb toward the front part of the café. She and the cook stood still, facing each other across the table, but the cook still holding to her hand. They heard Drixall ask where the cook was. "He just stepped out a minute," Shorty said.

The kid had his knife half open. He began tapping against a sugar bowl with the point of the blade. Shorty glanced

sidewise at the cook and saw him make a downward motion with his hand. Shorty drew the sugar bowl away so the kid couldn't tap any more. Then pretty soon Drixall was snoring again.

III

The woman wiggled her way out from behind the table and started for the upper end of the room. But the cook headed her off, chased her around two or three more tables, caught her and kissed her loudly on the mouth. He tried to crowd her through the swinging door into the back room, but she broke away and ran up ahead, where she sat down at the counter for a second, then went over to the mirror and rouged her lips again.

Coming up on the inside of the counter, the cook brought along a couple of pie plates and forks. He cut two pieces of pie. The woman came over and sat down, and they began to eat, the cook kidding her across the counter and she joshing him about his cooking, telling him she'd have to drop in some day and show him how to bake pies. She glanced down at the waiters. "Don't you boys want something?" she said.

The cook had a piece of pie on the way to his mouth. "Come on, boys," he said. "Help yourself."

"Here," the woman said, "I'm going to wait on them. They must get sick waiting on other people all the time."

She took a whole pie down to the waiters, served them with coffee, and then came back to the cook. She and the cook finished their pie, and he came outside the counter, taking a seat beside her. But she made him keep his hands to himself.

The fan had slid off Drixall's stomach, down to his feet, and he was snoring more heavily than ever—the snoring alternat-

ing, now and then, with a whistling noise. The cook and the woman began laughing at him. "Dear old dovey," the woman said. "He's the best old thing."

The fly lit on Drixall's head again. The woman looked at the cook. "You're some cook," she said, "with all these flies." She patted him on the arm. He opened and closed his hand, making the mermaid move at the hips. The woman turned her face away. "You dirty thing," she said.

The cook chuckled her under the chin. Then he got up, took the swatter, and stepped over to Drixall. With the woman and the waiters watching him, he stood there until the fly came to a stop on the crown of the boss's head. He brought the swatter down on it, and then stepped backward to the counter, holding the swatter behind him. The woman held her handkerchief to her mouth, trying to stifle her laughter.

Drixall blinked his eyes a few times and then stared sleepily at his wife and the cook. "What's goin' on?" he said. He saw the fan, leaned over and picked it up, and began fanning himself, the squashed fly still on the top of his head. "How long you been here?" He looked at his wife, then at the cook.

"I only came in, dovey, just this minute," she said.

The cook started humming and went back to the stove. The woman went over to Drixall. She patted him on the shoulder, asking him if he wanted something to eat. He said that he didn't. "You do sleep so, dovey," she said. She passed her handkerchief over his sweaty face, then over his head, bringing away the fly. Then she leaned over and kissed him, first on one of his baggy jowls, then on the other.

At their end of the counter the older waiters had been whispering and grin-

ning. The kid, though, hadn't said much of anything. He had drunk his coffee, but had divided his pie between Whitey and Shorty. After the cook had gone back to the stove, Shorty turned to him. "Say, kid, you wanta wise up to yourself. As Whitey here was tellin' you, there's worse places than this here joint and there's worse cooks. This here Cheyenne chef, for instance—"

"Hey, you!" the cook called. The waiters got to their feet. "I mean *you*," he said. Whitey and Shorty sat down, leaving the kid standing. The kid's face was a shade paler than usual. The cook came well down toward him, humming a bar of the tune. He stopped humming and set his arms akimbo. He looked at the kid a minute, then said, "You and me's gonna get along O. K., kid. Just keep your shirt on,

and you and me'll get along fine." He gave a twist to his mustache and started back.

The kid kept on standing, his eyes following the cook. Shorty nudged him, "You see, kid, the cook ain't so bad." The kid sat down. But the cook turned toward him again, showing his strong white teeth in something of a smile. "But I only just this minute got to wonderin'," he said, which of you boys' table that was where the ketchup bottle rolled off."

The kid tried outstaring him for a second or so. Then he gave it up, went inside the counter, got a cloth, and went back to the table. The boss and his wife were starting for home. At the door she turned and winked at the cook. "Good-by everybody," she said. The cook winked back, his big neck reddening.

II. THE WAXEN MAN

BY NANCY HALE

SHE lay in bed most of the day seeing no reason why she should get up, go about, bruise the thick numbness she felt with talking and talking. Other people were strange hideous automatons with gaping masks, making mechanical noises, and as meaningless and insensate as stalking horrors in a nightmare. Lying dully in bed, hot and dry, the roaring sultry noises pouring in the mouth of the window, gramophones and the steady vacuous shouts of children, she could only be sure of the existence of two people: Gerda, herself, the one who lay there feeling so drenched and hopeless; and Jim, who had now ceased to be a living being and would henceforward be a clinging, destroying idea only; this because he had married some girl and was lost, gone.

It seemed to Gerda that she had met the girl he married, somewhere; she could remember the brown hair and stiff, carven face; but sometimes she forgot and it seemed to her that she had never seen what he had married, that he had married an enemy world, a whole system in opposition to the fact of Gerda and Gerda's peace. What had happened to him? Had he really married in so many words a woman with a long thin straight neck, or had he been transmuted into enemy substance, something against and mocking, or was he only lost and dissolved like a trick with a nasty jerk of awakening, leaving Gerda alone, awake, defenseless in a hot, empty world? She had been living

one thought, speaking one tongue, probably too entirely his creation, for so long that now she could only establish herself in her mind as all alone, in a country of strange living shapes, where no one knew her face or her language.

This room where she lay because there was nowhere for her to go, no life for her to live, this box, this bubble, hung and floated, a projected casket for her living flesh and bones. She did not cry. On the bureau nearly directly opposite to where she lay stood a red leather clock and a square white box. She moved slowly in her bed to bring the long center line of her body pointing exactly between the clock and the box; she pulled the white sheet smooth and flat; she held her arms parallel to one another; she held her feet stiff and pointed at the space between the clock and the box, and in this twilight order listened to the clock telling time.

In the late afternoon the telephone rang very loud and irrelevant in her ear. It was a man. His name was Gordon, and he had a friend called Williams, and she remembered that she knew them. They talked by turns and called at her and asked her what was the matter; they wanted to take her to a boxing-match in Long Island City, lovely night, Somebody is fighting Somebody, come on, come on, have dinner first, come on. All right, she said, sitting up suddenly in bed, and soon she rang off. She slid her feet sidewise back and forth along the rough surface of the rug, and

her mind fell back in a corner of her head and she could remember nothing except how long and flat life stretched ahead of her, and that if she tried there was something bitter to remember.

Outside people's gramophones played cheap, nauseating music into the twilight heat, and the whining tunes slid into each other and wailed out all the imitation sweetness in the world at her. To change her limpness she took a hot bath until the sweat rolled down her face and the middle of her chest and she stood up slowly and turned on a cold shower of water and let it beat hard upon her, enjoying the cruel sensation.

She dressed in the half-gloom, and to make up her face she turned on the harsh top light; it went on crash, like the shower, and made her catch her breath at the shock. She powdered the oval white shape of her face in the mirror, staring at it, close to it. She dropped the powder-puff and went on staring, four inches away from the oval staring shape, and slowly bent her lips wide apart, the terrible roaring shape of a tragic mask. It was like the face of someone wild, mad, insane, and her heart turned over with a sharp stab of fright.

Gordon came for her without Williams. He walked in in a gray suit, with a hot face, in a blue shirt. Gerda shook his hand, and the structure of it felt startling and solid, and she looked at it, thinking, I am holding the hand of a human being, here I touch the others. He put his hot clothed arm around her as she stood holding his hand, and began to kiss her. She kissed his mouth deeply.

"God, I wish we didn't have to meet Williams," he said.

She thought of how Jim told her what weak, characterless people did was to drown their unhappiness in useless em-

bracing of everybody, which led nowhere and helped nothing. But he didn't know, she thought; now I feel that I am parallel to this man and know that I am living with other people like myself, and there is something reasonable to this. And she remembered arranging her legs so that they pointed between the clock and the box; it seemed alike to her, making things neat and ordered and as possible as possible.

They walked down to the corner of the street in the dusk, in the heat, where all white dresses stood out to the eye like spots of artificial sunlight. They took a cab to the place where they were dining with Williams. He was waiting at a table with a drink, and they ordered more, drinks in crockery mugs with mint in them, and sat drinking the drinks fast and restlessly.

Williams had a newspaper and he read to them about the fighters. They looked at the pictures of the fighters. "That one looks like your friend Jim," Gordon said, pointing. Gerda looked, curiously. Now she found she did not believe in Jim any more, as though a nightmare in which she had suffered were wearing away. She finished her drink. Jim. With curiosity she experimented, thinking "Jim" to herself and looking at the picture of the fighter who looked like Jim; but she could not now remember anything about him. Her memory seemed to refuse him, as though it had had enough. As if she were poking at a wounded spot to see if it hurt, she tried carefully to remember the pain and to catch the mood of that unbearable sharp truth. But suddenly she was able to review all the facts coldly, as though all her feelings were under an anæsthetic.

Experimentally, she talked, slowly, then a little faster, about it. "Did you know," she said, "that I have been turned out in

the snow with my child in my arms, more or less? Jim got married to a fine upstanding figure of a woman last Monday. Think of that!"

"I am perfectly delighted," Gordon said. "You are much too good. What the hell! Dull. What you ever. . . . Never could understand. Listen, Gerda darling, how do *I* look to you?"

"Or how do *I* look to you?" Williams said amiably, ordering more drinks as they ate.

II

A strange fresh elation like Spring crept up Gerda. She felt able and strong and balanced. The men caught some quality of abandon and they all drank until it was too late for the preliminaries, and hurried into a taxi. It was an old taxi, with its top back. They leaned on the old cushions and sang happily over the Queensborough Bridge, with the blue arc-lights and the hot breeze and the evening sound of calling, all around them. Motor horns blew and the headlights looked hot and orange, and there was a sort of vague inconsequential haze.

They strolled into the wide, flat, open stadium and walked down and down to the seats, very near the bright white spot where the fighting was. In the darkness the life cramming the stadium roared and whistled and screamed out all together, in a kind of intoxication of unity. Behind and before and beside Gerda were hot dark suits of men fanning themselves with newspapers, leaning forward, chewing gum, yelling to the fighters. Gordon and Williams fell into the great well of co-ordination, and lit cigarettes, handing them to her without looking, leaning their elbows on their knees to get another six inches nearer to the fighting.

Gerda looked vaguely, pleasantly, at the projected little dancing figures on the platform, jumping here, jumping there, moving about like jerky clockwork. The thuds of their impacts had a kind of irregular rhythm; almost, with her eyes half shut, she believed that they were suspended on wires; the whole lighted square was like a small box of marionettes.

They walked out to the platform around the edge of the bowl in the interlude between fights. It all looked so wide, so full of so many people without any identity. The stadium was like a cup scooped up with thousands of black clothed people at random; ants. "Come on, we'll go back and watch your late-lamented sweetie's double knock the tar out of the other guy," Williams said, cheerfully. They took each others' arms and strolled down to their seats.

The one like Jim had on a pair of red sateen shorts with an elastic band at the top. His face was the same, thirty feet away, and his chest was the same, and his arms were the same; he jumped up and down lightly on his shod feet. Gerda stared vaguely at him. It was silly for Jim to jump up and down on a platform; with lights a few feet over his head. Jim hit the other man, who had red hair, in the side of the chest, and in a minute they were holding each other, and Jim's black rough head pressed against the red one as he punched the man's back over the kidneys. Gerda watched the bent arm hammering before the man in white pulled them apart. The liquor sang in her head, and she curled her lips and thought somewhere in her head, Jim always wins, he kills people, he beats them up, he has everything. She watched.

She watched him while they sat in their corners and a man with a pail mopped that black head. She knew the back of his

head. She looked at him, thinking how well she knew the shape of him, thinking of herself sitting well back here in the secret, in the shadow, and watching him perform, watching him always strike and win in the bright glare. The skin on his cheek glistened and she thought with detachment of how that skin felt to the hand.

They were up and fighting and suddenly the red-headed man began to hit Jim; he hit him in the jaw, and Jim danced back, shaking his head. Gerda started and dimly felt her fingernails in her palms. Her head whirled and hummed, and everything in her straightened out and pointed at the two figures dancing on the platform, and her head jerked back every time the red-headed man hit Jim. She began to smile, she felt a crazy tide of excitement and viciousness hot inside her. She felt identified with the man with red hair, knowing how Jim's body felt when you hit it, catching her breath at the second of each blow and releasing it as the thud of impact came through the air.

Hit him, she thought, smash his bones. That's right, hit him there, and there, and now crash him under the chin and knock him down; no, knock him down! She seemed to feel her own fist striking the solid bitter reality of Jim, hurting him and shattering him. Those bones, those perfidious arms; burst the beautiful structure of that head, hammer it against the hard ground. Tear the muscles and destroy the body. Beat upon the forbidden box of the chest until the hard and pointed heart comes out and bleeds upon the floor. Assail that mocking fort, break the far-away pillars of the legs and bring it all to earth and shatter it. Her heart did not cease to beat wildly and bitterly in those moments when the battle halted, and she clasped her

hands in some strange despair when Jim was able to turn against the man with red hair. We are the champions of all lost spirits, we will kill you. Kill him, she thought. Kill him.

At last and all at once the black head struck the floor hard, and the body turned and moved and then lay back. "Well, for God's sake!" Gordon murmured. "Would you ever imagine that?" An obscure music of triumph played in Gerda's head and she leaned back in her seat smiling and not saying anything. "You're a fine one," Williams said. "A nice girl like you getting up and yelling 'Kill him!' like a wild hyena. I thought you'd have us put out."

III

All the lights went on in a blaze and in the glare Gerda saw a dark-haired fighter assisted from the ring. With the lights a kind of acrid clarity turned on in her.

They were hostled and pushed about in the crowd for minutes before they could find a taxi. They moved slowly in it, by inches. They were all rather silent, with the heat and with the liquor wearing off. Gordon put his arm around Gerda; it might have been any arm, or a stick of wood. Her spirit hovered lower and lower, and all she could think was of getting away in a small corner, in a box, forgetting that she was alive in a present world.

"Well," Gordon said, rallying, "I hope you liked seeing Jim's double get what was coming to him." He squeezed her waist.

"Oh, shut up," she cried, as though somebody else was crying from her. "Shut up. Go to Hell!"

"All right," Gordon said, offended. He took his arm away.

They wanted her to go somewhere and drink. They argued that it was absurd to

go home at this hour. Gordon quickly forgot his hurt and took her hand, murmuring that they would get rid of Williams. She made them take her home, and was hasty, nearly frantic, saying goodbye.

She lay once more upon her bed, in the dark, aching and dizzy. Suddenly she began to cry. What she had seen, the dark head striking the floor with a crash, wavered before her shut eyes, and slid in and out of their wetness. She felt that she would never be able to stop this crying. She would cry and cry forever, for everything that was lost, for a lost world, and all of life, for all the fields of wasted love, cry for youth, for everything, for herself.

Later she reached for the telephone and held it near her on the bed. She took off the receiver and listened to the sad roaring, like the ominous fateful humming heard on coming out of an anæsthetic. But she could not call the number and she could not bruise this lost numbness against the tinkling voice of the woman with the long slender neck, or hear Jim's voice, wherever they might now lie.

She put the telephone back on the table, feeling for it. She lay in the darkness with drying eyes looking up at nothing, and watching the world and life begin for her once more, sane and dry and terrible, lost. "Jim's dead," she whispered. "Jim's dead."

III. CORA UNASHAMED

BY LANGSTON HUGHES

MELTON was one of those miserable in-between little places, not large enough to be a town, nor small enough to be a village—that is, a village in the rural, charming sense of the word. Melton had no charm about it. It was merely a nondescript collection of houses and buildings in a region of farms—one of those sad American places with sidewalks, but no paved streets; electric lights, but no sewage; a station, but no trains that stopped, save a jerky local, morning and evening. And it was 150 miles from any city at all—even Sioux City.

Cora Jenkins was one of the least of the citizens of Melton. She was what the people referred to, when they wanted to be polite, as a Negress, and when they wanted to be rude, as a nigger—sometimes adding the word wench for no good reason, for Cora was usually an inoffensive soul, except that she sometimes cussed.

She had been in Melton for forty years. Born there. Would die there probably. She worked for the Studevants, who treated her like a dog. She stood it. Had to stand it; or work for poorer white folks who would treat her worse; or go jobless. Cora was like a tree—once rooted, she stood, in spite of storms and strife, wind, and rocks, in the earth.

She was the Studevants' maid of all work—washing, ironing, cooking, scrubbing, taking care of kids, nursing old folks, making fires, carrying water.

Cora, bake three cakes for Mary's birth-

day tomorrow night. You Cora, give Rover a bath in that tar soap I bought. Cora, take Ma some jello, and don't let her have even a taste of that raisin pie. She'll keep us up all night if you do. Cora, iron my stockings. Cora, come here. . . . Cora, put. . . . Cora. . . . Cora. . . . Cora! Cora!

And Cora would answer, "Yes, m'am."

The Studevants thought they owned her, and they were perfectly right: they did. There was something about the teeth in the trap of economic circumstance that kept her in their power practically all her life—in the Studevant kitchen, cooking; in the Studevant parlor, sweeping; in the Studevant backyard, hanging clothes.

You want to know how that could be? How a trap could close so tightly? Here is the outline:

Cora was the oldest of a family of eight children—the Jenkins niggers. The only Negroes in Melton, thank God! Where they came from originally—that is, the old folks—God knows. The kids were born there. The old folks are still there now: Pa drives a junk wagon. The old woman ails around the house, ails and quarrels. Seven kids are gone. Only Cora remains. Cora simply couldn't go, with nobody else to help take care of Ma. And before that she couldn't go, with nobody to see that her brothers and sisters got through school (she the oldest, and Ma ailing). And before that—well, somebody had to help Ma look after one baby behind another that kept on coming.

As a child Cora had no playtime. She always had a little brother, or a little sister in her arms. Bad, crying, bratty babies, hungry and mean. In the eighth grade she quit school and went to work for the Studevants.

After that, she ate better. Half day's work at first, helping Ma at home the rest of the time. Then full days, bringing home her pay to feed her father's children. The old man was rather a drunkard. What little money he made from closet-cleaning, ash-hauling, and junk-dealing he spent mostly on the stuff that makes you forget you have eight kids.

He passed his evenings telling long, comical lies to the white riff-raff of the town, and drinking lick. When his horse died, Cora's money went for a new one to haul her Pa and his rickety wagon around. When the mortgage money came due, Cora's wages kept the man from taking the roof from over their heads. When Pa got in jail, Cora borrowed ten dollars from Mrs. Studeviant and got him out.

Cora stinted, and Cora saved, and wore the Studevants' old clothes, and ate the Studevants' left-over food, and brought her pay home. Brothers and sisters grew up. The boys, lonesome, went away, as far as they could from Melton. One by one, the girls left too, mostly in disgrace. "Ruinin' ma name," Pa Jenkins said, "Ruinin' ma good name! They can't go out berryin' but what they come back in disgrace." There was something about the cream-and-tan Jenkins girls that attracted the white farm hands.

Even Cora, the humble, had a lover once. He came to town on a freight train (long ago now), and worked at the livery-stable. (That was before autos got to be so common.) Everybody said he was an I.W.W. Cora didn't care. He was the first man and the last she ever remembered wanting. She

had never known a colored lover. There weren't any around. That was not her fault.

This white boy, Joe, he always smelt like the horses. He was some kind of foreigner. Had an accent, and yellow hair, big hands, and grey eyes.

It was Summer. A few blocks beyond the Studevants' house, meadows and orchards and sweet fields stretched away to the far horizon. At night, stars in the velvet sky. Moon sometimes. Crickets and katydids and lightning bugs. The scent of grass. Cora waiting. That boy, Joe, a cigarette spark far off, whistling in the dark. Love didn't take long—Cora with the scent of the Studevants' supper about her, and a cheap perfume. Joe, big and strong and careless as the horses he took care of, smelling like the stable.

Ma would quarrel because Cora came home late, or because none of the kids had written for three or four weeks, or because Pa was drunk again. Thus the Summer passed, a dream of big hands and grey eyes.

Cora didn't go anywhere to have her child. Nor tried to hide it. When the baby grew big within her, she didn't feel like it was a disgrace. The Studevants told her to go home and stay there. Joe left town. Pa cussed. Ma cried. One April morning the kid was born. She had grey eyes, and Cora called her Josephine, after Joe.

Cora was humble and shameless before the fact of the child. There were no Negroes in Melton to gossip, and she didn't care what the white people said. They were in another world. Of course, she hadn't expected to marry Joe, or keep him. He was of that other world, too. But the child was hers—a living bridge between two worlds. Let people talk.

Cora went back to work at the Studevants—coming home at night to nurse her

kid, and quarrel with Ma. About that time, Mrs. Art Studeviant had a child, too, and Cora nursed it. The Studevants' little girl was named Jessie. As the two children began to walk and talk, Cora sometimes brought Josephine to play with Jessie—until the Studevants objected, saying she could get her work done better if she left her child at home.

"Yes, m'am," said Cora.

But in a little while they didn't need to tell Cora to leave her child at home, for Josephine died of whooping-cough. One rosy afternoon, Cora saw the little body go down into the ground in a white casket that cost four weeks' wages.

Since Ma was ailing, Pa, smelling of licker, stood with her at the grave. The two of them alone. Cora was not humble before the fact of death. As she turned away from the hole, tears came—but at the same time a stream of curses so violent that they made the gravetenders look up in startled horror.

She cussed out God for taking away the life that she herself had given. She screamed, "My baby! God damn it! My baby! I bear her and You take her away!" She looked at the sky where the sun was setting and yelled in defiance. Pa was amazed and scared. He pulled her up on his rickety wagon and drove off, clattering down the road between green fields and sweet meadows that stretched away to the far horizon. All through the ugly town Cora wept and cursed, using all the bad words she had learned from Pa in his drunkenness.

The next week she went back to the Studevants. She was gentle and humble in the face of life—she loved their baby. In the afternoons on the back porch, she would pick little Jessie up and rock her to sleep, burying her dark face in the milky smell of the white child's hair.

II

The years passed. Pa and Ma Jenkins only dried up a little. Old Man Studeviant died. The old lady had two strokes. Mrs. Art Studeviant and her husband began to look their age, greying hair and sagging stomachs. The children were grown, or nearly so. Kenneth took over the management of the hardware store that Grandpa had left. Jack went off to college. Mary was a teacher. Only Jessie remained a child—her last year in high-school. Jessie, nineteen now, and rather slow in her studies, graduating at last. In the Fall she would go to Normal.

Cora hated to think about her going away. In her heart she had adopted Jessie. In that big and careless household it was always Cora who stood like a calm and sheltering tree for Jessie to run to in her troubles. As a child, when Mrs. Art spanked her, as soon as she could, the tears still streaming, Jessie would find her way to the kitchen and Cora. At each school term's end, when Jessie had usually failed in some of her subjects (she quite often failed, being a dull child) it was Cora who saw the report-card first with the bad marks on it. Then Cora would devise some way of breaking the news gently to the old folks.

Her mother was always a little ashamed of stupid Jessie, for Mrs. Art was the civic and social leader of Melton, president of the Woman's Club three years straight, and one of the pillars of her church. Mary, the elder, the teacher, would follow with dignity in her footsteps, but Jessie! That child! Spankings in her youth, and scoldings now, did nothing to Jessie's inner being. She remained a plump, dull, freckled girl, placid and strange. Everybody found fault with her but Cora.

In the kitchen Jessie bloomed. She

laughed. She talked. She was sometimes even witty. And she learned to cook wonderfully. With Cora, everything seemed so simple—not hard and involved like algebra, or Latin grammar, or the civic problems of Mama’s club, or the sermons at church. Nowhere in Melton, nor with anyone, did Jessie feel so comfortable as with Cora in the kitchen. She knew her mother looked down on her as a stupid girl. And with her father there was no bond. He was always too busy buying and selling to bother with the kids. And often he was off in the city. Old doddering Grandma made Jessie sleepy and sick. Cousin Nora (Mother’s cousin) was as stiff and prim as a minister’s daughter. And Jessie’s older brothers and sister went their ways, seeing Jessie hardly at all, except at the big table at mealtimes.

Like all the unpleasant things in the house, Jessie was left to Cora. And Cora was happy. To have a child to raise, a child the same age as her Josephine, gave her a purpose in life, a warmth inside herself. It was Cora who nursed and mothered and petted and loved the dull little Jessie through the years. And now Jessie was a young woman, graduating (late) from high-school.

But something had happened to Jessie. Cora knew it before Mrs. Art did. Jessie was not too stupid to have a boy-friend. She told Cora about it like a mother. She was afraid to tell Mrs. Art. Afraid! Afraid! Afraid!

Cora said, “I’ll tell her.” So, humble and unashamed about life, one afternoon she marched into Mrs. Art’s sun-porch and announced quite simply, “Jessie’s going to have a baby.”

Cora smiled, but Mrs. Art stiffened like a bolt. Her mouth went dry. She rose like a soldier. Sat down. Rose again. Walked straight toward the door, turned around, and whispered, “What?”

“Yes, m’am, a baby. She told me. A little child. Its father is Willie Matsoulos, whose folks runs the ice-cream stand on Main. She told me. They want to get married, but Willie ain’t here now. He don’t know yet about the child.”

Cora would have gone on humbly and shamelessly talking about the little unborn had not Mrs. Art fallen into uncontrollable hysterics. Cousin Nora came running from the library, her glasses on a chain. Old Lady Studevant’s wheel-chair rolled up, doddering and shaking with excitement. Jessie came, when called, red and sweating, but had to go out, for when her mother looked up from the couch and saw her she yelled louder than ever. There was a rush for camphor bottles and water and ice. Crying and praying followed all over the house. Scandalization! Oh, my Lord! Jessie was in trouble.

“She ain’t in trouble neither,” Cora insisted. “No trouble having a baby you want. I had one.”

“Shut up, Cora!”

“Yes, m’am. . . . But I had one.”

“Hush, I tell you.”

“Yes, m’am.”

III

Then it was that Cora began to be shut out. Jessie was confined to her room. That afternoon, when Miss Mary came home from school, the four white women got together behind closed doors in Mrs. Art’s bedroom. For once Cora cooked supper in the kitchen without being bothered by an interfering voice. Mr. Studevant was away in Des Moines. Somehow Cora wished he was home. Big and gruff as he was, he had more sense than the women. He’d probably make a shot-gun wedding out of it. But left to Mrs. Art, Jessie would never marry the Greek boy at all. This Cora

knew. No man had been found yet good enough for Mary to mate with, for Mrs. Art had ambitions which didn't include the likes of Greek ice-cream makers' sons.

Jessie was crying when Cora brought her supper up. The black woman sat down on the bed and lifted the white girl's head in her brown hands. "Don't you mind, honey," Cora said. "Just sit tight, and when the boy comes back I'll tell him how things are. If he loves you he'll want you. And there ain't no reason why you can't marry, neither—you both white. Even if he is a foreigner, he's a right nice boy."

"He loves me," Jessie said. "I know he does. He said so."

But before the boy came back (or Mr. Studeviant either) Mrs. Art and Jessie went to Kansas City. "For an Easter shopping trip," the weekly paper said.

Then Spring came in full bloom, and the fields and orchards at the edge of Melton stretched green and beautiful to the far horizon. Cora remembered her own Spring, twenty years ago, and a great sympathy and pain welled up in her heart for Jessie, who was the same age that Josephine would have been, had she lived. Sitting on the kitchen porch shelling peas, Cora thought back over her own life—years and years of working for the Studevants; years and years of going home to nobody but Ma and Pa; little Josephine dead; only Jessie to keep her heart warm. And she knew that Jessie was the dearest thing she had in the world. All the time the girl was gone now, she worried.

After ten days, Mrs. Art and her daughter came back. But Jessie was thinner and paler than she'd ever been in her life. There was no light in her eyes at all. Mrs. Art looked a little scared as they got off the train.

"She had an awful attack of indigestion in Kansas City," she told the neighbors and

the clubwomen. "That's why I stayed away so long, waiting for her to be able to travel. Poor Jessie! She looks healthy, but she's never been a strong child. She's one of the worries of my life." Mrs. Art talked a lot, explained a lot, about how Jessie had eaten the wrong things in Kansas City.

At home, Jessie went to bed. She wouldn't eat. When Cora brought her food up, she whispered, "The baby's gone."

Cora's face went dark. She bit her lips to keep from cursing. She put her arms about Jessie's neck. The girl cried. Her food went untouched.

A week passed. They tried to *make* Jessie eat then. But the food wouldn't stay on her stomach. Her eyes grew yellow, her tongue white, her heart acted crazy. They called in old Dr. Brown, but within a month (as quick as that) Jessie died.

She never saw the Greek boy any more. Indeed, his father had lost his license, "due to several complaints by the mothers of children, backed by the Woman's Club" that he was selling tainted ice-cream. Mrs. Art Studeviant had started a campaign to rid the town of objectionable tradespeople and questionable characters. Greeks were bound to be one or the other. For a while they even closed up Pa Jenkin's favorite bootlegger too. Mrs. Studeviant thought this would please Cora, but Cora only said, "Pa's been drinkin' so long he'd just as well keep on." She refused further to remark on her employer's campaign of purity. In the midst of this clean-up Jessie died.

On the day of the funeral, the house was stacked with flowers. (They held the funeral, not at church, but at home, on account of old Grandma Studeviant's infirmities.) All the family dressed in deep mourning. Mrs. Art was prostrate. As the hour for the services approached, she revived, however, and ate an omelette, "to help me go through the afternoon."

"And Cora," she said, "cook me a little piece of ham with it. I feel so weak."

"Yes, m'am."

The senior class from the high-school came in a body. The Woman's Club came with their badges. The Reverend Doctor McElroy had on his highest collar and longest coat. The choir sat behind the coffin, with a special soloist to sing "He Feedeth His Flocks Like a Shepherd." It was a beautiful Spring afternoon, and a beautiful funeral.

Except that Cora was there. Of course, her presence created no comment (she was the family servant), but it was what she did, and how she did it, that has remained the talk of Melton to this day—for Cora was not humble in the face of death.

When the Reverend Doctor McElroy had finished his eulogy, and the senior class had read their memorials, and the songs had been sung, and they were about to allow the relatives and friends to pass around for one last look at Jessie Studevant, Cora got up from her seat by the dining-room door. She said, "Honey, I want to say something." She spoke as if she were addressing Jessie. She approached the coffin and held out her brown hands over the white girl's body. Her face moved in agitation. People sat stone-still and there was a long pause. Suddenly she screamed, "They killed you! And for nothin'. . . . They killed your child. . . . They took you away from here in the Springtime of your life, and now you's gone, gone, gone!"

Folks were paralyzed in their seats.

Cora went on: "They preaches you a pretty sermon and they don't say nothin'. They sings you a song, and they don't say nothin'. But Cora's here, honey, and she's

gone tell 'em what they done to you. She's gonna tell 'em why they took you to Kansas City."

A loud scream rent the air. Mrs. Art fell back in her chair, stiff as a board. The men of the family rushed forward to grab Cora. They stumbled over wreaths and garlands. Before they could reach her, Cora pointed her long fingers at the women in black and said, "They killed you, honey. They killed you and your child. I told 'em you loved it, but they didn't care. They killed it before it was . . ."

A strong hand went around Cora's waist. Another grabbed her arm. The Studevant males half pulled, half pushed her through the aisles of folding chairs, through the crowded dining-room, out into the empty kitchen, through the screen door into the backyard. She struggled against them all the way, accusing their women. At the door she sobbed, great tears coming for the love of Jessie.

She sat down on a wash-bench in the backyard, crying. In the parlor she could hear the choir singing weakly. In a few moments she gathered herself together, and went back into the house. Slowly, she picked up her few belongings from the kitchen and pantry, her aprons and her umbrella, and went off down the alley, home to Ma. Cora never came back to work for the Studevants.

Now she and Ma live from the little garden they raise, and from the junk Pa collects—when they can take by main force a part of his meager earnings before he buys his lick.

Anyhow, on the edge of Melton, the Jenkins niggers, Pa and Ma and Cora, somehow manage to get along.

IV. WINTER EVENING

BY ALBERT HALPER

IN THE Winter of the big snow, when Dave was ten years old, he began reading a lot of Indian stories and sometimes had terrifying dreams at night. He walked home from his father's grocery in the cold blue frost of early evening after reading library books behind the counter and imagined that blood-thirsty braves were trailing him from behind the telephone poles in the alley.

The alley running between Kedzie avenue and Sawyer street was paved with cobbles and after the snow had been packed hard by the traffic of coal-trucks and peddlers the cracks were filled up and it was like walking on a boulevard. A solitary arc lamp burned at the curb in Sawyer street, but the length of the alley was dark and gloomy.

Dave always walked in the middle, hurrying a little.

But as soon as he reached the flat he would take off his cotton mittens, hang up his hat and coat, and then walk through the rooms rubbing his hands together and saying, "Ah-h-h," like his father. He said this four or five times. Then he would sit down to the table and ask his mother what there was to eat. His mother made good thick soup every evening and he knew it, but he asked her just the same.

He ate in silence, lifting the spoon to his mouth and dipping it into the bowl, thinking about the running forms of lithe Indians who padded silently across the frozen wastes. If his younger brother poked his

foot under the table, he would frown. He liked to be silent, and he liked the questioning way his mother sometimes looked at him.

Right after the meal he would wipe his mouth with the back of his hand, get up from the table, and reach for his hat and coat. He wasn't needed back at the store, because an older brother of fourteen who went to high-school was there in the evening, but he put his hat and coat on just the same, and went.

He walked into the dark, gloomy alley, though he could have gone around Franklin street, where there were lights and people and traffic. As he went along, passing the bulking shadows in the silence, he started whistling quietly to himself. His hands were shoved deep into his coat pockets and he kept in the middle all the way.

Then, at the end of the alley, the street lights of Kedzie avenue would burst upon him and immediately he would walk with a slightly rolling gait, as if he were a stocky man of forty; and when he reached the grocery he'd place his fist upon the knob and open the door with a hard, firm hand.

If there were customers in the store, he'd go back behind the candy show-case, because on that side of the store were also the cigars and the slow-moving brands of catsup and baked beans; and if any item were wanted from there, his father would call out, and he would bring it over.

It was a small store, about twenty feet long and fifteen feet wide, but had many "departments." Some of them, however, were very small and almost invisible to the unsearching eye; for instance, the notion department, which consisted of two small cardboard boxes of assorted spools of thread, the five-cent variety. In a bitter mood the grocer sometimes addressed his various sons: "You, Milt, take care of the cold meat department; you, Ben, can supervise the tobaccos; you, Charley, take over the confectionery; Irving, the canned goods, and Dave, the notions."

"What about Louis?" they would question with their eyes. Louis was the youngest, about seven years old.

"Louis can have complete charge!" said the father shortly, and reached into a hopper for a coffee bean which he cracked between his teeth. His complete stock was worth perhaps \$500. Business was slow, and he moved his store from time to time, hoping for a "lucky strike."

After Dave came into the store Charley went home to eat. He went home and stayed there, now that Dave was here. If any orders were to be delivered Dave could take them on the sled. During the Winter the sled had carried a total of four orders—one of them was a peck of potatoes. Eight cents profit was made on a peck of potatoes that Winter.

Around seven-thirty the gas-lamp began to sing. The light would flutter a bit, then would burn steadily, then would flutter again. Dave's father would walk up to it and stand under it a while, peering at the round glass globe. A thin wire mesh encircled the globe, like a hair-net, in case the glass cracked from too much heat. But the grocer, who was not a very scientific man, never tampered with the workings of the lamp. After he stared at it a while it stopped singing.

Behind the candy show-case, in charge of the book department, Dave sat reading. The public library had installed free rental branches in hundreds of small candy and grocery stores throughout the city, and for each book taken out Dave's father received a cent from the city. The books were ordered from the heavy catalogue on the box near the stove and three days later the central library downtown delivered them. "It's the quantity that counts," the grocer once told Dave grimly.

Sometimes a customer did not call for a book for a week and Dave could half-finish it behind the counter. His head was full of half-read novels, mostly Westerns.

Then, at eight o'clock sharp, Old Man Sanderson would come in for a packet of Tip-Top smoking tobacco and Dave would do no more reading for the evening. With the entrance of Old Man Sanderson, his evenings really began.

II

Old Man Sanderson, who came from North Dakota, limped badly in his left leg and had long furrows running down the sides of his rugged, leathery face. He was a little, wiry fellow, about sixty, and wore a fur cap with a rabbit's tail hanging over the side like a tassel. On the streets of Chicago he looked like a vaudeville performer impersonating a North-western trapper. He was a janitor for the Cribbon Stove Company, whose warehouse stood flush against the Northwestern tracks. Two fingers of his right hand were clipped away at the second joints, but he often bragged that he could handle a broom as well as any man. He was a talkative gaffer and gave quaint grunts when he spoke, to reinforce his words. He said that he had accidentally sprung a steel trap up in Canada, somewhere near

Medicine Hat, back in '82, the jaws of said trap fastening upon his fingers. It had been a cold day and he had had his hunting knife with him. He gave no further details.

Dave's father, who was sick and tired of listening to the old fellow's stories, stood behind the stove in the rear of the store and cracked his short fingers. He stood looking at the frozen windows up in front, a stocky gloomy man, and once or twice he went forward to feel the oranges in the crate to see if any had hardened from the frost. He would roll three or four firmly in his hands; then he would come back to the warm little stove again, his hands clasped behind, his back facing the stove. Rolling the cold oranges chilled his hands and he was glad to feel the warmth of the fire once more.

"Now, take that time back in '77," Sanderson would say, but the grocer stood staring thoughtfully toward the windows without a muscle of his heavy face moving.

So in the end, Old Man Sanderson addressed himself to Dave.

"You're a small boy, but you know what's what," he said and, cramming his smelly pipe full of tobacco, he'd lean across the tobacco show-case. As he talked, he'd move his head waggishly and the rabbit's foot would wiggle up and back.

He told Dave of the time back in '83 when he had come upon two Indians stealing beavers from his trap. That was up near Big Smoky Forks, he said.

"I was tramping over a hill on my snowshoes when I see 'em huddled over my game. There was some berry bushes nearby, so I scuttled among 'em, out of sight, making a lot of noise, and every fifteen yards I fired my rifle. I shot up in the air; they didn't see me. They musta thought there was a lot of us. You shoulda seen 'em run away."

His cheeks sucked in and out as he puffed on his pipe. "That was nothin'," he said, and then spat on the floor. At the stove the grocer shifted weight to his other leg.

The old man came in every evening and though the grocer was tired of his stories he said nothing about it, because his arrival meant a ten-cent sale in the tobacco department and also indicated that it was now eight o'clock and only one more hour before closing time.

Toward the end of January the weather became colder than ever, though no more snow had fallen. Shop-keepers along Kedzie avenue scattered rock-salt on the sidewalks and chipped the ice away, but along the curbs the frozen snow, a month old now, ran parallel to the street like a sturdy little wall. Kids stormed the fortresses, shouting and commanding, and many "wounded" were carried from the field. It was a hard Winter. But Old Man Sanderson said the weather in Chicago was a joke—why, he had seen it forty below up in North Dakota; but the raw dampness of the lake city got at his bones and he coughed once in a while. He sneezed too and his nose was always running.

"It's the lake fog that gets you," he admitted after a while. "Up north it's colder, but it's drier." And once or twice he said he wished he was down in Florida, but he caught himself quickly and changed the subject.

On a Friday evening in the first week of February he came into the store in a semi-intoxicated condition and was even more talkative than usual. He smoked furiously, spitting often, and finally began spouting how he had once captured a fat, handsome squaw-woman and forced her to live with him. He grew vehement about it, his face became flushed, and he

was about to tell Dave all the details when the grocer came forward from the stove and told him to go home and sleep it off.

Old Man Sanderson, his eyes a trifle blood-shot, didn't like to be talked to in such a fashion. Biting the stem of his pipe so hard that he almost broke his front teeth off, he was just about to answer when the door opened and a big man came in for a packet of fine-cut plug tobacco. Dave reached into the show-case, handed the customer the package, said thank-you, then put the dime in the little cash-drawer under the counter.

After the man left, Old Man Sanderson, cooling off, began to apologize. The grocer, back at the stove again, started cracking his fingers and wasn't listening. He was thinking about a bill he owed his wholesalers and was wondering if he could meet it by the fifteenth of the month.

In a little while the wind began to whistle outside and Old Man Sanderson, his old self again, cocked his ears and said it sounded like the moan a roast-beef sandwich makes when there is a scarcity of gravy. For the first time in many days Dave's father's face broke into a smile. Shifting his weight from one leg to the other, he tried to crack his fingers all over again.

All of them listened to the rising storm. The wind was tearing south along Kedzie avenue and had the big sign of the tailor shop across the street swinging and creaking like a rusty gate. Then the grocer's heavy wooden upright laundry sign standing outside near the curb went over with a bang and Dave went out to set it up again. He kicked away some of the frozen snow, packed the supports with it, then came inside.

He came inside stamping and slapping his little sides with his hands, as if he had been tramping out in the frost for days. He

walked behind the counter with a slightly rolling gait and started blowing on his fists. He was frowning all his might and once or twice looked sharply all around. Old Man Sanderson, eyeing him, took out a big pocket-knife, scowled fiercely, and opened the longest blade, but as he had no enemy to stab, he started paring his finger-nails industriously. His finger-nails were thick, yellow and ugly, and the parings dropt to the floor like plane shavings, curling up slightly.

Behind the counter near the stove, still thinking about how he could meet the bill due on the fifteenth, Dave's father began to doze. His relaxed cheeks, hanging slack, lay like empty goat-skin bags against his face.

Then the door banged loudly. The big man who had come in a while ago for a packet of fine cut-plug came in again, but this time his hat was pulled low, shading his eyes.

III

At the bang of the door the dozing grocer started. His eyes flew wide open. All three of them were looking into the small black muzzle of an automatic. Waving the weapon, the big man stood them up against the ice-box in the rear. When he had them lined up there he went behind the canned goods counter, rang the cash register open, and scooped out the money. About twelve dollars were in the till.

Then he went behind the tobacco counter and felt around for the small drawer. Finally he found it. Eighty cents in small change reposed there, mostly nickels and dimes. He growled something and ripped the whole drawer out savagely, then kicked it as it lay upon the floor. The grocer, his cheeks trembling, lowered his hands to place them upon his son's

shoulders, as a sign of reassurance. "I am your father, don't be afraid," the pressure of his hands seemed to say. But Dave was not nervous a bit. He stood there round-eyed, his mouth opened a little bit, and felt a trifle excited, but that was all.

"Keep your hands up in the air," the man barked, and the grocer, taking his hands from his son's shoulders, complied.

Then the fellow came around to the other counter and started rummaging. He found a letter-file and went through it hastily, dumping the contents on the floor. His eyes scanned bills and statements, nothing more.

He went out, walking backward, one hand behind his back fumbling around for the door knob. Then he was gone.

As soon as he had disappeared, Old Man Sanderson, who had been standing all this time as quiet as a mouse, gave a queer gurgle and scrambled from behind the ice-box. He tore out of the store, yelling like an Indian. He ran yeowling and howling up the street, calling for his horse and rifle. Finally he threw his long jack-knife fiercely at a lamp post with deadly aim; there was a burst of sparks as the blade struck the cold black iron, then the knife was useless. He stared hard up Kedzie avenue. Freights were going by on the Northwestern tracks, and the wind was driving smoke and soot up the dark, cold street. Old Man Sanderson ran into the alley, made water, then came into the store again. He was still yelling and screaming and it was evident that the excitement had deranged him somewhat. And he was still a trifle drunk.

The grocer was standing in the middle of the store. He had been held up three years ago when he had had a store in Lake street, and he grew calm as he saw the half-crazed old fellow dancing around. He told Dave to walk a few blocks north to

see if he could find a policeman. If he couldn't find an officer there, he was to walk west.

Dave went out. Ahead, the street stretched dead and empty. When he had covered half a block the first few flakes of the storm began to fall. They were large flakes and at first fell quietly, but in five minutes they were whirling up the street in a dizzy fury and stuck to his eyelashes. He walked as far north as Ohio street and then turned west as far as Homan avenue. No one was in sight, not even a stray dog. All he could see was the long dark shadows of the freight trains as he came back in a big circle and neared Carrol avenue.

When he returned to the store he found his father squatting on the floor, picking up the bills and statements scattered about. Old Man Sanderson, sitting on a wooden box of Norwegian sardines marked King Oscar Brand, was crying bitterly.

Dave closed the door. His father's face was as red as blood because he was stooping, and his eyes, as he turned toward his son, bulged like globules of jellied fruits.

"Did you find a policeman?"

Dave started to answer that he had walked all over for one, when the laundry sign outside went over again, this time with a loud, hollow boom.

Shaking the snow from his coat, he squatted with his father. "I looked all around, but the cops must all be in the station. You ought to see how bad it's snowing now." Then he helped pick up the papers from the floor.

His father said nothing. After they had picked all the bills and statements from the floor, Dave went around to the other side and picked up the ripped-out drawer. The wooden bottom was split, the whole drawer was askew. With a few blows of the hammer, his father fixed it up a bit.

The grocer, setting things to rights, did not look excited or annoyed. There was a telephone in a drug store two blocks north, but he did not go there to notify the police. Three years ago, when he had been robbed of thirty dollars, he had notified the authorities excitedly, but did not get his money back, or any satisfaction, either. A big, fat, dumb-looking cop had come over to look things over, then had walked heavily up the street after listening to the facts.

Old Man Sanderson, under control again, wiped his eyes and went outside, where he stood peering up and down the whitening street. When he came inside again, his fur cap, covered with the freshly fallen snow, made him look more like a Northwest trapper than ever.

"I saw him. I got a good look at him," he said savagely. "He had an automatic and he was about six-foot-four. He was a big fellow, all right!"

A few minutes later, at nine o'clock, the grocer closed the store. He lit the small gas jet in the rear, then reached up and pulled the chain which extinguished the gas lamp. Old Man Sanderson hung around, muttering to himself; he opened and closed his broken blade nervously while saliva dribbled from a corner of his mouth. "If only I was young again," he said over and over. "If only I was a young buck once more."

"You sleep it off," the grocer told him as all three went toward the front of the store, then out into the cold.

The old fellow grunted good-night as Dave's father placed the lock on the door, then went limping up the street toward his rooming house. He lived near Carrol avenue, which was on the other side of the viaduct, and as he walked toward the roaring rumble of the passing freights, Dave stood looking at his rapidly moving, jerking figure going up the street. The

grocer, at the door, was giving the heavy lock quick jerks, trying it.

Then Dave and his father started walking home.

IV

They took the short cut through the gloomy alley, a thing the grocer had never done before. As they walked, the snow drove furiously through the narrow canyon, which was banked on both sides by the walls of houses. They passed the low line of one-car brick garages and neared Sawyer street, where the lone arc lamp, one side of it heavy with white clinging snow, was shining in the storm. In the distance the lights of other buildings began to show.

Dave walked fast, keeping up to his father. He shoved his hands in his pockets, mittens and all, and felt his lips going wet from the huge falling flakes of snow.

When they reached the house they stamped their feet in the lower hallway, then started up the stairs. It was cold in the vestibule, but warm in the hallway.

Dave rushed up the last few steps, his throat choked, his head bursting with the news, but the steady plodding tread of his father behind him shut off his excitement. They came inside the flat.

Around the table sat four of his older brothers, most of them reading parts of the evening paper. His sister, Rose, was sitting in a corner silently practicing her elocution lessons; her lips were carefully forming words, but she made no sound because her brothers did not want to hear her exercises. She was almost fifteen, had heavy yellow hair, and her wide eyes were a fine pale blue.

The grocer closed the door, hung up his hat and coat and came into the parlor. His wife, a large, tired-looking woman who

suffered from heart attacks, rose wearily from her chair and asked him if she should make a kettle of hot tea. He shook his head. Around the big table the yellow lamp light fell upon the dry, shiny hair of his sons. In a corner, watching his father's face like a hawk, Dave stood waiting for the news to break.

But his father didn't say a word about it. He took off his tie and collar, sat down in the rocker, and put his tired feet into old house-slippers. Dave, although his body was tingling, was afraid to open his mouth; he walked from room to room nervously, until one of his older brothers, looking up from the paper, told him to keep still.

A half hour went by. The grocer was still rocking slowly, thoughtfully, in the chair. Then he got up and began to wind the old wooden clock they had acquired by saving hundreds of soap premium coupons. One by one his sons went to bed, and Dave soon followed them. The last one rustled the sheets of the newspaper together and folded up the parts, then placed it near the parlor stove where it would be used to start the fire in the morning. Rose started unfolding the day-bed and later raised her slender arms to fix up her hair for the night.

After the boys turned in, the grocer stood looking at his dozing wife. Her

hands were folded in her lap and her head was nodding as she sat. He saw her rough, worn hands and her tired-looking eyelids. On her thick middle finger her heavy gold marriage ring shone like copper in the light.

Going over, he opened the stove quietly and poked inside with the iron rod. A few live coals, glowing, turned their rosy bellies up to him. Outside the snow had stopped falling. The street was very white, with a single pair of tracks cutting it where an auto had just gone along. With his palm, the grocer rubbed the window pane, then came back heavily, silently, in his old felt house-slippers. He stood over his wife for a while, then shook her gently.

"It's late, almost ten o'clock. The boys will want their breakfast in the morning."

With a wide, slow look she opened her eyes, then ran her hands across her tired face. While her husband tried the back door, she tried the front door, and when they met in the kitchen both of them were yawning and the grocer was already pulling his shirt off. One of the buttons on his suit of Winter underwear was missing. He put the light out.

When they were in bed, and the flat was dark, the coals started popping in the stove. Two or three of them glowed hotly for a whole hour, but all the rest lay cold and gray and heavy in a layer of ashes.

AMERICANA

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS on the progress of science at Washington:

Phrenology, described as the science of judging people by looking at the shape of their heads, is counted upon by former Gov. Theodore G. Bilbo of Mississippi to aid him in his new duties with the Farm Adjustment Administration. He told newspaper men today that he had acquired exceptional gifts in phrenology and that they had contributed greatly in carrying him forward from a farm boy to Governor of his State. Now that he has been appointed "advisory counselor" to the administrators of the Farm Act, he continued, he expects to make continued use of this ability.

KANSAS

THE higher learning in Wichita, as revealed by the *Sunday Eagle* thereof:

CAN YOU WHISTLE?

Join our Whistling Chorus—Learn the beautiful Double Yodel, Two Tone, Teeth and Tongue and Finger Whistling. Commercial booking already being arranged for this Fall.

Classes every Tue., Wed., Fri.,
from 1 P. M. to 8

Saturdays 10 A. M. on

FRIENDS UNIVERSITY

School of Music

TED FREEMAN

212 N. Market

Dial 3-7161

POLITICAL manifesto circulated among 100% Anglo-Saxons in Floyd County:

To the Good Mothers of Floyd County:

I have taken good care of your boys while in jail. If you want a good-hearted, sober jailer for the next four years, nominate and elect

W. A. (BILL BUCK) DINGUS FOR JAILER

KENTUCKY

POLITICAL manifesto in the *Carter County Herald* of Olive Hill:

S. F. POWELL FOR CONSTABLE

I wish to announce my candidacy for constable on the Republican ticket, comprising the Hitchins and Grayson Magisterial District. I have drunk out of the same well at Hitchins all my life. I am now fifty-six years old.

I believe my friends would know me better as Tottle Powell.

I will not make it my duty to sneak around and try to seize some one for being drunk, but I shall be at all public meetings and then if anyone is intoxicated too much, I will take him home and put him in a fat feather-bed until he becomes sober. I don't believe in degrading a reputable man's reputation with a buggy jail for such small offenses.

I shall serve all papers that are placed in my hands. I, of course all my friends know, have drunk, I guess, fifty barrels of booze, so the bootlegger now, when I become constable, had better sell good liquor, for I certainly can't stand bad stuff.

I shall have no little two-by-four deputies under me.

I shall not have any at all. So if you want protection, come out and vote for your old friend,

TOTTLE POWELL.

MICHIGAN

THE progress of Christian thought in Grand Rapids, as reported by the *Press* thereof:

A pie-eating contest for adults and a cracker-eating contest for trustees and deacons will be featured at the annual Sunday-school picnic to be held by the East Congregational Church at Fallasburg Park Saturday afternoon.

NEW YORK

Gloss upon Matthew V, 44, in the eminent New York *Times*:

"We must forgive and love our enemies," said Archbishop Benjamin.

At this point cries of opposition became so threatening that Father Peshkoff was obliged to summon a policeman.

NORTH CAROLINA

CULTURAL note from the Hendersonville correspondent of the Asheville *Citizen-Times*:

El Varado, 44, of California, and a woman companion will be buried alive under seven feet of dirt at the Red Frog Café, near here, Monday evening. The couple propose to remain underground for thirty days, and if they hold out that long the woman will break all underground endurance records. Varado is a professional underground artist and this will be his 330th burial alive. The pair will be seen through three periscopes and one tube will serve as a communication channel.

Pious orgies in Asheville, described by the ecclesiastical correspondent of the celebrated *Citizen*:

The Rev. E. Gibson Davis, pastor of the First Baptist Church, was "wedded" to the Sunday-school of the church yesterday morning in a solemn service held in the Sunday-school auditorium. Miss Gladys Fortune, representing the Sunday-school, was the "bride."

Preceding the "marriage ceremony" a quartette composed of Miss Lucille Fitzgerald, Mrs. Elliott Fox, Emmett Davis and Burgin Mullinax sang "We Love You Truly, Pastor Dear." The wedding chorus from "Lohengrin" was played for the entrance of the bridal party by the orchestra of the Young Men's Bible class under the direction of Professor Joe Denardo.

Bridesmaids, attired in the newest shades of blue, with accessories to match and carrying sprays of mixed flowers, entered alternately with the ushers. They were Miss Virginia Smathers, representing "Sunday School Attendance"; Miss Mary Calla-

han, representing "On Time"; Miss Evelyn Grant, representing "Bible Brought"; Mrs. L. V. Middleton, representing "Studied Lessons"; Miss Myrtle Bennett, representing "Offering"; and Miss Mattie Tallent, representing "Preaching Attendance."

Bobby Oliver, representing the Junior "A" department, and Dickey Page, representing the primary department, entered next, carrying Bibles on golden lace pillows, which were used in the ceremony. They were followed by the flower girls, Rachael Baker, representing the beginner department, and Sarah Vance Howie, representing the cradle roll department, who scattered roses in the path of the bride. They were dressed in pink organdie trimmed with pastel flowers.

As a part of the ceremony the pastor pledged his coöperation to all the members of the Sunday-school to the end that the Kingdom of God might be glorified by their mutual service, and the Sunday-school through its bride pledged the coöperation of every member in every way, and especially to attend the preaching service of the church.

TEXAS

FROM the mail-bag of a Texas Congressman:

THE AMERICAN LEGION,
VERNON D. HART POST, No. 100,
Stamford, Tex.

HON. THOMAS L. BLANTON,
House of Representatives, Washing-
ton, D. C.

DEAR MR. BLANTON: Through some of my friends I have made application to you for appointment as postmaster at Stamford. I have just recently been selected assistant district committeeman of the Seventeenth District of the American Legion. The new district committeeman lives outside the new seventeenth district and if we follow the usual course I will qualify as seventeenth district committeeman when the new organization becomes operative. I have always supported you in your former campaigns, but frankly my further support and influence will depend upon whether I get the place as postmaster of Stamford, Tex.

That's putting it straight, but you are going to need the service man in the next election.

Sincerely yours,

M. B. HARRIS, *Adjutant.*

From the same:

Roscoe, Tex.

I have the endorsement of our county chairman, Mr. W. H. Jobe, of Sweetwater, of our congressional committee, and Mr. Frank Scofield, our director of finance.

I have pledged 10% of my salary, if appointed, to our Democratic campaign. I am going to do more than that; if I receive the appointment, I am going to give you as a gift \$500. Five hundred dollars in return of your favor, to be used to help you in your next campaign. I am not trying to buy you off, as I know you to be a man that cannot be bought off; and I say any man that has stood as firm as you have against such strong opposition as you have had to fight in this session of Congress, deserves help, credit, favor, and honor. . . . With all good wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

HUBERT L. TURNER.

WASHINGTON

FROM a Christian correspondent of the *Seattle Star*:

Once again the evil effects of that vile stuff beer, crop out! On our beaches, there is a prevalence this year, as never before, of men going in swimming bare from the waist up. The reason is beer, which deprives men of all modesty. Woe to Seattle, and the people who lap up that Devil's brew! Mr. Denmanson has it on good authority that three men in Alaska were

frozen to death recently when they became sodden on 3.2 beer. I have said before, and I say again—Anyone who will drink beer will commit murder!

MRS. AGNES DENMANSON.

WISCONSIN

FROM the financial page of the celebrated *Milwaukee Journal*:

The corporation is working in coöperation with the National Tavern Fixture Company, a subsidiary of the Manitowoc Church Furniture Company, Waukesha, and is supplying the latter company with beer taps and cooling coils of stainless steel as well as novelty boxes and other dispensing apparatus.

The furniture company, according to officials, found itself this Spring with an almost total lack of church furniture business. In order to keep the shop running, the tavern fixture firm was organized and resulted in the addition of 125 men to the 35 on the payroll. The company is manufacturing portable and stationary bars as fast as it can.

GENERAL

FROM the London *Daily Sketch*:

I was in Bond street with an American friend when we saw Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught walking together. My friend was delighted. "Fancy the Royal family *walking*!" she gasped.

She was still more thrilled when in a confectioner's, later on, we again saw Princess Arthur selecting some chocolates for herself. "How democratic!" exclaimed the American.

MEMOIRS OF A SCHOOLMA'AM

BY MARION GRUBB

MY SCHOOL was situated in what is called a thriving industrial community. It had cost more than \$1,000,000 to build; and a great deal of money had been spent on its equipment. It looked like a factory, with its long rows of shops for vocational students—machine shops, automobile repair shops, tinning and plumbing shops, carpentry shops, printing shops, electrical shops, and many more which I cannot remember. The teachers in these shops were men brought in from the steel-mills and they were paid higher salaries than those considered proper for the rest of the teachers.

Vocational advisers were also provided. Boys of twelve or fourteen were called in for conferences which presumably revealed aptitudes so strong that they made electrical engineering or plumbing or printing the only possible career. These vocational advisers drew salaries in proportion to their supposed usefulness—salaries, that is, much higher than those paid for teaching the so-called “regular” subjects. In that school, indeed, there seemed to be a sort of stigma attached to teaching a regular subject in a regular way. Teachers of Latin and mathematics asked for little equipment, and a subject which required no money to be spent upon it was naturally regarded as insignificant.

The work done in each of the shops was exhibited from time to time. Perhaps a shop-window down town would be used for a few days to display furniture made

by the carpentry shop. Boys would come into my class with notes asking that they be excused early to prepare for an exhibition. This work seemed to consume a good deal of time. Those who were working on ship or airplane models often stayed in the shops after school or came on Saturday to put on the finishing touches. Their class work, of course, suffered, but if we “regular” teachers complained, the superintendent simply talked about “selling” our subjects to the students. It appeared that if Latin were to win out in a competition with airplane models it must be because the teacher of Latin made it so fascinating that no boy would dream of leaving Cicero for copper wire.

Beside the shops for the boys, there were elaborate provisions for teaching the girls the domestic arts. In a model cottage (living-room, bed-room, bath and kitchen) they learned to sweep, to dust, to make beds which hadn't been slept in, to lay the table, to arrange hot-house flowers in vases, to choose wall-paper and rugs, and to distinguish between “attractive” color schemes and those not so attractive. They also learned to play hostess, to play maid, and to play guest. Now and then somebody brought a little brother or sister and they learned to wash a baby and pin it together so that it would not come apart. These girls were the daughters of miners and mill-hands, but the model cottage was treated as the type of home each of them might expect to have for her own—silver,

linen, hot-house flowers, and all the rest of it.

The cottage was only a small part of the domestic arts wing. There were just as many activities for girls as for boys: cooking, sewing, salesmanship, designing, millinery. Sewing took a good deal of time at home, and just before one of the frequent style-shows the class work in mathematics, English, and such dull subjects was likely to fall off, while mothers and daughters worked feverishly to make silk nightgowns and evening dresses ready for the show. Cooking, although it was done in school, never seemed to get itself done on schedule. Consuming the custard and ice-cream took a little time, and somebody was always straggling back to her classroom late because she had had the pots and pans to wash.

When the Lions Club met in the gymnasium of the school there was a banquet, and the girls put on the caps and dresses they had made "in sewing" in order to serve the dishes they had helped prepare "in cooking". It was great fun, and everybody was far too excited to study that day, either before or after the banquet. When it wasn't the Lions, it was the Kiwanis Club, or the Parent-Teacher Association, or the Hi-Y, or one of the teams entertaining a visiting team. This, remember, was a Model School; there must not be a dull minute.

II

Music, too, took up a lot of time. There was a boys' glee club and a girls' glee club, a harmonica club and a banjo club. All these gave performances at morning assembly and at the commencements in January and June. Sometimes the same student belonged to half a dozen clubs, all preparing for entertainments. There was

a school band of forty pieces, and an orchestra also. Instructors were provided who could teach any instrument, "including the French horn". Both band and orchestra took trips to distant cities and won frequent championships. These trips lasted for from five days to a week, and making up time was not easy. The students interested in music were in constant demand for all sorts of occasions; they were always losing time.

Since the school had the largest and most attractive auditorium in the city, many concerts and other entertainments were given there besides those which the ordinary activities of the students provided. At these entertainments groups of boys and girls were told off to act as ushers and paid a small sum for the service. These were excused early in the afternoon that they might go to the auditorium to get the seating-chart and the instructions which the principal always gave in person. The girls wore white middy suits with dark ties; the boys wore dark coats and white trousers. It was very exciting; no studying could be done that night; for they had to come early, to seat the first comers; and after the concert or the play, the "crowd" liked to get together somewhere, for sandwiches and drinks.

During the Winter there was a series of concerts well worth attending. These were given at night; but there was always a special student *matinée* with a shorter programme. The concerts came on Thursday; therefore the same students lost an hour from the same class on each occasion. But this loss was not regarded as serious.

There was usually a great deal of noise and confusion at these concerts. Boys who said they preferred Chopin to quadratic equations paid strangely little attention to Chopin. They squirmed, giggled, and made general nuisances of themselves. Reinald

Werrenrath alone had a model audience. He changed his programme when he looked through the peephole in the curtain. "Huh," he said, "that's a hell of a *young* audience!" So he sang "Danny Deever", "Mandalay", "Rollin' Down to Rio", "Let Me Go Down to the Sea Again", and "Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest! Yo-ho-ho and a Bottle of Rum!" He had those boys just where he wanted them, but it took a long time for them to settle down afterward. That was when we heard that "music sorta goes to your head!"

By the time the class-hours had been sliced down for the benefit of music and dramatics, athletics and cooking, airplanes and plumbing, there were not many minutes left for the classical hexameter or Magna Charta. The teacher of English, it appeared, was important chiefly as a coach for plays. Plays advertised the school, and kept the students busy and happy. The auditorium seated several thousand people, and there was a large stage (too large for the young actors) with lights, backdrops, and such incidental furnishings as garden walls, benches, fences, etc. There was an asbestos curtain and a velvet one like the one Sarah Bernhardt used to take about with her. There were two electricians, a stage-carpenter, and a couple of professional scene-shifters from a down-town theater. Every few weeks some sort of performance was given, for dramatics was regarded as one of the essentials of a sound education in that school.

The domestic arts girls made costumes for the elves and fairies in Alfred Noyes's "Sherwood." Prince John's soldiers had helmets and halberds made in the tin shop, and the red banners with gold leopards were made in the fine arts classes. The high-pointed head-dresses of the ladies were made there, too, and draped with chiffon scarves. Everybody was on tiptoe

with excitement. Friar Tuck fell down a trap-door and cut his knee. Prince John (who was a girl) fainted at the sight of the blood, but there was no other mishap. The play was a great success, but it took months of time for 200 students and twenty members of the faculty. Meantime, such dull things as Latin, mathematics and history had been neglected. Necessarily.

Some of the more reactionary teachers ventured to question whether all this entertainment justified itself, but the principal thought so, and he was a man whose judgment was respected. He said that it made the youngsters happy, and that many of them could not have put in their time more profitably at other things. Boys who were good at acting and stage-managing were often good at nothing else. Not a single student must be a nonentity. If he could not do algebra, perhaps he could play the flute. If he could not learn Latin, perhaps he could draw a leopard on a shield. One of the dullest boys in the school made a brilliant success as Friar Tuck. He had been a nobody, but thereafter he was a personage.

III

The principal was thirty-five or so, capable, energetic, interested in young people, a good organizer. He could run anything from a picnic to a political convention. He was, I believe, superior to the average high-school principal in the average American industrial town at the peak of the Coolidge Prosperity. Every teacher, every student in that school liked him. Although he did no teaching, he worked harder than anybody else. He was giving his life to those boys and girls, and he honestly believed that he was doing what was best for them.

He had got his training at Teachers Col-

lege, Columbia, where he had studied the science of school administration. In dealing with non-utilitarian subjects, he might have fallen back upon the judgment and training of his teachers, but he preferred to fall back upon Columbia. He could hardly have done otherwise; for the whole State was dominated by Columbia-trained experts in education; and the extension courses given during the Winter were taught chiefly by Columbia-trained professors of education. There were a few cultural courses by "the Iowa group" from the University of Pittsburgh, but the superintendent made it his duty to visit these classes early in the year, to make a few remarks on cutting out culture, and to carry off a dozen or so of the meeker schoolma'ams to swell the numbers in the "professional" classes.

In these professional courses there was a great deal said about measuring intelligence and discovering genius. I attended one lecture. After I had learned that all subjects require the same pedagogical procedure (that is, that one teaches the making of a poem in exactly the same way that one teaches the making of an iron bucket) I opened the door beside me and departed. So that is all I know from the fountain-head about Education.

The teachers in this model school were expected to travel during the Summer or to attend Summer courses at some university, so that on their return in the Autumn they might list (on a blank provided for the purpose) what they had done "for professional advancement" during their holiday. A part of the expense of this Summer education was met by the city or the State, provided State institutions were patronized. It was the custom, therefore, with most of the teachers to spend six weeks at State universities where the Summer courses were merely a repeti-

tion of those they had followed in the Winter extension classes in Education. Those who forsook Education for French or philosophy were recognized as culture-hounds and so labeled.

About March Summer-school circulars began to pour in. The courses ranged all the way from basket-making to the psychology of religion. Many sounded interesting and valuable, and some of them were, but most of them were not. A considerable experience in attending Summer sessions must lead one to suspect, indeed, that neither student nor instructor has, in many instances, the slightest respect for his job. Sometimes the conviction of the instructor that his audience consisted entirely of morons was pretty well justified. On the other hand, if those students had been there because they wanted to be there instead of being there to fill in as painlessly as possible the six hot weeks prescribed by the State system in order that their training might be uniform things might have been very different.

It appears that a uniform mold for teachers is one of the essentials of education in America. One high-school principal was heard to say to a candidate for a post in French: "Our ideal is to have instruction so uniform that if a student is transferred from one section to another in the middle of a semester he will not perceive any difference." I am pained to report that this teacher had not yet conformed to the mold, for she answered: "I am afraid my methods would not suit you. I should feel everlastingly disgraced if a student came to me or left me without perceiving a difference."

It may be difficult for those not acquainted with the modern science of Education to understand why the personality of the teachers should be so carefully obliterated. The reason for it is, perhaps, that uniformity makes for ease in handling,

and that the more temperament the less uniformity. Another reason is the increasing number of uneducable pupils. For dealing with dullness, the more phlegm and love of rather childish routine the teacher has, the better. The great majority of pupils in the school I am describing could be kept busy and happy only by being spoon-fed and played with. Teachers of decided personality do excellent work with the high I.Q.'s, but they are likely to be impatient with dullards.

At the peak of prosperity the cost of running that school was very high, but if anybody remembered the tax-payer it was without misgivings. There was plenty of money in the public treasury. Boys and girls were compelled to go to school; and if many of them could not learn what we once mistakenly regarded as the essentials of education, new subjects must be provided.

There was a flourishing commercial department. Students who could not learn anything else could learn, it appeared, to take notes in shorthand, type, keep books, and run an adding-machine. This work was taken very seriously, for it led to jobs. It was made as easy and as entertaining as possible. Movies were shown at morning assembly, giving object-lessons in manners and costume for the office. Demonstration lessons in business methods were given with a student at the teacher's desk. Having a student at the desk was at this time highly recommended by the Columbia experts, and they professed to believe that a novice could teach a class more in a given length of time than even the proudest products of their own abstruse system. There were even rumors of radio or robot teachers to come. When pedagogy had become perfectly uniform, there would be no personal equation left, and machines would be the next step.

Victrolas were found useful in teaching French and Spanish. (There was no German, although many of the students spoke German at home, for the war to end war was only a dozen years in the past.) The victrolas were found particularly inspiring in the typing-room; typing to music was said to relieve tedium and increase the evenness of the work. The clatter of the typewriters (sixty tapping as one) and the blare of the victrola drove two teachers of typing temporarily insane, but since the method was one of those especially recommended by Teachers College, substitutes were engaged, and the victrola continued to blare.

IV

There was at this time a great deal of talk of thrift. Representatives of insurance companies came to the school to address the pupils at morning assembly. Movies demonstrated the need for laying by money against a rainy day. Jack Brown was shown in the president's chair of a bank and his class-mate, Jim Robinson, in a convict's cell, all because one saved and the other did not. Representatives of savings banks came to give the boys and girls statistics about the accumulation of small savings. In a school bank, designed to give practice in banking methods, the commercial students learned to write a bank clerk's hand, making little circles in the air with the pen. Some of them helped to run the banking system established in the school. Teachers who had home-rooms,—that is, rooms where students assembled four times a day before and after teaching sessions—kept in their desks the pink and blue slips needed for withdrawals and transfers. It was the custom of most of the pupils to withdraw their money as soon as there was enough to buy a coveted bicycle

or tennis racket, but this was called thrift, and the school took credit for teaching it.

In connection with the commercial department there were movies showing the latest and best methods of advertising and salesmanship. Professional advertisers from local dairies and ice-cream companies gave lectures from the school stage. Students were excused from the "regular" classes to make personally conducted tours through pickle factories, pretzel bakeries, and ice-cream plants. Movies were shown giving all the processes in the making of straw hats, steel rails and fence-wire. Manufacturing firms often sent films to be shown: the history of cotton from the blossom to the circus-tent; the history of the salmon from the river to the quick-lunch counter; the history of the cypress shingle from the swamps of South Carolina to the roof of a cottage in a new development. All this, of course, consumed a great deal of time, but the teacher who protested was quickly informed that the Columbia theory required all instruction to be utilitarian.

Indeed, the superintendent of schools, in his frequent addresses to the teachers, would say that all work done in the school must be directed straight toward the industrial life of the city. Arithmetic must deal with steel and iron. Geography must deal with railroads and mines and the market for bituminous coal, steel rails, and pig iron. There must be no more of this "port wine from Oporto, grapes from Malaga, straw hats from Leghorn." What use was that sort of thing to a boy who was going to spend his life in a coal town? Let him learn what will help him to earn his living, and nothing else. On another day the same man would be just as emphatic in urging the teaching of music and dancing "to bring a little brightness into the lives of these boys and girls."

He was the product of his period. Fortunately for his state of mind, if any, he died just before the stock market crashed. Politics had put him in his position. He was there to advertise the schools of an industrial city to its citizens, in order that more and more money might be forthcoming. He cried up the subjects which he thought to be popular and cried down the rest. "Cut out the culture," he would say. "I studied Latin when I was a boy. What do I know about it now? As for English, can't a boy learn English in his algebra class or his mechanical drawing class if he's a mind to?"

His utterances voiced the general feeling. The community was all for cutting out the culture. Only 7% of the students would go to college, and of that small number nearly all would go to technical colleges. The 93% left over formed a group of active, energetic youngsters preoccupied chiefly with manual dexterity and business cunning. The State compelled them to stay in school until they were eighteen; if there were to be no ructions that staying must be made as pleasant and as easy as possible.

The educational programme of the schools was scaled down to fit this group. Teachers of subjects which did not lend themselves readily to entertainment were implored to introduce pep into the teaching of French verbs and Latin cases. So French and Latin ran to plays, as Spanish ran to songs and dances and commercial letter-writing. (This was the time when every public-school boy who studied Spanish was sure of a highly paid post in South America.) There was no thought of learning languages for the pleasure of reading books. That was not what they were for.

Equally helpful suggestions were made for the teaching of English. Subjects for

essays were provided from time to time by the Anti-Saloon League, the Ministerial Association, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the D. A. R., and the Chamber of Commerce. The principal would present a request that all the teachers of English have their students write essays describing the injurious effects of alcohol upon the liver, or the benefits to be derived from regular attendance at Sunday-school, or the nature of the ideal patriot, inculcating respect for the flag. The teacher who refused to assign such subjects was not a patriot, and what about that oath of allegiance?

Nevertheless, there was an occasional rebel. One teacher, a dangerous reactionary, posted one of these requests with the grim remark: "Just let me catch you writing on one of those subjects!"

V

Visitors met with a hearty welcome from everybody save such dangerous reactionaries, for their advent offered an opportunity for demonstrating all that had been learned in the extension courses and Summer courses. Class drill in commas and

colons by the time-honored sledge-hammer method was not entertaining enough, of course, for such purposes. The proper method was sweetness and light; and as soon as a visitor hove in sight, towed by a small, proud usher escaping geometrical progression or the *pons asinorum*, every teacher of a suitable subject lifted the lid of her desk to see what she ought to be saying at that hour of that week of that month: it was all down in black and white in the new Course of Study recommended by Teachers College, Columbia.

But the teachers of "regular" subjects were usually ignored by visitors. Even after peppering-up, the foreign languages had no appeal to them. A few men visitors went to history and mathematics classes, but nobody at all went to English composition classes. Instruction in the mother tongue was regarded as very dull. ("I never could write themes.") The visitors naturally expected to be entertained, and they could find better diversion in other halls, where cookie-cutters were being cut from tin, or woggle-dogs painted, or bird-houses shingled, or bridge-lamps wired, or tiny pink rosebuds made of icing for the tops of angel-food cakes.

HUNTING HEADLINES IN THE BALKANS

BY WHIT BURNETT

THE Balkans, to the American newspaper correspondents who cover them from Vienna, include Mustapha Kemal Pasha's reformed Turkey; Greece, with its recurrent royalist plots; the Bulgaria of the choo-choo driving King Boris; Yugoslavia, the land of the Southern Slavs, under King Alexander, the last of the world's absolute monarchs; King Carol's extensive Rumania, kept together by France and bordered by resentful Hungary, vengeful Bulgaria and a Russia which would like to reclaim Bessarabia; Regent Horthy's shrunken Hungary; King Zog's Italian dependency, Albania; and even Czechoslovakia, far to the north of the true Balkans, but in the heart of Central Europe, and the only Republic in France's Little Entente.

There is a Balkan Federation for economic, postal and rail coöperation, but it shows very little life. The Serbs, in whose rather dreary land Gavrio Prinzips fired the shot that shook the world in 1914, still hate and are hated by all their neighbors, and they are still the most vital race in the Balkans. They rule from Belgrade over dark-eyed Dalmatians, soft-eyed Croats, blondish Slovenians, tall Montenegrins, swarthy Bosnians and darker Macedonians. The Ireland of their kingdom is Croatia.

For that matter, the Balkans are full of Irelands. If it isn't boundaries now, it's cultural differences; if not racial antipathy, then economic jealousy and trade wars;

if not inside trouble, then the influence of France or Italy. Some of the hatreds have solidified through the politics of generations, antedating the German push to the East (through the hoped-for Berlin-to-Bagdad railroad), and the Russian friendship with the Southern Slavs. If, now, even the Greeks join with the Turks in the Balkan Federation, the new friendship of these historic enemies is not to be taken too seriously. In Turkey, the old saying is still: "When you shake hands with a Greek, count your fingers."

The only feasible way to cover the Balkans for the American papers is from Vienna—more specifically, from the journalists' *Stammtisch* in the Kaffee Louvre. There have been, of course, rebels against this rule. There was, for example, the correspondent who had his own airplane, which his paper paid for. He covered the Balkans from the air. It gave him a fine view of the mountains in Bulgaria from which the peninsula takes its name. But after he had cracked up two days from the nearest town and three weeks from the nearest new parts, and the political disturbance he had gone out to cover had blown over before he arrived on the scene, his paper recalled him.

He loved that unfortunate plane as he loved his dog. The dog has since died, but the plane, which his successor in Vienna was ordered to sell at once, is still intact and eating up hangar bills. Nobody in Vienna wants to buy an airplane to

cover the Balkans. Nobody even wants to buy an airplane.

The *Stammtisch* is used by stamp-collectors in the morning and *Jause* eaters at five o'clock, but at seven or eight at night it is taken over by the news gang. Just as Vienna is convenient to the Balkans, so this table is convenient to the radio office and handy for the aged messenger-boys who deliver dispatches from the curious Balkan news agencies. It is just around the corner from the free-rent hangout called the *Journalistenzimmer*, which the Austrian government donates to the newspaper men. The *Journalistenzimmer* has free telephones and half a dozen old desks, and houses a fraternity of elderly, bearded Central European fourth-estaters, the old guard of a *Syndikat* which was organized under the Emperor Franz Josef thirty years ago and in thirty years has never held another meeting.

To the *Stammtisch* come, usually, what visiting notables there are in town, to chat with the newspaper men and to take a cup of coffee or a seidel of Gössebräu. Here these notables encounter the half dozen or so American correspondents who maintain homes or regular offices in Vienna, one or two Englishmen, a Hungarian and his wife, a stranded Boston composer, a widow or two (usually embroidering scarfs), a couple of Croatian exiles advocating Croatian withdrawal from the Yugoslavian monarchy, and frequently Dr. M. W. Fodor, of the New York *Evening Post* and the Manchester *Guardian*, perhaps the best informed man about the Balkans and their affairs in all Vienna, and undoubtedly the most liberal with his wisdom.

It is also to the Kaffee Louvre that gentlemen from the legations come, hopeful that a dash of propaganda will be acceptable to the press. It is in the area, too,

of less official plotting and spying. The Albanian exiles' attack against King Zog was hatched in a coffee-house not far away. If King Zog had let the Viennese police know where he was going that night, he might never have been shot at—in Vienna. But the King was not only seeing Vienna specialists—to soothe a throat made raw by 150 cigarettes a day; he was also seeing, as clandestinely as possible, the pretty young daughter of a Viennese carpenter.

When he stole out before the last act of "Tosca," preceded by his aide, the Albanian exiles were waiting by the side entrance. Their shots missed Zog, who ran back to hear a little more "Tosca"—from the wings—but they killed his aide. When they were caught, their defence was as Balkan as their attack. Their attorney said the King had shot his adjutant himself, in the flurry and confusion. The assassins, tried in republican Austria, were sentenced to a few years in prison.

Albania represents the full flower of the Balkan tradition. If you kill me, my brother kills you, and so on for generations. Zog was philosophical. A pot-shot now and then was only to be expected. In Vienna many such shots never take effect. Near the hotel where Zog's girl was staying stands the beautiful little Votivkirche. It is no more and no less than a memorial to poor marksmanship, for it was built by the Emperor Franz Josef because a shot designed for him went wild.

A curious nicety about Albania is that nobody takes a shot at you if you happen to be in the company of a woman. The rule is seldom violated, and never by an Albanian who regards himself as a gentleman. Some time ago an American woman writer went hiking in Albania with a native. The Albanian was a handsome lad with several counts against him. As the

two were walking along, he was suddenly fired upon. Afterward, there was a handsome apology, and it was explained that though the Albanian was accompanied by a lady, she was wearing knickers.

After the Zog affair in Vienna, the cafés had the jitters. The Imperial Café, beneath the beautiful suite where Zog and Charlie Chaplin had passed their separate visits, was particularly touchy. I remember dropping in one morning to read the *London Times*, on file there. I had, as usual at that season, hay-fever. As I pushed open the door I sensed suddenly the oncoming of a violent sneeze, and reached back for my hip pocket. Instantly seven men jumped in all directions.

II

Vienna's central site makes it the hub of the Balkan wheel, the spokes of which radiate through Southeastern Europe. These spokes carry telegraph service wires which pour their questionable news into the city which still somehow preserves something of its importance as a capital—a capital no longer, to be sure, of a varied empire, but only of a geographical jigsaw puzzle. The twenty-five or so English and American *Journalisten* all subscribe to one or more of these dubious news services. Covering the huge territory resolves itself into staying put in Vienna until something sufficiently exciting is announced somewhere else. Then one's local man, hired on salary or space, either covers the event, filing to Vienna, or the Vienna bureau man hops to the spot.

These local men are usually newspaper men of the place who know a little English (sometimes remarkably little), or stranded Americans. Sometimes no such talent is available, and the correspondent must then take whatever he can get. One

news service was supplied with dispatches for a while by the daughter of a former Boston consul who was conducting a seminary in Tirana, and in one emergency my own association was served by a diplomatic officer of a major power.

A local man always knows all the good restaurants. And, in Greece (where we once had as space, or string man, a former deputy in Parliament, then making a living taking pictures for the Wide World photograph service) they know where a glass of the native wine may be found that contains a minimum of turpentine. They also know a lot about local politics that they cannot write and still continue to reside where they are. They can talk and tip off, however, and what they know sometimes makes a good story when written by a correspondent returned to Vienna. In Yugoslavia, a correspondent under suspicion is soon chucked out, as happened to a distinguished woman correspondent for the *London Times*, the government press denouncing her on her exit as a "squint-eyed snake."

Some of the local men in Belgrade are so close to the Serbian Foreign Office as to be almost its spokesmen, and in Budapest there was once an Associated Press man who was the secretary to the chief of the government press department. Thus he got all the official news while it was still in his stenographic notes and could beat everybody else. Unfortunately, such a functionary is useless for the dirty work—the low-down which makes up the bulk of the writing of special correspondents.

Now and then one encounters an offshoot of American newspaperdom, perhaps an alumnus of the *Newark Ledger*. In Ankara, a man from a Boston paper has settled down, quite enamored of the place. He teaches English to the daughters of

the Turkish Army chiefs and no longer laments that when he went to Turkey he went in gorgeous style—to sell anti-aircraft guns to the Turkish government. He actually did sell some, too, only to find that while his back was turned his firm in the States had gone to the wall and left him high and dry in Little Asia.

The Balkans now have their eyes on the West: they want to be like Europe. Rumania doesn't consider itself a Balkan country at all, despite its absorption of what was before the war the northern part of Bulgaria. The Greeks are Greeks first, and only incidentally Balkans. Should you make the horrible mistake of asking a Viennese if Vienna is in the Balkans (which, of course, geographically, it is not) you may not be invited to any more nice Viennese *Jauses*. Yet Metternich said that Asia began at the Landestrasse Hauptstrasse, which is in the Third Vienna *Bezirk*. Entering Southeastern Europe for the first time, one finds that, officially, the East is always further East; the Balkans are always in the next country.

One difficulty in covering them from Vienna is that while you are hurrying out to Constantinople to see about a Balkan Conference or a dervish uprising, somebody in Vienna takes to shooting at a visiting monarch. This is usually anticipated by leaving a substitute in Vienna, or having someone else cover Constantinople. Nearly all the good news events, such as revolutions, assassinations, bombings, and fires in churches, occur on holidays. This is partly because, in the Balkans, when anybody has nothing else to do he likes to raise the devil. Also it is partly because every time there is any kind of holiday there are no newspapers.

Carol made his melodramatic return to Rumania in the Whitsun lay-off. Nobody would believe it. In Vienna we all had

our picnic lunches packed and had assembled at the Kaffee Louvre for an excursion to the baths at Vöslau, where the best wine is. It was a beautiful Saturday. There had been so many cries of Wolf, Wolf, that few could believe that Carol had finally made his dash. That night four of us were on the slow train to Bucharest, for there were no planes available. Before we reached the Rumanian capital, Carol had addressed Parliament, had himself declared King, and swept out the Old Guard in politics.

It was the New York *Times'* local man in Bucharest, wiring to Vienna that Uncle Charlie was really hard at it, who got the first news through. After that, until the correspondents arrived on the scene—those who bothered to go—all the fine stories about how the errant Carol and his Greek Queen Helene were reconciled and how everybody was happy and gay and colorful, were written, not in Bucharest nor even Vienna, but in London, Paris and New York, where imaginations were not hampered by facts.

A difficulty in Vienna is that, on receiving hot information (through one biased agency or another) that war has broken out in Yugoslavia, or that young Otto has returned to Hungary, one is likely to rush from the Louvre and entrain, only to discover, in the end, a baying *Gruben-Hund*. A *Gruben-Hund* is a mine dog—but I must explain. One night the *Neue Freie Presse* got a long-distance call from a mining-town in one of the remoter parts of what was then the Empire. An excited voice gave a hot tip on a big disaster. A mine explosion had entombed several hundred miners, most of whom had perished, but by heroic rescue efforts half a dozen men had been hauled to the surface.

The reporter took all the details and the copy went from his fingers almost

directly to the linotypers. The distant informant added a touching bit which the *Neue Freie Press* saw fit to feature. The survivors, it appeared, said they had felt a prescience of the approaching disaster: just before the explosion they could hear the crying of the mine-dogs, setting up a fearful howling, as if the dogs themselves had sensed that something frightful was to happen.

The *Presse* had its scoop. But it also had an anonymous letter, immediately afterward, which said that if it didn't know what a mine dog was it had better not print any more stories about mines. The writer explained that it was he that had telephoned the fake. Mine dogs are the little iron cars that haul the coal along the tracks to the shaft, and, as every Austrian elementary speller knows, one of these is a *Hunt*, and not a *Hund*.

III

One of the chief causes of tensions in the Balkans is the now almost classic animosity between the Serbs and the Croats in Alexander's monarchy, Yugoslavia. This often gets into the papers. The Serbs, as the masters of the kingdom, act out of fairly strong natures. The Croats, who are a mixture of Slav, Austrian and Hungarian, for generations under Austro-Hungarian rule while the Serbs were still under the Turks, are a soft-eyed race and they resent the Serb hegemony. Deprived of a free press, free assembly and even the right to form a party, except in name, they occasionally set off a bomb, which makes a big boom and gets their cause into the headlines.

These Serbs and Croats are as different as two races in a single country can be. It has remained for an artist to express the difference dramatically. Commissioned

to do a statue for Zagreb, the old capital of Croatia, and another for the Serbian capital, Belgrade, the Dalmatian sculptor Mestrovich personified both in heroic form. For the Croatian capital he cast a famous figure of the country, a preacher-teacher, seated in his robes, with a brow that was a very flood of space and light. But for the White City, the city of the sturdy warriors, who in the World War lost 50% of their armies in battle, he did a Victory, a violent onrush of militant female, an animated sister to the French Amazon-in-Arms, *La Victoire*, which stands, a white stone guard, over the grass plots near the Arch of the Carrousel in Paris. Nothing pleases a Serbian or a Frenchman more than a husky fighting female. In Germany, where the Fatherland is masculine, the significant statues show swollen-up papas, protectors of the home and the nation. In Croatia, they show poets.

When Mr. Hoover's moratorium hit the Balkans, Yugoslavia lost an important annuity from Germany, and was very sore. Someone then had a wise, placating idea. The United States sent General MacArthur, chief of staff of the United States Army, then in Paris, straight to Belgrade. He was guest of the Serbian Army in the biggest hotel, and the accompanying band music was composed by the American Minister to Yugoslavia. With hands joined, he and all the Serbian generals went spinning round the tables in the fast native dance, the *kolo*. In a ringing speech, he said that surely in this world there were no harder fighters, lovers and drinkers than the famous hard-fighting, hard-loving, hard-drinking Serbs. When the party was over, the Army didn't care if anybody ever paid them any debts. Now, to prove it, the Yugoslavians have defaulted on their debt to us.

The only Balkan bombs I ever saw were in Zagreb. They were rather sorry, home-made pineapples concocted by half a dozen so-called Croatian terrorists. The chief of police, a handsome fellow in a bat-wing collar, wanted us especially to observe them, and also to scrutinize the bombers. The Serbs thought that too many Croatian-exile-inspired stories were appearing in the world press saying that captured Croatian bombers were being mistreated in jail and then dumped out of the higher windows. They wanted us to hear the prisoners, in the presence of the chief of police, tell us that they were really having a swell time.

It was common talk that the chief had been in the pay of Austria before the World War, but he was now with the Serbs. Once he had put down Serb terrorists trying to oppose Austrian control; now he was putting down Croatian terrorists sponsoring a split with the Serbs. He was a distinguished-looking fellow, well-built and elegant, who all during the interview, kept jabbing a pen-knife into his desk-blotter.

What impressed me, however, was not the testimony of the puny young prisoners (most of whom were given a fair trial as soon as we left and then straightway executed) but a couple of viscous-looking objects in a bottle on the chief's desk.

"What," I finally asked, "are these?"

"Ah," said the chief, and referred to a notebook. "These," he said, "I keep as a reminder. On this date," he pointed, "that was our busiest day. We caught seven bombers. I was terribly busy. That day I had an appointment in the hospital for an operation. I had my operation all right and then I rushed straight here to the office and worked till midnight. What a day! I keep these on my desk to remind me. Those, gentlemen, are my tonsils!"

IV

In Austria, except for a little occasional listening-in on the telephone, there is no censorship, such as frequently delays or frustrates sending news from Yugoslavia, Hungary, and, at times, Rumania. Correspondents in Vienna are rarely expelled for criticising the government.

The idea that Vienna is a gay city is pure legend nowadays; it is only wistful. War-defeated, starved afterward, reduced to begging from France ever since, it is in a pitiful situation; yet everyone somehow lives. There is better food in Belgrade, but only at a place or two, and better wine, ruddy of the grape and rich in body; but one can't live for any time in Belgrade. One thinks fondly of Vienna, in Athens, when the sun is white upon the dusty streets and glistening on the Standard Oil can roofs of half the lower town; for there the wine is full of an abominable resin.

True, Athens is a comparatively modern town now. It was more than two-score years ago that the first modern toilet was introduced, replacing the tiny cubby-hole in the corner of the kitchen, *à la Turque*. I had the honor lately of an interview with Commodore M—, whose father was the innovator. When the citizens of Athens saw that in the new house he built he had given an entire small room, with a window in it, to such a curious purpose, they considered him insane.

Traveling in the Balkans is troublesome. Leis and drachmas, schillings and pengi, kronen and dinars. Borders and customs. Currency restrictions. And drinks which require a castiron interior. The *slivovitz* and *tsuica* of Serbia and Rumania, the *ouzo* and *raki* of Turkey, the *heuriger* wine of Austria, and the *retsinato* of Greece. True, the eye meets often with col-

orful costumes: the women of Huneadoara, who wear peacock feather head-dresses and gold as old as the Dacians; the Presidential Guard in Athens, *evzones* in white tights, with red pompons on turned-up shoes and the skirts of ballet-dancers; the Hungarian peasants, flashing in scarlet on holidays and ragged on weekdays. There are army officers everywhere, and gypsy fiddlers for the *czardas*; there is the Cabaret Amerika in Belgrade, with the Bosnian dancers, all with knives; there are the leeches in the barbershops in Sofia; there are the fine Bulgarian cigarettes, the caviar at Bucharest, the dried-meat shops in Serbia.

To go to Constantinople after "color" is to find the modern Turks all agin it, and trying to spell with their new Latin characters, with most of the school kids using, incidentally, a primer composed by two American teachers. Billi Duv in the films; it is the same old Billie. Since the abolition of the fez all Turks, under Borsalinos or more battered fedoras, look just alike in the street—they look like Greeks. The Grande Rue, at the top of the long steep hill above the harbor, is quite European.

There are spots in Europe, such as Sarajevo and parts of Albania, that are now more Turkish than Turkey. Only the rug-gyps thrive in the port of the mosques. Constantinople is a declining city, in shipping, trade and life. Its dictator hasn't the fantasy of the old Sultans, and the young Turks, seated in their shiny new offices in the big stone buildings in the treeless desert surrounding the old capital, wear unrimmed glasses and read the world's best literature.

The only Balkan King I ever interviewed was Carol. We sat down together in his study in the Palace Cotroceni. He talked economics. At that time a penny

box of Kreuger matches cost a Rumanian farmer a hundred pounds of wheat. This disparity had the King by the ears. Carol is youngish, and he speaks English perfectly, as well as French and German.

Throughout the interview I had serious qualms. It took place at the peak of a flu epidemic, and in the week I had waited for it in an expensive Bucharest hotel I had flopped over with the common complaint. I was, in fact, in bed when the messengers arrived with the invitation to the palace. I squeezed into some striped pants and a cutaway coat, and all seemed well enough until I got into the King's private quarters. There I found I had lost my deep bass voice. Indeed, I had no voice whatsoever—merely a whisper. But it was impossible then to backstep.

"Mr. Burnett," said the King, "you haven't got this er—influenza, have you?"

"Oh, no, Your Majesty," I whispered. "I always talk like this. I suffer from the same complaint as the King of Albania—too much smoking has ruined my voice."

I left town that night as fast as possible, and read, with a foretaste of remorse, every Rumanian and Hungarian headline I could lay hands on for the next four days. But I hadn't given the King the flu, after all. It takes more than a few germs to kill a King in the Balkans.

The common folk either perish early or survive far beyond three score and ten. This is perhaps the reason for the legends about the interminable age of Bulgarians. What happens is that in early youth a Bulgarian joins one political faction or another and then the shooting begins. Those who live at all live to a century.

But the hardiest ancient that I ever saw in those regions was not a native, but an American. He was a preacher from Painesville, Ohio, and he was living near Saloniki, in Greece, and running an Amer-

ican farm school. He was eighty-five years old, the father of seven children, all born in the Balkans, and a great lover of peace and quiet. He went to Bulgaria in 1872, in answer, he said, to a call from the Lord, relayed through the American Board of Foreign Missions. He has been in the Balkans ever since. Stoned, mobbed and arrested in the old wild days, he now conducts the most modern farm college in Greece, for which he has been decorated by the Greek government.

I asked him if he ever got homesick for America. He looked over his broad acres, flowing down to the Ægean, and out across the blue toward Mount Parnassus. No, said he. As a preacher and a well-doer, he

figured, he was like a father who wasn't much bothered about the sons who went along the righteous path. A father, he said, "loved the spoiled child best." He thought of the Balkans as spoiled children. What really worried him was America.

"You know," he said, "I had a hard time trying to explain that Lindbergh kidnapping to the people around here. In the Balkans, people shoot each other from the purest of political motives. They can understand crime like that. But they couldn't make out a country where such things as that baby kidnapping could happen. It made me blush a bit, I tell you. I had a little trouble, as an old Balkanite, understanding it myself."

THE LAST INDIAN OUTBREAK: 1906

BY H. L. DAVIS

I was raised in a country where all survivors of the Rebellion mixed in perfect equality, and so I could see how it had left both the defeated faction and the men who had helped do the defeating.

Our household was Confederate; everybody in it had lost relatives or got personally shot up defending the right of Secession, and my grandmother had had her husband killed, her property stolen, and her house burned during Sherman's invasion of 1864. All told, our family circle had come out of the Joe Johnston surrender so totally drubbed, plucked and busted that one would have expected the faintest memory of warfare to be unpleasant to them all the rest of their lives. For all I know, it was; but instead of trying to forget about it, they talked about nothing else.

Every shot they had fired, every lick they had hit, every foeman's nose they had chewed, every episode in which they had got even technically the best of it, they treasured up and repeated and enlarged on as proudly as if such performances had actually got them somewhere instead of making their hard luck harder; and every shady operation the Union army had committed was remembered and reeled off, not merely as a general criticism of Federal manners and discipline, but as a personal impeachment against every son-of-a-gun who ever wore a blue uniform, even if he had been drafted into it. My grandmother couldn't pass the most inoffensive-

looking old G. A. R. man without feeling convinced that there went the identical ruffian who had stolen her spoons and shot holes in her piano.

She had plenty of suspecting to do, for there was a Federal Old Soldiers' Home a few miles from our line fence, and the veterans, as regularly as their pension-checks came, always got drunk and lay out in our horse-pasture to sober up. We children were never allowed to help them home, though it seemed uncharitable to leave such old men exposed to damp, frosts, and the thoughtlessness of wandering cows. They were a set of genial old dickenses, and the Civil War veterans among them, who were supposed by our family theory to have spent their early manhood butchering the righteous in cold blood, were the genialest of all. It was hard to believe they had fought in the war at all, they were so good-naturedly indefinite about what had happened in it. The fact that they had won it seemed to make the whole struggle a closed incident for them. They didn't remember much about it, and they didn't try to.

The same rule of losers remembering the circumstances of their licking after the winners had forgotten it showed up even more strikingly among the ex-Indian fighters in the Home. Between them, volunteers and regulars, they had seen about all the troublesome Indians there were. About most they were tolerant, forgiving, and either unable or unwilling to recall

one interesting detail. Later, when I found out a little about their post-victory operations at Clark's Ford and in the Chivington Massacre, I didn't much blame them for feeling reticent. But at the time, I noticed it only because it contrasted with their flood of bitter reminiscence about the Northern Utes. The newspapers of 1906 were full of stories about that tribe, which, in a last big flareup, had jumped the reservation and taken to the open country; and the old soldiers followed the reports with excited interest. They might be indefinite about the redskins they had conquered, but they remembered all about the elusive Northern Utes, and one could tell without going into campaign-reports that there was one bunch of loose Indians that had given the indigent heroes more than they could handle.

The stories, sorted out, cleaned up and toned down, fell into two separate periods. The first was on the volunteer arm of the service, which rushed to arms when the Utes raided West into Eastern Oregon in the middle '60s, after all the United States garrisons had been called away to fight in the Civil War. Mostly, the raids weren't especially dangerous, for they fell on peaceable-minded farmers who generally defended their homes by flogging for town and threatening not to pay any more taxes if the government didn't send them a couple of brigades of soldiers. To this early incarnation of Farm Relief the government paid little attention, having its hands full elsewhere. The settlers got out of the way too fast to get hurt, and they left little behind except scrub livestock and supplies of patent-medicine which the Indians religiously drank and thoroughly enjoyed, until the early Winter of 1864. Then the heathen raiders, in an unexpected post-season dash, caught and carried off the two grown daughters of a hay-

farmer from Eastern Kansas, and the cavalry of the country roused and went out after them.

Nobody knew exactly what the girls looked like. The truth was that they resembled their father too closely to be of much value as plunder, even in Eastern Oregon; but the young men were too high-minded to inquire about ladies' looks when they were being dragged off by savages. Two companies of volunteer cavalry took up the trail, followed it across the Malheur Desert to the Goose Creek Mountains, and brought the kidnapers to bay in a fight that lasted all day. Neither side accomplished much, and the Indians appeared to be merely stalling along.

II

In the morning, the cavalry discovered why. The drinking-water of their camp turned out to be violently laxative. All the soldiers got sick on it, and the horses were so weak from it they couldn't even carry their saddles. The entire party tottered home afoot, leaving the girls to their fate, which was not so barbarous after all. The Indians traded them, according to travelers' reports, to a couple of young Mormon landowners in Bear River Valley, who married them so they could help with the farmwork without claiming wages. It was a lucky transaction for them, for nobody but a Mormon, with any number of matrimonial chances to throw away, would have married either of them. Even the cavalry didn't come out so badly, since the expedition entitled them to put in for pensions; but it was a humiliating experience, and it was years before they could stand being twitted about it.

They needn't have felt as humiliated as they did, for they were amateurs, and those Utes were able to handle seasoned veterans

with the same insulting ease and slipperiness. Their next run-in happened around 1878, with a squadron of regulars who had been sent out to round them back to their reservation so they wouldn't make the white settlers nervous. The country, at the moment, was dead quiet. Government agents had rigged up a non-trespass treaty with the main Ute chief, and the regulars' job was to circulate the good news among the small outlying bands who might not have heard of it, or, hearing, might need an exhibition of force to make them pay attention to it.

The assignment was mere routine, and there seemed to be no more war to it than in a small-town truant-office and considerably less excitement, when, passing a scrub-pine canyon one day, the whole command came under heavy fire from the rimrock. It was upsetting, for several bullets landed, and the rocks and Indians were so exactly the same color that nobody could decide where the shooting was coming from. But the cavalymen were well-trained, and the major in command had fought too many Indians to hesitate for the proper maneuver. He deployed his men into line, dismounted, and waited for the Indians to come out and rush him.

That was where the major's campaigning experience got him in trouble. He had fought only against the Plains tribes, and with any of them his waiting-out strategy would have worked, for the one thing that none of them could stand was inaction. There was scarcely ever a time, when Sioux or Cheyennes had driven a detachment of soldiers to ground, that they didn't immediately undertake a mounted charge over open ground and get themselves shot to ribbons. The major, aware of this convenient weakness, waited for the Utes to appear, but they did nothing of the kind. Instead, they kept their cover,

holding his front while they extended their own until they had turned both his flanks. His line began to cave and frazzle, and, in something of a sweat, he let go all holds and rushed his men back into the canyon, where high ground gave them a good defensive position. Having thus cut off his own line of retreat and lost his wagon-train, he dug in, sneaked a couple of men out for help, and settled down.

The new position was safe enough, but it was far from comfortable, and the Indians made it worse by wrecking the wagon-train in full sight of all the men. They cut up the teams, shot the drivers, and burned the outfit very ceremoniously. The soldiers took it hard, but the major, not daring to interfere, could only squat in his hole and wait for help. It came, in the form of an entire troop of the Ninth Cavalry which the messengers had picked up and sent back—and it did no good whatever. The Utes simply hugged their rocks and let the relief-column charge through them, and then, with a bigger target to work on, they raised up and started shooting again.

The defenders shot back with as little enthusiasm as success. There was nothing in sight to shoot at; their breastworks, being composed of dead horses, began to smell bad; and, as a final nerve-twister, one of the Ute bullets knocked a cavalry-mount floundering into the pit where the major had placed his wounded. It was impossible to leave the poor brute there, because the rumpus was bad for everybody's morale; but it was also impossible to get him out, for his kicking made him too dangerous to handle. He couldn't even be shot, for the risk was too great of killing the live men in the pit under him.

The major by this time was sweating all the way down his back. According to military teachings, he should have made an

attack to develop the enemy's position while he got his own straightened out. But, since a whole troop of cavalry had charged clear through the Utes without discovering where they were, it seemed unlikely that tired and half-demoralized men on foot would do much better, and rather likely that they might do a lot worse. The best policy seemed to be to hang on, suffer, and wait for some turn in the fight. It came with the arrival of a new reinforcement.

This time it was a genuinely big one. There were five troops of regular cavalry and a full company of infantry in wagons—more men, no doubt, than the Utes had, all put together—and they came pelting into the canyon all the hotter for action because their route led them past the burned wagon-train, which, with all the men in it, had been thoroughly taken to pieces. Action, however, they did not get. No Indians appeared except one bow-legged old man with a piece of wagon-cover on a stick for a white flag, and a polite message of apology and regret.

The whole attack, he explained, had been a terrible misunderstanding. None of his comrades had had any notion that there was a treaty in operation pledging them to behave themselves. Word of one had only that minute arrived, and his comrades were willing to agree that it was a good joke on them. If the soldiers would permit, they would now all go home. If not, they would be obliged to complain to the Indian Bureau that they had been fired on while attempting to keep their treaty, and several valuable young military officers would probably get their belts pulled.

Since the soldiers were there for no other purpose than to make them go home, there was nothing to do but agree. All the Indians left, carrying with them the contents of the wagon-train. There

probably hadn't been over four hundred of them in the fight at any time. From first to last, not one of the soldiers could tell where they had been shooting from, and their casualties, as far as could be learned, amounted to nothing. The soldiers took home forty-eight dead, and there was considerable ill-feeling in the ranks against the major, who, to save his life, couldn't see what he had done that was wrong. Other officers, for using the same tactics against other Indians, had won victories, fame, promotion, and their pictures in the school-children's Fifth Readers. The trouble was not with his principles of warfare: it was simply that he had picked the wrong outfit to try them on.

III

This was the second of the stories that survived, considerably embellished, among the ex-campaigners of the Old Soldiers' Home. It rankled, but it ended military relations with the Utes until clear into the Roosevelt administration, when the Department of the Interior made two important discoveries. One was that a considerable part of the Northern Ute Reservation could be irrigated for grain and alfalfa. The other was that the Utes had more land than was good for them, and that what they really needed was to be settled somewhere with a nice quarter-section apiece and made to raise crops.

Nobody supposed that any Indians, as late as 1906, could have enough get-up left in them to fuss over having their territory confiscated. The reservation officials went through the process officially termed allotment in severalty; that is, the Indians, who were accustomed to ranging as they pleased over several thousand square miles, got a hundred and sixty acres each;

and settlers from Iowa and Nebraska swarmed in to file on the land that was left. It was very good land, and they were well satisfied with the deal by which they had got it. But the Utes didn't take the transaction so well, having got the worst of it, and it was not in their nature to hold a grudge without doing something about it. So in the Summer of 1906, the grass being good and the snow melted, they made their last outbreak—the last, in fact, ever to be attempted by any Indian tribe in the United States. They injured nobody, and they made no fuss; but about five hundred of them mounted their ponies and pulled out in a bunch, crossing the Haystack Mountains into the Red Desert of Wyoming, north into Montana, and then east for the open Indian country of South Dakota.

It was not a populous country along their line of march. Indeed, they had selected it for that very reason, being anxious to avoid trouble with the settlers who, then as earlier, scared easily and announced the fact noisily. The Utes, to be sure, were moving in defiance of lawful and competent authority, but they were not on a trouble-hunting expedition; all they were undertaking was the dignified and orderly retreat of a whipped people. The only breach of the peace reported against them was from a sheep-herder in Southeastern Montana, who, encountering a two-mile column unexpectedly, fired on them before he thought and had his horse killed by the young bucks shooting back to make him run. Nevertheless, all the sturdy wilderness-tamers in the country they had left shouted imperiously for help, and a cavalry regiment was ordered out on the trail to bring the absconding savages back into custody, so that they wouldn't sneak back themselves some dark night and get even.

The chase was hot, for the truants travelled fast; but it ended tamely and sensibly. The Utes always got on well with soldiers. A few, being pleaded with and threatened, gave up and went back; but the majority simply announced that they wouldn't. The soldiers remembered earlier attempts to stop that tribe from going where it wanted to, so they backed off and let the Utes go on, falling in behind to convince people along the road that the move was being carried out under military escort. The whole column marched, exactly as the Indians had planned, into South Dakota, where, with the help and consent of a slightly upset Indian Bureau, they were settled on the open land of the Cheyenne River Reservation.

The outbreak was over, and it was perfectly successful. Only people with the Utes' spirit could have undertaken it at such a time, and only a race with their ability to plan and their willingness to fight when crowded could have carried it out. Unfortunately, it did them very little good except as a vacation, for, after two years in South Dakota, homesickness took them, and they petitioned the authorities to be sent back home. Permission came in the Fall of 1908, and they went.

In the Spring of 1932, I went there too, to see what a tribe looked like that had jumped its country so boldly and then been herded back to it so meekly. They would still, I judged, be feeling mad about it, and their resentment would be something to entertain the Indian War veterans with when I saw them, as my grandmother used to be entertained when a Civil War veteran got drunk in our pasture and had his whiskers licked by our old cow.

The road led first through the stretch of farming country that the 1906 settlers had taken away from the Indians—beau-

tiful land, beautifully cultivated and improved. The farms had irrigated meadows, and all the buildings were clean, new-painted and showy. There were silos and fat dairy-herds, cream-marketing and cheese-making centers, stands of bees and bands of new-lambled sheep, shearing-sheds and feed-racks and wool-warehouses—a layout of comfort and fertility and the old go-ahead Western spirit that was fit to make any Indians mad, merely to see what a fine business the farmers were making out of land that had once belonged to them. Communications in the section were of the same high standard, for there was a gravelled and graded highway clear across the mountains to the railroad, and it couldn't have cost less than a million dollars. It was built, of course, for marketing farm-produce by motor-truck, and the fact that it represented such an investment showed both the community's business enterprise and its wealth.

The only thing that clouded the panorama was that nobody seemed to be doing anything with it. The farms, though handsome, looked lifeless, and a great scattering of them turned out, on inspection, to be vacant. The facilities for motor-truck marketing were perfect, but there wasn't any marketing and there weren't any motor-trucks. In a hundred miles of road I passed no traffic except a few freight-wagons loaded with furniture, leaving the country. They should have given an old-fashioned look to the landscape, but they didn't, because no old-fashioned driver would have handled his outfit so awkwardly. Each wagon had two men with it—one to drive, the other to trapse behind with a chunk of wood and block the wheel when the team needed a rest. Nobody with practical wagoning experience would have allowed such foolishness. The way they used to do it was to

tie the wheel-block to the hind-axle with wire and let it drag behind until, when needed, the wheel simply rolled back against it.

The men herding sheep on horseback showed the same inability to stand privation intelligently. Not one of them had a saddle, having, they told me, sold all such expensive frippery to raise spending-money. But, instead of contriving some home-made pad to save their behinds and give them something to hang on to in steep country, they simply rode bareback and looked injured. Plenty of men used to herd sheep without saddles in the pre-debenture-clause days, but none of them tried it without at least a sheep-pelt to sit on and a rope-cinch to hold on by. Neglecting such cheap comforts wasn't poverty, but plain contrariness—a kind of determination that, since they couldn't be as comfortable as they deserved, they would refuse to be comfortable at all. The same thing showed, again, in the number of flocks of new-lambled sheep sashaying around without herders. It was true that sheep weren't quoted high enough to make them worth tending to, but the people of a less progressive era would have tended the brutes anyway, merely as a moral responsibility.

I expected, from the number of abandoned farms, to hear something about the hardships laid on the country by mortgage foreclosures. Curiously, nobody had anything to say about them, and I didn't even find anybody who had been hit by one. There had been plenty of such casualties, of course, but they had all happened much earlier—a lot of them even before the hard times—and the victims had all pulled out and disappeared. It was their departure, in fact, that had caused most of the country's hardships, for the real sufferers from the slump were not the people

who had given mortgages, but the elderly men who held them and had retired to take things easy and live on the interest.

There was no broken-spiritedness among those ex-mortgage-holders, though, and no earthy Tolstoyan resignation to fate, either. They had taken a bad licking, they were mad about it, and they blamed everything in the social and economic system for it, including the banks, the railroads, the grain-speculators, Europe, Russia, China, the stock-market, the government, modern education, and the new styles in women's dress. I got a whole docket of such accusations from a bunch of sore-spirited elderly white residents who sat around an empty gasoline-station in a village on the far side of the Uinta Mountains. All had been early settlers in the country, and the proprietor, a hurt-looking man who had trouble figuring up change, admitted having been one of the pioneer swarmers-in from Iowa in the remote days of 1906.

He had come, he said, with nothing, had taken up a claim with part-year irrigation, and had brought it in twenty years of work to such productiveness that his last crop of hay sold for \$6000. With that stake he retired, sold the place on mortgage to an apparently truthful young man for \$12,000, and spent his hay-money on his garage and motor-agency, which attracted him because it could be operated sitting down. At the time I saw it, he could have operated it lying down with both hands tied behind him. Nobody in the country could afford to run an automobile, let alone buy one. His ranch was back on his hands with the mortgage unpaid, and the best he could figure was that twenty years of his toil had simply gone up Salt Creek.

The other men told about the same story, with the motor-agency left out or changed to something else equally genteel. I

couldn't see that any of them had much to kick about. If they had sold their land for mortgages that were worth nothing, that was exactly what it had cost them to start with, and they had got it back. Their years of work hadn't gone for nothing, for it had kept them alive, and, as near as I could judge, in excellent flesh. I couldn't see why they didn't go back and start farming again. There might not have been any money in it, but there would have been a living, and that was more than a lot of more intelligent men in the United States were getting at the moment. But none of them took to the suggestion. They stayed where they were, arguing about the bore of the gun that had salted them and waiting, apparently, for somebody to come along and start making payments on their mortgages; and I went on to hunt up the Ute Indians.

IV

I never found out how subjugation worked on the tribe, because they weren't subjugated. It was true that the settlers had crowded them off their land and that they had done nothing in retaliation, but they hadn't needed to. The settlers, left alone, had retaliated plenty against themselves.

Not, of course, that the Indians had gained anything by that, for they were all badly fed, insufficiently clothed, housed in thatch-huts that let out warmth and kept in smells, and desperately poor. But they were no poorer than they had always been, even when they owned the land from which the settlers had been able to make and lose fortunes. That same land, for lack of anybody with money enough to buy it and humility enough to work on it, was going vacant again before their eyes; but they weren't bothering over the prospect of getting it back by default. Even the

rumpus they had made over losing it was so vague in their recollection that I had to prompt hard before they remembered which trip to South Dakota I was talking about.

When I managed to get the exact date through their heads, one of the older men perked up and agreed that they had done it, and that everybody had been pretty mad at the time. But they weren't mad any more. The white settlers were good people, and he hoped they would inhabit the country which they knew so well how to adorn for a long time to come. His wish probably had something to do with the number of settlers' sheep that ran around loose with nobody to herd them, for there was mutton in his thatch-hut if I ever smelled any. But he didn't mention that. He did say that he would like to take all the Utes and ride to South Dakota again, but that it wasn't likely he would. It wouldn't be any use any more.

"Because you're not mad any longer?" I asked.

He agreed with rather stogy benevolence that there wasn't a trace of ill-will toward any of God's creatures within miles of there; but that wasn't what prevented their going to Dakota. It was simply that there weren't enough antelope any more

to make such a *pasear* worth taking. In 1906, the spot of the journey that everybody got the most fun out of was a big antelope-surround in the Red Desert. All the people formed a big ring and then closed in with all the wild life herded into the center. It took nearly all day, and they slaughtered antelope until long after dark, using clubs, stones, knives and even their bare hands. Even the oldest people in the outfit had never seen anything like it, either for rations or entertainment, because there had never been anything like it before.

He sat up in his muttoney thatch-hut and cut the air with both hands, describing the only part of the last outbreak that he recalled clearly because it had been the only part he enjoyed. Defeated people, I knew, didn't select only agreeable reminiscences to retain in memory after the shooting was over. I had seen enough of them to know that what they did retain were the incidents that made them stay mad and feel injured for life. The elderly men in the gasoline-station acted in the orthodox manner of defeated people, and, without knowing whether they had done anything to deserve it, I felt a little over halfway glad of it. The Utes still had a clean record.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Philology

SURNAMES AS COMMON PROPERTY

BY HOWARD F. BARKER

THE people of the United States, like other peoples, make use of a relatively small number of surnames. The twenty-five family designations of greatest usage among us account for just about a tenth of us. Starting with *Smith* and *Johnson*, which are borne by more than one American in every hundred, and continuing with *Brown*, *Williams*, *Jones*, *Miller*, *Davis* and other familiar appellations, there is quickly rolled up a large percentage of the total population. Add enough more surnames to make 200, and an even quarter of all Americans are taken in. Add another 500 and nearly 40% of our people will be accounted for. This is as far as any inventory of surname frequencies has proceeded so far, but it is fairly well established that 50% of all Americans could be accounted for with a register of about 1800, and 75% with 10,000. More than half of us have names borne by no less than 10,000 compatriots and another quarter of us have names borne by at least 2000 or 3000.

Of *Smiths* there are over 1,000,000, and they do not much exceed the *Johnsons* in numbers. There are as many *Joneses* in the country as there are people in Pittsburgh or San Francisco, for there are some 700,000 of them. Yet they are not as numerous as the *Browns* or the *Williamses*. *Gilbert* stands in the two-hundredth position when American surnames are listed in the order of their commonness, yet it is

borne by 61,000 persons—more than there are in most American State capitals. Other designations almost as common are *Beck*, *Duncan*, *Knight* and *Willis*. The bearers of any one of these appellations outnumber the residents of Hoboken, N. J., Augusta, Ga., or San José, Calif.

Sampson is not nearly so familiar a patronymic as *Gilbert*, and it stands only about seven-hundredth in the roster of commonness, but there are at least 18,000 *Sampsons* between Maine and California. Other cognomens of a similar degree of dispersion are *Avery*, *Dorsey*, *Hodge*, *Kinney*, *Rush* and *Witt*.

The Federal census of 1790, taken in the first full year of George Washington's Presidency, showed 27,000 different surnames in use in that day, but of these it required less than 4000 to muster seven-eighths of the people.

The same thing holds good in the Old World. Of the 35,000 surnames used in England and Wales we know the percentages of bearers of the leading fifty. They account for 18% of all Englishmen and Welshmen. English nomenclature is much more varied than Welsh but some 4000 designations are all that are needed to register the great bulk of Englishmen. In Wales the repetition of a few patronymics goes to extremes. A third of the Welsh are accounted for by a dozen names, headed by *Jones* and *Williams*, and it is said that nine-tenths of the people of the principality can be mustered under 100.

In Scotland it has been estimated that 6800 designations are used as family

names, and that the fifty most common—allowing some variations in spelling—cover 29% of the people. Add another hundred and the list comprises practically half the Scots. Irish names have also been studied, but their varieties are so numerous that no one has ascertained the total. Yet it has been discovered that less than 500 groups of closely related Irish names account for nearly two-thirds of the people of the island. The repetition of a few names among the Danes and Spaniards is also well known.

Not only do a comparatively small number of names thus serve to identify most of the people of a given nationality, but many of them are the joint property of several nationalities. This fact simplifies the situation in the United States, where otherwise we would be confronted with a much greater variety than now exists. Of the half dozen appellations most commonly used by Scots, *Smith*, the leader in frequency, is also the most common in England and very popular in Ireland; *McDonald* is much used by the Ulster Irish; *Brown* is extremely familiar in both England and Ireland; *Thomson* acquires, outside of Scotland, the spelling *Thompson* and passes as English; *Stewart* is shared with both the English and the Irish; and *Robertson* is left as the only one distinctively Scotch.

Many other common Scotch designations are also popular among Englishmen and Irishmen, for example, *Clark*, *Hill*, *Jackson*, *Shaw* and *Taylor*, and the familiar six beginning with *W*: *Walker*, *Watson*, *White*, *Wilson*, *Wood* and *Wright*. Most of these are really English appellations shared with the Scotch and the Irish. Along with them one should also mention the Scotch *Anderson*, *King*, *Martin*, *Miller* and *Young*, which have become, like *Smith* and *Brown*, quite cos-

mopolitan in the United States. *Anderson* is remarkable for frequency in a half dozen countries, but the American usage of *Martin* has perhaps the most variegated background because of its replacement of *Maartens*, *Martinez*, *Martini*, etc., drawn from almost the length and breadth of Europe. Among names which are more definitely Scotch, but not entirely, so, are *Alexander*, *Crawford*, *Douglas*, *Grant* and *Henderson*, all numerous used in several counties of England. Neutrality is also shown by *Bell*, *Gibson*, *Graham*, *Lawson*, *Marshall*, *Russell*, *Scott* and *Williamson*, familiar in even more English counties than those last mentioned.

In some instances, the name which the Scot would like to claim as peculiarly Scottish is merely a complement of an English designation. Along with the Scotch *Allan*, *Johnston* and *Reid*, for example, our directories show the English *Allen*, *Johnson*, *Read* and *Reed*, and we readily lose sight of the distinctions, as do their bearers here. In several cases important Scotch appellations differ from the English only by the lack of a final *-s*, as instanced by *Adam*, *Aitken*, *Bain*, *Rodger*, *Stephen* and *Watt*. When an American employs the corresponding appellation *with* the *-s*, we can never be sure of its genuineness because of our tendency to supply this termination.

Occasionally a Scotch form gains an advantage here. We commonly use *Burns* in place of the Irish *Byrne* or *Beirne*; *Cairns* instead of the Irish *Kearnes*, the German *Kern* and the English *Karn*; *Hamilton* in lieu of the English *Hambleton*; and *Lindsay* in place of any one of several English appellations of similar sound. Predominant English influence is shown, however, by the American commonness of *Dixon*, *Lowe*, *Nichols*, *Nicholson* and *Patterson*, which frequently stand for the Scotch

Dickson, Low, Nicol, Nicolson and *Pater-son*, respectively.

Among cognomens which might be Scotch, and again might not, are *Forrest, Irvine, Jack, Kennedy, McEwan, McMillan* and *Sinclair*. In England *Forrest* is common only in Lancashire, but America early had French and Walloon settlers named *de Forrest* who dropped the preposition. *Irvine* itself is not English, but *Irving* is native to two English counties; in Ireland both *Irvine* and *Irwin* are common and supplemented by *Ervine* and *Erwin* in small numbers; and the Germans also claim *Erwin*. The Scottish *Jack* is subject to confusion with the French *Jacques* and the English *Jack*s. The interpretation of *Kennedy* is clouded by the early appearance here of the surname *Canada*, which might be either a misspelling or an indicator of Canadian origin. *McEwan* becomes a substitute for the Irish *McKeown*. *McMillan*, with the prefix, becomes confused with the Irish *McMullan*, and, without it, with the Scotch *Milne*, the Irish *Mullan* and the French *Mullen* and *Moulin*. Interpretation of the fairly common *Milens*, which stems from this aggregate, is hopeless. *Sinclair* was originally Norman but is generally to be interpreted as Scotch, although it has had bearers in many European countries.

Turning to German names, we find many which are readily replaced by British appellations and many which are not peculiar to the Germans in the first place. Often an American *Smith, Brown, Williams* or *Miller* is properly a *Schmidt, Braun, Wilhelm* or *Mueller*. By the slight addition of *-s*, a German *Adam, Simon* or *Stephen* is disguised as an *Adams, a Simons* or a *Stephens*. Little more modification is required to derive *Byers* from *Beyer*, or *Bowers* from *Bower*. Our name *Good* often stands for *Guth*; *Cole* may

represent *Kohl*; and *Worth* may replace *Wirth*.

You may think you are a *Bowman* and find you are a *Baumann*; your friend whom you thought a *Bishop* may prove a *Bischoff*; and your neighbor, *Bush*, may be really *Busch*. *Fisher*, with us, generally takes the place of *Fischer*, and *Fox*, of *Fuchs*. *Frey* (*frei*) ought to be German and *Fry*, English, but can one depend on it? *Hoffman*, stemming from the Teutonic *Hofmann*, is the American form of German, Dutch and Swedish names. Make simple translations and *Pfeiffer* becomes *Piper*, and *Reich* becomes *Rich*. Add a *b* and the German *Weber* passes as *Webber*, cognate with *Webster*; or pronounce *Weber* in the Pennsylvania-German style and you have *Weaver*, which seems to be an English name. Broaden the *e* and the German *Werner* becomes the English *Warner*.

Surnames are thus poor indexes for distinguishing German-Americans, but it might seem that the genuine German forms would be more determinative. So they are, but the results are still unsatisfying. There are numerous names like *Arnold, Beck, Leonard, Martin* and *Thomas* which seem German only to the near-sighted. Dutch as well as Germans employ *Burger, Decker, Eckert, Hartmann* and *Hermann*. Normally, we think of *Engel, Keller, Kieffer, Lehmann* and *Wagner* as German, but the French use them too. *Frank, Gunter, Hart, Horn*, and *Jacob* are *echtdeutsch* and also genuinely British. The same is true of *Lang, May, Mayer, Walter* and *Winter*. *Schneider* is primarily German but also Dutch and French, especially in the forms of *Snider* and *Snyder*. *Schultz* designates Swedes and Frenchmen as well as Teutons.

In Germany, as in other countries,

names have various forms, some more distinctive than others. Take the cases of *Andre*, *Friedrich* and *Lorentz*, and their variants.

Which of these forms are German and which are not: *Anders*, *Andre*, *Andres*, *Andrews*, *Andrieu*, *Enders*, *Endres*? *Friedrich* should be German, *Frederick* Scotch, and *Frederic* French, but who would rely on the distinctions? *Lorentz* is seemingly German, *Laurence* French and *Lawrence* English, but there is no certainty about it.

Even though each nationality has its nomenclatural traits few people have family names peculiar to their heritage. The nations share them, and families share them within the circle of nations. Consequently, the surnames which most of us bear have lost their meanings and their earmarks of origin, and are far from being family property. They are simply

identifying tags lent out by society at intervals great enough to serve the purpose of identification, but not so great as to make them unfamiliar.

Rare names are not particularly effective and may be disadvantageous. Only three kinds of people manage comfortably with them: those of celebrated parentage, those of supreme accomplishment, and foreigners who are so unfortunate as to be separated from their kin but are still among people of the same origin. To these we might add actors, but theirs is an artificial condition.

The average American could spend his lifetime looking up people of the same surname and then not meet them all. When he totaled up he would have to admit that his cherished appellation was much less indicative of his origin or character than the trademark on his hatband is of those qualities in his hat.

Obstetrics

THE COSTS OF HIGH OBSTETRICAL CARE

BY MORRIS FISHBEIN

A REPORT by a distinguished committee made some years since indicated that the most striking development in human life of the last quarter century has been an amazing expansion of human desires and wants. For example, in 1895, the average American had approximately four breakfast foods from which to choose: oatmeal, farina, whole wheat and mush. In 1933 there are 187 well known breakfast foods from which a choice may be made. In general, they are all based on oats, wheat and corn, but the development of machinery has permitted remarkable changes in the nature of these cereals. They are shot from a cannon, shredded through shred-

ders or in other ways modified so as to appeal to certain special phases of the appetite, such as the feel of the food upon the tongue, its odor, its taste and, in the case of certain peculiarly crisp cereals, even to the sense of hearing.

In no field of medical practice has this expansion of human desires and wants with an associated alarming increase in the costs of medical care been so obviously manifest as in that of obstetrics. Toward the end of the Nineteenth Century a woman about to contribute numerically to posterity was likely to keep the fact a secret even from her husband until her physical contours began to make manifest her condition. Thereafter the subject was discussed to some extent with her mother or her sister, but the physician or the midwife was not likely to be informed until

well toward the end of the anticipatory period. Then, at the critical moment, the scientist responsible for a proper accouchement would be called posthaste and, arriving somewhat out of breath, would stand by until what was conceived to be a normal physiological function had proceeded to a logical conclusion. In the majority of cases the entire process took place in the home, the only cost involved including a payment to the attending medico or midwife, of from \$15 to \$50 in the majority of instances, and the necessary clothes for the infant.

What vast changes have taken place in this performance during the past thirty years! Under modern conditions the prospective candidate for maternity is likely to consult a physician well in advance of her entertainment of the idea of a numerical contribution to posterity. Having learned from this savant that the idea may be entertained with safety, she proceeds to put it into effect. Shortly thereafter she again visits the medico, who now indulges her in a complete physical, chemical, biological and immunological, as well as roentgenological examination.

Every secretion and excretion that can be extracted from her system is the subject of weird manipulations in laboratories. By modern methods of applied immunology it becomes possible to determine not only that pregnancy actually exists, but also fairly well along in the process the sex of the prospective contribution to society. From this time on the woman consults her physician at least once and in many instances twice weekly for a period of 270 days.

In the meantime, the matter has become a subject of interest not only to such relatives as may have been informed but also to the local health department, the State health department, the United States Pub-

lic Health Service, and the Maternal and Infants' Division of the Department of Labor. Immediately the postman begins to arrive day after day weighted down with heavy documents of a highly informative character outlining every step of the daily conduct of the prospective mother, and prescribing to the last calory and vitamin the nature of her diet. This notwithstanding the fact that nature, in many instances, creates in her such an aversion to food that merely reading about it brings about a physical revulsion.

Finally, at the critical moment, but in many instances from three to ten days beforehand, the family vehicle of transportation is summoned to carry her to the hospital. This is an institution formerly conceived wholly along scientific lines but now developed so as to compete more than successfully with the facilities of the best hotels. She is received by a reception clerk; a recorder carefully makes record of her genealogy and infantile experiences; she is ushered, with the assistance of a page boy, into higher quarters and deposited in a room hung with beautiful hangings and equipped with modernistic furniture.

The wall adjacent to her bed is fairly peppered with outlets for electrical devices. Hardly is she recumbent ere there enters an engineer to connect her telephone, a radio technician to attach one of these devices for making the night free from care, a librarian bringing her the latest contributions to fiction, history and biology. There she reclines while a constant procession of technicians again abstracts from her specimens, or wheels her merrily to special centers in which the position of the prospective Babbitt is determined by the use of the x -ray, a fact which in former times the physician or the midwife determined quite satisfac-

torily by the use of the eyes, ears and fingers.

Eventually, the process of birth itself takes place in a delivery-room where every item of furnishing or equipment has been completely sterilized and where only man is vile. The attendants include not only the obstetrician, but first and second assistants, first and second nurses, and anesthetists of special experience in the giving of ether, nitrous oxide, oxygen, ethylene, tribomethanol, or the barbitol derivatives. Now, returned to her commodious quarters she is visited by droves of relatives, each in his own motor-car, bringing fruit, flowers, books and jigsaw puzzles.

Obviously, this performance runs into money and it is not surprising that our periodicals of public opinion should have been deluged in recent years with contributions by young economists on the high costs of obstetrical care. Let us, however, reevaluate the essentials in this process in order to determine how much may be actually necessary and constitute a gain for the benefit of mankind and how much is merely a matter of keeping up with the Joneses.

It should be clear to anyone, even without a scientific training, that much of this performance represents the expansion of human desires and wants without any relationship whatever to the scientific necessities involved.

Moreover, there comes now evidence in the form of contributions by Drs. Joseph

B. DeLee and Heinz Siedentopf indicating that from the point of view of safety so far as puerperal fever is concerned, a woman is better off delivered in the home than in the maternity wards of many general hospitals.

No less an authority than Eden of Great Britain has recently indicated that from 60 to 75% of the women in Great Britain are now delivered by midwives, with rates so far as sepsis is concerned somewhat superior in many instances to what can be shown for inhabitants of the United States. Moreover, he prophesies eventually a period in which most normal deliveries will occur in the home and when operative deliveries only will be subjected to hospital environment and the associated costs of operative or mechanical deliveries.

No doubt the modern woman is a much more highly organized specimen from the point of view of her nervous system than was her sister of two generations ago. No doubt she requires much more interference in the successful accomplishment of what used to be a normal function than did her grandmother and great-grandmother. But nature is still a great adjuster of both the biologic and economic situations. The present economic predicament has resulted in far more births in the home, and it is remarkable how many of these unusual wants and desires can be successfully omitted when the wherewithal to pay for them is simply not available.

RED DAYS IN CHICAGO

BY SAMUEL PUTNAM

THE history of the Industrial Workers of the World is yet to be written. The human history, at any rate—the vivid, colorful story that is there. Professor Paul F. Brissenden's "The I. W. W.: a Study in American Syndicalism" covers the movement up to the beginning of the World War, while John S. Bambs' "Decline of the I. W. W." deals with the after-War period, picking up where the Brissenden volume leaves off. Both authors are no doubt painstaking and scholarly gentlemen; but that is just the trouble. They have produced works that are valuable to students of the labor movement, and that is about all. The real story of the Wobs—and what a story it is!—if it is ever told at all, must be gathered from their own lips before the last survivor passes to his pie in the sky.

For unfortunately, while practically every Wobbly imagined that he was a heaven-endowed poet, I myself have never known one whose effusions avoided that sentimental and unartistic sloppiness which is characteristic of most working revolutionists turned writers. Indeed, it was often an occasion for wonderment to me, how men who purported to be so hard in their political thinking could be so soft and oozy, so conservative and downright reactionary, when it came to literature. Ralph Chapman, the I. W. W. bard and one of the Leavenworth bunch, did not escape this defect, although, by reason of the sweetness of his character,

it was hard to separate the man from his work. I have even known I. W. W. poets who wrote interminable and god-awful blank verse plays in the right Shakespearian manner; one of them became my enemy when I refused to read his stuff.

No, I do not believe that the real history of the I. W. W. will ever come either from a university gent or from a Wob; for had there been an artist in the ranks, he would in all likelihood have emerged by now. The only thing to do would seem to be to put an artist, or at least a good reporter, some one who can write, on the job; let him round up and interview these G. A. R. of the class-struggle in America, assemble what archives are to be assembled, and see what comes of it all. John Dos Passos or one of the other deacons might be able to do it; but perhaps it would be better to have a non-communicant with a nose for what the feature-writers know as color. It is in the hope of adding my unbeliever's, or rather, renegade's mite to the record that I have undertaken this memoir. I simply hate to see my fellow-workers of the gorgeous old blind-pig days (we called them blind-pigs then) reduced to a doctor's thesis or a classroom text.

From the day that Big Bill Haywood's enormous paw clamped down on my knucklebones for the first time, Bill became an object of hero-worship to me. Not that I had any illusions about him; I hadn't, or didn't have for long; but that

is what it takes to make a hero for me. It is possibly significant that the only other one that I have had in my life, which has been comparatively free from the vice, is Benito Mussolini. Big Bill and Benito both stand up. What I liked about Bill was that you could, so to speak, stick a pin in him and he wouldn't squash. He wasn't a parlor pink or a contributor to the *New Republic*. His hands were still gnarled from the early days in the mines, and he was ugly enough to make women love him and to win the undying confidence of any man. From the day I first met him, in the old West Madison street headquarters in Chicago, he stood for the I. W. W. to me.

I had met him upon a fool-killer assignment from the city desk. The Wobblies were holding a convention. *Ergo*, they were about to blow up the town. I was told to go out and "put it up to Big Bill, cold turkey." I put it up cold turkey. Bill didn't even deign to answer. His first words were, "Well, kid, when are you going to take out a red card?" And then, we talked, talked for an hour and a half, on the working class movement, syndicalism, and—what the newspapers could do for the workers, if they only would! This last was a bit of characteristic naïveté, and I loved him for it. From that day forth, I developed an affection for this Polyphemus of the *Klassenkampf* that not even his own followers' darkest innuendoes could daunt.

The period of which I am speaking was along about 1920-21, immediately following the release on bail of Haywood and his Leavenworth comrades. The famous trial at which they were sent over (for blowing up the Chicago Federal Building) had been before my time. My meeting with Bill might have remained an isolated episode, had I not just naturally

seemed to drift into Red company in connection with the two occupations of which I have always been fondest, drinking and talking. It was all very heterodox, needless to say, on the part of a reporter; but this was only one of a number of instances in which alcohol has been my moral and spiritual salvation.

II

Jack Jones and his now defunct Dill Pickle Club had something to do with it. The Pickle in those days was a sort of no man's land for radicals,—many of them of the tired variety,—bedraggled bohemians, newspaper men, West Side gunmen, Wobblies, university savants, co-eds and their swains, and the limousined gentry from the neighboring Gold Coast. It had not yet entered upon its period of inflation, which preceded a mid-Depression crash.

It was fun to listen to a world-famed physicist gravely debating his specialty with a boxcar bum who had wandered in. It was all a part of Jack Jones' big idea of providing free heat and light in Winter for the gabby tenants of the park benches in Bughouse Square, as the little patch of green opposite the Newberry Library is known; he would play host to these soap-boxers, professional and amateur, who otherwise would have had icicles clinging to their whiskers; he would get them all together under one roof, let them talk their heads off, and charge admission for it. The idea clicked.

The fact that Jones, in addition to being a born showman, was an ex-Wobbly served to draw the Reds. Prominent among the old-timers was Jack Ryan, a Scotchman with a brogue that you could cut with a knife. Ryan had been a little of everything in the way of a radical in his time. He had been in the anarchist movement with

Emma Goldman, Ben Reitman and Alexander Berkman; he had been in the old Socialist-Labor party; but above all, he had been one of the original Western Wobblies in the mines, harvest fields and lumber camps, and had taken a leading part in more than one historic strike, from Seattle down the coast.

He was, like most Wobs, half worker, half hobo; but with it all, he was one of the most widely read men I have ever met and was the possessor of a most unusual library. His reading had not been confined to economics and sociology, but covered the whole field of *belles-lettres*, and he could quote Engels or Kropotkin on the one hand, Flaubert or Balzac on the other, by the stretch. He had, in particular, an amazing knowledge of Russian literature. How he ever accumulated all this intellectual baggage, in view of the life he appeared always to have led, remained a mystery, and one that he was not anxious to clear up.

Mystery, indeed, was the one thing that Ryan loved. Being no longer classified and rather unclassifiable, he was looked upon with no small degree of suspicion by both Wobblies and Communists. At heart, he was an anarchic syndicalist, with an innate aversion to political action and, therefore, to Communism. I was frequently assured that he was a spy, a stool; and he, for his part, had a veritable spy-mania or persecution complex; he was forever being trailed by the police and others, and was constantly casting aspersions upon those engaged, as he no longer was, in the movement. The truth is, Ryan was living in his reminiscent past, and now beheld all revolutionary movements in a common haze, made up half of sympathy and half of critical hostility; but when occasion arose, his instinctive reaction was always on the side of the proletariat.

He is one of those living sources who should be consulted, before it is too late, for the inside story of the I. W. W. He it was who introduced me to the world of Wobs, in that little barren and disorderly attic room of his—his shack, as he called it—next door to the West Chicago avenue police-station. (Incidentally, I am often mildly dumfounded by the way in which the “hunted” Reds seem to cluster about the haunts of the constabulary.) From there, we went on to the various pigs which the Throop street cohorts were in the habit of honoring with their brawling presence.

The Pickle, of course, was but the lunatic fringe, where one might meet anyone from Maxwell Bodenheim to Harry Hansen. I recall, as a matter of fact, one evening when an earth-shaking debate was scheduled between Bogie and Jack Ryan, with the dignified Mr. Hansen as judge. When the speakers arrived belatedly, neither, for reasons that were only too apparent, was able to mount the rostrum, and Jack Jones' heart was broken because he had to refund the gate receipts to a packed house. Carl Sandburg also strummed his banjo there—his “Frankie and Johnnie” was a standard number—and Alfred Kreymborg performed on his mandolite. These, however, were *petit-bourgeois* divertissements that were frowned upon by the serious minds, including a very serious stray Communist or two. But one did meet people at the Pickle, which justified the joint for me. It was there that I met Jacob Loeb.

The Loeb house at 8 West Walton place, two doors west of State street, on the north side of the street, had once been occupied by Near-North-Side aristocracy, but had become under the Loeb tenancy the hang-out of Wobblies, Communists, university students and professors, writers, newspaper

reporters, ladies bent upon leading their own lives, and all the tribe of the unconventional, the bohemian, the "emancipated," and those who were looking for a little spice in life, in a city that regarded R. H. L.'s annual Line-o'-Type volume as a literary event. The atmosphere of the eight-or-nine-room mansion was faintly Greenwich-Villagey, in its barrenness, its arty candle-lighting and the mode of life of its inmates; but it was quite different from the Village, after all. The thing that made the place was the personality of Loeb, whose tremendous erudition, quite Teutonic in bulk, along with his powers as a conversationalist and charm of manner, was responsible for the frequent presence of such figures as Frederick Starr and Clarence Darrow. At Loeb's you were sure of meeting the latest artistic or radical celebrity who had come to town, and the interests ran from music to Rabelais, from Egyptology to the Einstein theory. (Loeb, by the way, was one of the twelve named by the great physicist as capable of understanding him.)

It was through the Dill Pickle that Jacob became acquainted with the Reds, and in particular with the West Side Wobblies. He threw his house open to them, and Haywood and others proceeded to make themselves at home there. The Leavenworth men made it their rendezvous, and the upstairs front room became a meeting-ground for the defendants and their bailsmen and attorneys. Communists were also fairly numerous in the parlor down below, especially after the advent of Charley Ashleigh, of whom I shall speak shortly.

It was, however, only the higher-ups among the I. W. W., the leaders and intellectuals, who went there. The Leavenworth contingent constituted a sort of inside aristocracy, and they came to look

more and more to Loeb as their friend and counsellor. They admired him and trusted him absolutely; but Haywood, more than the others perhaps, always felt a little out of place, I thought. As for the outsiders, the rank and file, they were inclined to be a bit sniffy and suspicious at this consorting with the first cousin of the rich; for Loeb was of the same family as School-board Jake, the uncle of Dicky Loeb, of Leopold and Loeb fame. With the I. W. W., the ordinary bickering and back-biting that goes on in any radical organization was intensified by the fact that the Wobblies, without knowing it, were on the point of breaking up.

It was to the Loeb house that I owed my acquaintance with Ashleigh, another Wobbly poet, now director of the cultural department of the *Moscow News*. Ashleigh was a young English Jew and very much of a dandy. He was never seen without his cane, and his manner was that of an aristocrat about Bloomsbury. During the Federal Building trial some years before, the haughty nonchalant air with which he would saunter in every day, after the proceedings had started, evoked the active hatred of the newspaper men and called down upon him a rebuke from Judge Landis. Ashleigh and I became good friends. We even took a room together, in North La Salle street. Jacob Loeb reveled in Ashleigh's company; for Charlie had a good deal of background, and what he did not know he made up for by brilliantly monopolizing the conversation.

He is by way of being an exception to what I have said above with regard to Wobbly bards. There is no doubt as to his being a poet, and a sensitive one, but his verse, also, is inclined to be conventional and old-fashioned, of the late Swinburnian epoch, and is not always free of that sentimentality which keeps the social

radical from being an artist. He is, in any event, another of those who are in a position to tell the story of the I. W. W.; and assuming that Sovietism has not ruined him completely, he possibly could tell it better than any other.

Charley, through the medium of his own personality and individuality, was responsible for my coming to know a whole new sphere of radicalism. Here was one working revolutionist, high in the councils, who could think and talk of something besides revolution. He seldom mentioned the subject, except to revolutionists. It was, I soon discovered, his business in life; and he was too much the gentleman, had too good taste, to talk shop in company. He preferred playing the rôle of giddy social butterfly; and I rather think he ran it out a bit, overdid it slightly. To talk to him at the Loeb board and to converse with him in private, as one revolutionist to another, were two different things entirely; you would not have thought it was the same man. His cane and his mannerisms, his general attitude, won for him the dislike and suspicion of the serious brethren, of whom there is always an overwhelming majority; but the hard-handed Wobs adored him for the most part—they had no illusions about him, but they were amused by him; he was a good drinker, a good talker, an inimitable raconteur.

This, so far as I could make out, was very much Haywood's own feeling toward Ashleigh, although he took the younger man more seriously than did some of the others, not only for the reason that the two of them had been prison comrades, but because they were constantly associated in what was big time stuff for the Industrial Workers' movement. Great activities were afoot during the out-on-bail interlude, and of these I was soon to have a glimpse.

III

Meanwhile, I was studying my poet-Wobbly, dandy-revolutionist roommate. He confessed to me, quite frankly after a time, that he had gone into the social revolution as a career. "I will be a big man some day," he said to me one night, as we strolled home under the blowzy Near-North-Side stars. He would indicate to me, playfully, certain of our bourgeois acquaintances as being the types "of which the revolution will make short work." There was in the man a rock-bottom of sincerity. Deeply imbued with Russian Communism, he had no illusions as to any revolution's being an improvement. "I do not believe in improvement, but I do believe in the possibility and the virtue of change."

With Ashleigh, I began going out to the Wobs' drinking haunts; for imbibing was likewise one of his favorite occupations. We used to meet, Haywood, Ashleigh, myself and half a dozen others, in a little front-basement dive in North Dearborn street, on the east side of the street, a couple of doors south of Chicago avenue. The place was kept by a guy called One-armed Frank, who possessed a most respectable wife and a seventeen-year-old daughter of whose virtue he was inordinately jealous. "You never can tell with all these Wobs around." Here we would consume tankards of beer and rot-gut corn-whisky by the hour. It was Ashleigh who kept the conversational ball rolling. He was forever getting off one of his Cockney yarns, and we were more than willing to let him have the floor.

As for Big Bill, he would sit there and drain off a stein or two; and then, of a sudden, his big mitt would come down like a roof over the top of his mug, and that meant Bottoms Up. I never saw him

take anything but beer, and I never saw him drink more than a stein or two at a time. Never, on any occasion, did I see him drunk. He would sit quietly as long as the party lasted; and once, at least, he took me home and put me to bed like a mother. (There was always something motherly about him.)

I can see him yet, sitting there with his continent-like paw over his empty mug, looking quizzically on as Jack Ryan, spouting Bakunin through his brogue and the alcoholic fumes, and John Loughland, giving a soap-boxer's professional *matinée*, were drowned out by a rousing fog-horn chorus, led by Ashleigh with his grin:

I'm going to settle down
Outside of London town,
Down in a village by the sea,
Where I won't have to beg
For my Haig and Haig,
Just to keep me company.
Before I hit the hay,
I'll have my Dubonnet,
I'll have my good old rock and rye;
For I'm a man that needs an awful lot of
liquor,
When he's dry— dry— dry——

The closing lines were bellowed out, until the rafters—and sometimes the patrol-bell—rang. For the Wobs were nothing if not human. All too human, one might say. They had been in and out of jails, on and off the blind-baggage and the sleepers, all their lives. They were not tramps, and they were not bums, but they were hoboes. Some of them were reported to dabble a little in gunmanship now and then, but I never took any great stock in this; aside from certain rough characters who hung around the outskirts of the movement and who took cover under it, they were at best but dilettantes in what is commonly known as crime. They liked to make you think they were a good deal harder than they were, but they in reality had a dis-

taste for the criminal and his *Weltanschauung*, as lacking in class-consciousness. They did, on the other hand, have a respect and a liking for such clean-cut professional types as the yeggman.

A good part of our boozing was done on the Near-West-Side, not alone in the pigs of the neighborhood, but often in the shack of some fellow worker. From this, it was a step to going to Throop street meetings; and every time that I encountered Bill, whether at a meeting or in a pub, he would put, with seeming tirelessness, the question he had asked me that first morning, "Well, kid, when are you going to take out your red card?" He was a good organizer, Bill. It was partly owing to the fact that I was, and am to this day, a born syndicalist, and partly to avoid Bill's insistency, that I did take out a card.

I was not badly treated by my comrades. They all knew what my job was, and while they would assure me, over the beer, that "You're all a bunch of stools, the whole goddam lot of you," I fancied they had a secret respect for the journalistic profession. Practically, they did not display any suspicion, but took me into their deliberations. Ashleigh's recommendation and the fact that I was his roommate had something to do with this. Then, too, they needed a man who could write straightforward newspaper English. Who was better fitted than one of my kind to frame an appeal calculated to stir the bowels of the unorganized proletariat? I started doing book-reviews and other articles for the *Industrial Pioneer*, signing them with a phoney name or with initials. My fellow workers protected me nobly, and did not ask me to do anything that would imperil my job, which they rather wanted me to hold on to, inasmuch as I might some time be in a position to give them a valuable tip with regard to police activities.

Neither my employers nor the other men in the office knew anything of my Red affiliation; they assumed that it went no further than playing around with the Wobblies or with the Dill Pickle outfit. My connections and the knowledge thus gained might come in handy as a news source. But so far as my experience goes, no reporter ever really turned up a jot of news in this quarter that wasn't handed him on a platter by some Federal man, eager to get his name in the paper, but, in all probability, ignorant of the difference between an I. W. W. and a Communist.

Once I received a front-office assignment, *i. e.*, one from the managing editor, to track down the author of an article which I had written myself. At this time, there was a certain proprietor of a semi-radical bookshop in North Clark street (not the former perfectly orthodox Radical Bookshop, so called) who was known by all the movement to be a stool, and whom I knew to be one of the paper's Red tipsters. I was not supposed to know this, however; and so, upon returning to the office, I sat down and pounded out an impressive memo—"after due investigation," etc.—indicating my conviction that the author of the article in question was none other than our bookseller friend. That was the last I heard of the matter. I wrote a good deal of the material for the railroad men, in the Winter of 1921 and the Spring of 1922, but nobody but Ashleigh, Haywood and a few on the inside ever knew.

Ashleigh, meanwhile, had been converted, as had a number of the Leavenworth crew, to the creed of Moscow. He and his companions had been studying the subject as best they could during their prison leisure; and once out in the open, they made good use of their time. The old-line syndicalists among the Wobblies, on the other hand, were violently opposed to

Communism, which they despised as political action. A distinct split in the ranks now occurred, which both sides endeavored to keep covered up as much as possible. On the part of the Communistic I. W. W.'s there was much talk of boring from within, just as they had previously bored from within, if not very effectively, in the American Federation of Labor. Charley began talking Leninism to me; and even before I myself joined the underground movement, I was *au courant* not merely with his own activities but with the party's doings in general, and was watching with a lively interest the rather dramatic battle that was being waged about Bill Haywood's bulky person. The main objective was to capture Bill.

IV

I finally became a party member; but as I look back on it now, I am afraid this was due rather to my friendship for Ashleigh and over-pressure on his part than to any reasoned conviction; for as I have said, I am essentially a syndicalist, and in this sense, my Wobbly activities were whole-hearted and sincere. But the excitement of the thing appealed to me. A real, honest-to-God underground revolutionist! (All my Russian reading came back to me.) And then, too, like the Wobbly intellectuals in general, I felt that the I. W. W. was slowly but surely disintegrating, that it had lost its pristine vigor and efficacy, and that some new revolutionary technique must be found. Communism seemed to be the only thing in sight, and I was soon taking orders from the Third International.

My new comrades, I found, were a different race from my old fellow workers. The Wobs were a merry and a rowdy lot, and the latter-day saints of Moscow were

by way of contrast a blue-nosed and often sniveling congregation. They never cracked a smile or a joke, save with the air of an elderly schoolma'am, unbending to prove that she is human. I was now told that "a serious revolutionist has no business drinking." I dutifully obeyed for a time, and did what I could to help the cause along by writing literature and reports; for every Communist is a member of at least one committee, and there is no end of reports to be drawn up. But the business of the party appeared to be chiefly gab. About the only excitement lay in the fictitious party names,—in calling Bill Josimovich, for example, Comrade Farley—and that got pretty stale.

One day, Charley Ashleigh informed me that "Big Bill's coming over," by which he meant over to Moscow. "Be up at Loeb's tonight," he added. I was there. That evening Haywood, Harrison George and, if I recall rightly, one or two others of the Leavenworth Wobblies were present, along with a number of local Communist bigwigs. These latter I knew only by their party names. Prominent among them was a little crippled man who walked on canes and wore glasses, a very portentous chap of the old time schoolmaster-Socialist type. After the proceedings had lasted for some little while, I was brought into the room and shook hands all around. "This is Comrade So-and-So," I was told as I came up to Haywood. "Hello, Bill," I said, sticking out my hand; and everybody

frowned—everybody except Ashleigh, who couldn't be serious at a funeral. He grinned.

Yes, my youthful idol had gone the way of all flesh. Even Wobbly flesh. But as I look back on it, he was always a bit inclined that way, he who once upon a time had decided *not* to run for President on the Socialist Labor party ticket when he received a certain telegram from a certain lady who was the mother of a certain infant (reminiscent of the Grover Cleveland "Who's my daddy?" days). The tale has become a legend with the old Wobblies.

As for myself, I had stayed up to three in the morning one night, attending a dismal party committee meeting. A new ruling had just come through from Moscow, looking to a rigid enforcement of the provision that no member of the party was to live by "rent, interest or profit." The question which we discussed, for five long hours, was, Does a party member who lets rooms in his house come under this head? At the end of the five hours, we were as far from a decision as we had been at the start. Having to be on a rewrite desk at six in the morning, I left the comrades to fight it out. Down in the street, I flagged a Yellow; and as I lolled back on the cushions, the thought occurred to me, What in the hell am I doing up this alley?

I accordingly went home and, sleepy as I was, read a chapter of Rabelais and drained off a bumper to the memory of the Bill Haywood I once had known.

THE AWFUL ENGLISH OF ENGLAND

BY H. W. SEAMAN

THERE was never a time in history", said Viscount Hailsham, Secretary for War in the British Cabinet, presiding at a luncheon given recently to Mr. Robert Frazer, the American Consul-General in London, "when it was more important that the people of Britain and the United States should understand each other."

A warm but wistful Amen to that. The most formidable barrier to perfect accord between the two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race (begging your pardon, Mr. Roosevelt, and yours, Mr. MacDonald) is speech. No such barrier separates either the English or the Americans from the French. You Yenghees and we Limeys know that the Frogs speak as they do because, God helping them, they can no other. But my friends and neighbors here in England, on meeting Americans, are deeply wounded by their delivery, taking it to be a crude and malicious caricature of their own; while Americans, on hearing, for example, in London or Oxford, the letter *o* pronounced as an oval diphthong instead of roundly, as in American, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, most of the English dialects, French, German, and nearly all other tongues of Christendom, hesitate between kicking and kissing the offender.

Deplorable things have been said on both sides, often with quite innocent intentions. Mr. Walter Runciman, president of the Board of Trade (in England a government department), meant no harm

when he said at the last annual dinner of the Printers' Pension Corporation in London: "The standard of newspaper production throughout the world has been set in Fleet street, and we have reason to be glad that wherever English is spoken with an English accent [*laughter*] the same standards of honor are prevalent." The word "laughter" in parentheses may puzzle Americans unfamiliar with a mode of reporting abandoned long ago by most American newspapers but still employed by that heavy section of the British press which covers Page 1 with small advertisements and inspires public confidence by setting its news in 7-point, three paragraphs to the column; and even Americans accustomed to that sort of thing are entitled to wonder what the laughter was about.

It was about the word *accent*. The suggestion that we have an accent is very amusing to us English, especially in the presence of Americans. Mr. Runciman's hearers included no downright Yankees, but the Republic was represented obliquely by Major the Hon. John Jacob Astor, M.P., and Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld, chairman of the *Daily Express*, who surely had better cause, if not for laughter then for a wry chuckle, than the rest of the who-nows present. For whether Major Astor speaks with an English accent today or not, he certainly learned nothing of the sort at home when he was a boy; and the speech of Mr. Blumenfeld, after his forty years in

England, is still as remote as that of Lady Astor herself from Whitechapel, Oxford, and Piccadilly circus.

If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, and I heard or read that back-handed crack of Mr. Runciman at the "standards of honor" prevailing in lands where English is spoken in accents other than English, I should never cease to snort, sniff, and sneer at the speech of the Motherland; no, never, never, never, never! But that is not the spirit I wish to promote. My aim is to prevent war, and if I deplore this *faux pas* of our clumsy statesmen I deprecate as heartily the American notion that because many Englishmen pitch their voices in the head register we are a nation of pansies.

That this belief is widely held overseas can hardly be denied; I was brought up against it at least once every day of my years in America, although my speech was then, and I trust is now, little tainted by that variant of Cockney which has lately come to be known as Standard English. It is probable, indeed, that my vocabulary and idiom gave more offence than my accent; such words as *ironmonger*, *green-grocer*, and *fruiterer* brought roars of derision from a hard-boiled city room. I almost wrote "they burst out laughing", but remembered in time that this very phrase once earned me a ribald yell. To this day, although I have been back in England ten years, the word *fruiterer* on a shop front still has a comic air to me.

Now, as I pause in writing and turn to the March number of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, I receive this eyeful of foot from Mr. James M. Cain: "The actual accent [in California], to my ear, has a somewhat pansy cast to it; it produces on me the same effect as an Englishman's accent."

I know just what Mr. Cain means by an Englishman's accent, and I am bound to

confess that it produces precisely that effect on me. Nor is my reaction due only to my long exposure to American speech influences, for most Englishmen share it. The sensation is difficult to analyse, but everybody who is not an English public school boy, an Oxford man, a clergyman of the Establishment, an announcer of the British Broadcasting Company, a West End actor, or of cognate species, must have experienced it often.

I speak for millions of Englishmen when I say that we are as sick and tired of this so-called English accent as you Americans are. It has far less right to be called Standard English speech than Yorkshire or any other county dialect has—or than any American dialect. It is as alien to us as it is to you. True, some of my neighbors have acquired it—for social or other reasons—but then some of the Saxon peasants took pains to acquire Norman French, which also was imposed on them from above.

The advantages to be gained from its acquisition, if not wholly imaginary, are of specious value. Boys from the great public schools, the cradles of snobbery, find that their speech is a passport to jobs in motor showrooms in Great Portland street and the Euston road, but even there its function is mainly decorative. As soon as the customer has been well slavered and purred over, he is passed on to a salesman who, whether he speaks broad Cockney or broad Northumbrian, knows something about cars.

It is true that I have known a London sub-editor to be fired because his provincial accent was a shade too vivid, but I have never known an incompetent newspaper man to be kept on for the sake of his coloratura. It is notable, too, that few of the older members of our ancient aristocracy sissify their tongues; most of them

are farmers. There is more of the pansy twang in the House of Commons than in the House of Lords.

Returning after a recent visit to the United States, I spent two hours of each evening at sea in the cabin of a ship's officer, a Conrad fan from Liverpool who apparently set his watch, not by the ship's chronometer, but by the opening notes of the lush organ strains of "The Perfect Song", heralding Amos 'n' Andy. On the sixth day out (it was a slow boat) we picked up an English station and heard an announcement in tones so fruity that I could hardly believe my ears. Was this the speech of my native land?

"What do you think of that?" I asked the man from Liverpool.

"Lousy," he replied. "They ought to call those fellows announcers."

That, indeed, is the Standard English pronunciation of the word, but my nautical friend's suggestion was unfair. The B.B.C. announcers have to speak snootily in order to hold their jobs. Their intrinsic virility is exhibited by an occasional lapse from the canon.

II

English and American idiom and vocabulary have been drawn together in recent years by the radio, the talkies, Edgar Wallace, P. G. Wodehouse, Sinclair Lewis, Will Rogers, the influence of *Ballyhoo* and *Variety* on Fleet street, and many other agencies. We import *racket* from the Americas, and export *gadget* in return. You send us *high hat*, *hokum*, *getaway*, *panties*, *water-wagon*, and *hangover*, and we send you *swank*, *spoof*, *click*, *the wind up*, *tell off*, *tick off*, and *up the pole*.

In this as in other commodities our imports exceed our exports. I can now write in any English newspaper of a man *hold-*

ing down a job or being *dropped from the payroll*, without benefit of quotes. The Prince of Wales, on the air, speaks of *getting away with it*. We no longer *care* a damn; we *give* a damn. Everybody in England under the age of fifty-five now knows what a *derby* hat is, even if he calls it a *darby*. *Pants*, which used to be underpants only, now include trousers. The butcher's boy still wears a blue striped apron and rides a bicycle, but he says *Sure! Says you! You're telling me! And how!* and *What will you use for money?* He knows what a *gat* is, although, as Mr. Ernest Weekley points out in "Words and Names", an eminent Scotland Yard official a year or two ago did not. Many English newspapers now call their leaders *editorials*, and use *hoodoo*, *chores*, and *spat* (noun), without inverted commas. Old gentlemen who write on club notepaper to the *Morning Post*, protesting against the invasion, use words and phrases that ten years ago were recognisably and obnoxiously American but now are respectably naturalised.

What used to be called *moving* pictures are now *motion* pictures, and we no longer insist on calling a director a *producer*. Newspapers that held out for years against *radio*, preferring *wireless*, have been forced into line. *Poloney* has become *boloney*. *Maybe* is used as often as *perhaps*. Englishmen *wipe off their chins*, *brush themselves off*, and *loan* money. In one short conversation I have heard *nothing to write home about*, *in the bag*, *He said plenty*, *Have you eaten?* and *What do you know about that?*

The adjective *like* is now used adverbially, as in the American vernacular; a popular song of the moment is "Let's sing *like* the birdies sing." Lord Beaverbrook, Lord Castlerosse and Hannen Swaffer were pioneers among newspaper writers in

its indiscriminate use for *as*, and their example has been largely followed. *Like* as an adverb no longer affects my English ear as painfully as it did in the distant days when America sang "*Like* a baby needs its mother, that's how I need you." An advertisement for a patent aerial says, "It picks up radio *like* a sponge picks up water."

Say has driven *I say!* out of business in England, and *around* is often substituted for *round*. A London Sunday newspaper recently headed its theatre gossip, "Going Places." Ancient English taboos have gone by the board. *Bloody* occurs at least six times in "The Good Companions", a family work if ever there was one, and *arse* is the big laugh in the play "While Parents Sleep", which has been running for fifteen months at the Royalty Theatre. *Bum* and *bug* have their places in the new small talk. There is a current joke of a man who took insect powder and aspirin together for a *lousy* headache. He who was once a *beastleah rottah* is now a *lahsy bawstud*. Pardon my phonetics; I shall explain them presently.

There are gaps, of course. The Englishman in the street is still ignorant of *hex*, *hep*, and *jinx*, and his *faucet* is still a *tap*. The *top* of a car is still its *hood*, and the *hood* its *bonnet*. A *mutt* is a *boob*, never a dog, and a dog is never a *pooch*.

Americans have borrowed the cricket term *to be stumped* but draw the line at *knocked up*, which in England only means *all in*. And *all in* is now English by adoption. It is curious that the Americans have not borrowed *wangle* and *scrounge*, for which they have no exact equivalents. But only such trifling differences now separate the idiom and vocabulary of urban England from that of urban America.

I should like to find in this apparent *rapprochement* genuine signs of a better

understanding between the two peoples. Alas, the trouble is not in what we say but in how we say it. In accent and intonation we are farther apart than ever. In spite of the earnest if commercially inspired efforts of Hollywood and Elstree to turn out talkies acceptable on both sides of the Atlantic, and in spite of broadcast relays from both sides, accompanied by much talk of hands across the sea and a common standard of speech, you still sound like roughnecks to us, and English speech still has to you a mauve, Episcopalian, and ephebian ring.

At a movie I see a tramp crawl into a box car. A young man behind me says to his girl, "'E's an 'aowbaow". An actress on the screen says "I jest kean't go through wuth ut; I jest kean't." The voice behind says: "I daown't mawnd the blinkin' sleng; its the neyesal tweng I cawn't stick."

Between these two modes of speech there must be neutral ground, but to explore that No Man's Land is a dangerous enterprise. It is no easier for an Englishman to acquire an American ear for English speech than for a man who has learned tonic-sol-fa at his mother's knee to rid himself of key-sense and hear atonally. To devise a phonetic alphabet that would be intelligible to Americans and Englishmen alike would demand a miracle greater than that which crowned the labors of the English Bishops in 1611, after seven years' prayer and sweat. If the combined resources of Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard, and Yale were applied to the task the seekers would still find themselves, at the end of seven years, hopelessly bogged among the variations of the vowel *a*. And if in seventy times seven years they came to *o* they would find themselves even deeper in the gumbo. Indeed, professors are the last men an omniscient God would pick for the job. Like newspaper editors,

they mix little with other men, know of little that is going on about them, and appreciate the importance of no event until long after it has come to pass.

If ever the job is tackled its results must be bottled in gramophone (or, as you say, *phonograph*) records. Such symbols as are used in shorthand (or, as you sometimes say, *stenography*) are useless, because they convey different meanings to different people. To a New York stenographer Pitman's first vowel sign, *ah* (as in *can't*) represents a much flatter sound than a London typist means when she writes it. An American's *dawn* is the cultured, *r*-less Englishman's *darn*. And so on through the gamut of *a*. For the same plaguey reasons the phonetic alphabets now used for the teaching of languages in schools must be abandoned. All of them cannot teach a Southern Englishman to pronounce *beaucoup* correctly; he makes it rhyme with his own rendering of *cocoa*. But to an Irishman or an American or a German, or a Northern Englishman, whose *o* is the universal *o*, a full, round vowel, the word presents no difficulty.

III

In attempting above to render phonetically the sounds uttered by an American actress and a Cockney film fan, I sought combinations of vowels that would satisfy both English and American ears. But all I could do was set down speech as it struck my own ear, which, if not exactly neutral, has at least the merit of being neither typically English nor typically American. The Irishman G. B. Shaw, in "Pygmalion", with phonetics as his theme, can do no more.

He sets down the first two utterances of Eliza Doolittle thus: (1) "There's menners f'yer! Teoo banches of voylets trod into the mad. Ow, eez yeoa san is e?", (2)

"Wal, fewd dan y' de-ooty bawmz a mather should eed now bettern to spawl a pore gel's flahrzn than run awy athaht pyin. Will yeoo py me f'them?" Shaw then abandons the attempt to reproduce her dialect, lacking a phonetic alphabet intelligible to the mass of his readers. But he fails, later in the play, to resist the temptation to write *tuppence* and *agen*, which are the ordinary, unpedantic pronunciations used throughout the British Isles. And what does he mean by rendering 'e's as *eez*?

To my provincial but travelled ear it seems that he makes a grievous flop at Eliza Doolittle's very first word. I cannot imagine a Cockney flower girl uttering a word that sounds like *there's* to an Irishman. The *ere* sound in nearly all the Southern English dialects, of which Cockney is the daddy, has no *r*, and most phoneticians agree to call it a diphthong. Nor would it be possible for Miss Doolittle to pronounce the *r* in *menners* or *yer*. It would have been more accurate to write *yeh* than *yer*, for the sound which Shaw intended to convey was precisely that which Stephen Crane intended when he made his Confederate soldiers say *yeh*. Then why didn't Shaw adopt Crane's spelling, as Thomas Burke did in his Limehouse stories? Because Shaw was writing for English people, and in particular for "cultured" English people, who, having built the *patois* called Standard English on a foundation of Cockney, now regard all who pronounce the letter *r* as barbarians.

In "Man and Superman" (1903) he makes the Cockney Straker say *arf an ahr* and *garn!* The *r* is put there for the Southern English, who know that it is not to be pronounced as a consonant. But this spelling is useless to all other English-speaking people. For them Straker does not say *arf an ahr*, but something like *awf an ahwa*.

In the same play Shaw introduces "an Eastern American" named Hector Malone, whom Straker calls Ector, adding, "You've got too many aitches." Shaw makes Hector say *Rawbnsn*, *dullicate*, *prawnmise*, *awffice*, and *cawnfdnce*, apologise with a *pardn mee*, and speak of a woman's *morl number*. These spellings, too, are concessions to Cockney culture. They represent American speech as it strikes the Southern English ear, but surely not Shaw's own Irish ear. He says:

The English have no respect for their language. They spell it so abominably that no man can teach himself what it sounds like. It is impossible for an Englishman to open his mouth without making some other Englishman hate or despise him. . . . An honest and natural slum dialect is more tolerable than the attempt of a phonetically untaught person to imitate the vulgar dialect of the golf club, and I am sorry to say that in spite of the efforts of our Royal Academy of Dramatic Art there is still too much sham golfing English on our stage, and too little of the noble English of Forbes Robertson.

Without agreeing that Sir J. Forbes Robertson's English is any better than that of Paul Robeson, Walter Hampden, or John Barrymore, it is possible to applaud this attempt, made in 1903, to halt the murrain of flossy English that was even then beginning to corrupt the flower of our youth. But the endeavor was hopeless from the start. The sham golfing English triumphed, and today it is the Standard speech of the British Broadcasting Corporation, the West End theatres, the lecture halls, the universities, and the great public schools. Even in the free elementary schools, which used to be called *board schools* and now are called *council schools*, boys and girls whose fathers spoke virile dialects are now drilled in the elision of *r*, the conversion of pure vowels into narrow diphthongs, the broadening of the *a*,

and other cultural graces of the South, by teachers who themselves have only recently learned to twist their mouths into unaccustomed shapes. The same unlucky infants who are taught that *morn* and *dawn* are a Cockney rhyme that must never be written are nevertheless compelled, against their better nature, to rhyme these words in speech.

Is there any wonder that the dialect called English Standard speech strikes Americans as affectation, that it gives their ears the pain that a red necktie gives their eyes? For nine-tenths of the people who speak it it is indeed a snobbish affectation, consciously, laboriously, and even painfully acquired.

IV

What curse from Babylon sits on the denizens of great cities, bedevilling their tongues? It is a strange and melancholy fact that the sound of Bow Bells in the ears of a newborn infant wofully disables his speech centres, warping all his vowels and rendering him incapable of pronouncing several consonants, notably *w*, *r*, and medial *t*. If this is due to the climatic catarrh of England, how shall we explain the New York Cockney's obscene diphthongising of *er*, *ir*, and *ur*, and why do the catalogue sellers in the Paris Salon cry *cadaleug*? (Again the phonetics are my own.)

But London's is the only form of Cockney that has set itself up as a nation's standard speech. What has happened in recent years is as if "cultured" America had adopted the twang of the Bowery. True enough, the dialect now called Standard English is not the rich, ripe Cockney of the East End, but it is certainly its misbegotten child, deliberately fathered by the universities, the clergy, and

the radio speech experts. It is West End Cockney, and is much more closely related to Whitechapel Cockney than to any other of the twenty-four principal English dialects, not to mention the Irish, Welsh, and Scottish dialects, nearly every one of which, being free from the pansy ring, is more pleasing to overseas ears, and thus, if I may say so, would be better British propaganda.

No American, meeting a man from Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, Newcastle, Dublin, or Plymouth, using his own natural speech, would set him down as a sissy on the evidence of his tongue. Of Leeds I am less sure, for Cockney influence is strong among the cosmopolitan Jews there; but Sheffield, only thirty-five miles distant, has the vigorous speech of the North. Birmingham, alas, has more than a touch of the Cockney whine, but the accent of parts of the West Country markedly resembles Canadian, and the speech of the Liverpool street boys, thanks largely to Irish influence, is hardly distinguishable from the American vernacular.

Whenever I go to London from the North by road I observe the gradual debasement of the *o* as the great city is approached. All through Cheshire and Staffordshire, and even down to Lichfield, the *o* of the common people is thoroughly round, but after Lichfield it begins to be oval, and at Daventry the teashop waitresses call a *scone* a *scown*. At Stony Stratford the man who sells me petrol speaks a language that a Northerner would call Cockney, but it is only two-thirds Cockney; a Londoner would call it provincial. At Dunstable *o* becomes unmistakably *aow*. At St. Albans, twenty miles beyond earshot of Bow Bells, even farm laborers speak a violent Cockney.

A committee of the British Drama

League, setting out at the beginning of this year to make records of the twenty-four principal English dialects, found, according to the London *Daily Herald*, that natives of all parts of the country were too ready to "refine" their speech for the microphone. For refine read Cockneyfy. When a Northern yokel imitates his betters he first distorts his *o*; as you might say, he puts *English* on it.

My concern is not with the robust Cockney of the London bus conductor, the Billingsgate fish porter, and Mr. George Lansbury, M.P. Their accent is as free from fairy appoggiatura as that of the overseas Cockneys, the Awstreyelians. True Cockney, if inferior musically to most of the old county dialects, is no worse than many of the city dialects, and better than some. Glasgow's strikes me as the ugliest city dialect, and the most difficult for an outsider to follow. *H*-dropping is a vice common to nearly all the cities, but in most rural districts *h* is given its full value and seldom misplaced. The vernacular of cities, as a rule, results from the debasement of county dialects. Cockney has less historical excuse than most city dialects for its existence, for its principal characteristics have their roots in affectation.

The long *a*, for example, came to England in the Eighteenth Century and was denounced by the purists of the time as Italian foppery. The twisted *o* is probably little older, phoneticians having tracked it to the dandified court of Charles II and no farther. Cockney vowels do not satisfy Elizabethan rhymes, and, as a gelded Cockney is now the Standard speech of the West End stage, Shakespeare as spoken there must be well out of tune. That this standard has only recently been set up is clear from the fact that only the younger players, as a rule, conform to it.

Even Sybil Thorndike, our most "intellectual" actress, says *wehld* for world. One Forbes Robertson, or even one Martin Harvey, at the head of a cast of younger players, seems as foreign as a Barrymore or a Sothorn. My ear found little to choose between Ellen Terry's speech and that of Mrs. Fiske. None of the great old-timers spoke Cockney. They were as nearly as possible without accent. They were on neutral ground—or as near neutral ground as we may judge, lacking exact knowledge of the language Adam spoke in Eden. In their day neutrality was accounted a virtue.

V

I was born 100 miles from London, and as a boy spoke an uncouth dialect unintelligible to visitors from North, South, or Midlands. To have attempted to speak otherwise would have invited ridicule and a charge of "cracking my jaw". The worst form of jaw-cracking was to call coal *caowl* and class *clawss*. It was a strategic axiom among my little playmates that a boy who spoke thus was half a girl and could be clouted with impunity. That belief persisted in me until, encountering one such on my way home from Sunday-school, I had at him with both hands, whereupon, with a smart left to the point, he set me on my mappemonde. I was as surprised as an innocent American might be who, hearing a willowy lad say *blahday fannay* in the Savoy bar, should discover too late that the offender was middle-weight champion of a Guards regiment.

After three or four such accidents I learned that the apparent sissies were actually the sons of cavalrymen quartered in the town and that what I had taken for jaw-cracking was a form of Cockney speech known to my elders as the barrack twang. Later I came to admire it, and

by the time I had overcome my reluctance to washing behind the ears I was thoroughly ashamed of my native tongue and eager to talk well-off, pound-notish, posh, or, as you say, swell. The practice was no doubt good exercise, and I kept it up until at the age of eighteen I went to America, where a pansy accent was a handicap.

I wonder now how far a similar conviction of inferiority is responsible for the eagerness of some Americans to acquire what they are pleased to call the English accent. The first American so afflicted that I ever met was a fellow copy-reader on a Montreal newspaper. When he said *clawss* (or perhaps *closs*) I was as shocked as if I had seen a Borstal boy wearing an Eton tie. Then I suspected him of kidding me. It turned out later that he had been to Harvard. I did not appreciate the full significance of that until I went to live in Boston. There, as in my native town, I found a sharp division between the vulgate and the cultivated tongue. Today it seems to me that the Back Bay accent, for all the affectation behind it, is superior to Standard English, if only because it is more nearly neutral. Until I went to Boston I had never realised that the word *culture* contained a *t* and a *u*; the Standard English pronunciation is *culchah*. It is true that Boston omits *r*, but nobody has dreamed of calling Back Bay English Standard English and setting it up as a model for all America to copy. The only model in sight is emasculated Cockney.

In a symposium on American speech put out by the National Broadcasting Company of America on December 30, 1930, I heard a professor welcome a service of weekly broadcasts from England, saying, "It improves our own speech and gives us an opportunity to hear English spoken by persons of culture."

What you actually hear when you listen to announcers of the British Broadcasting Corporation, which is a government-controlled monopoly, is an impersonal, uniform, artificial, and official speech, foreign not only to Scots, Irishmen, Welshmen, and millions of Englishmen, but also possibly to the announcers themselves. North, South, East, and West, all B. B. C. announcers affect the same flat and tired drawl, which they are forbidden to vary by a syllable, lest they express themselves and not the great government machine they serve. Their names are unknown to the public; they are not men, but voices.

Only when the robot slips a cog do we catch a glimpse of the man inside. The other day he said *indickted* for indicted, and half a dozen newspaper paragraphers saluted this revelation of humanity. But they make no comment when he says *idear of* and *cinemarorchestra*, because these locutions are the Standard English of the machine. The official rules are altered from time to time; iodine used to be *eye-o-dyne* and is now *eye-o-deen*; the *o* in *opus*, short until lately, is now long. Though all the rest of England says *piano*, the B. B. C. says *pianoforty*.

The B. B. C. affords no auricular evidence of any attempt to find neutral ground, although the committee instructing the announcers includes Mr. Shaw and Mr. A. Lloyd James. Mr. James broadcasts lessons in spoken English. Once he was a Welshman; now he propagates the oval *o* of the Cockney conquerors. Occasionally a voice is raised against the B. B. C.'s attempt to foist this dialect on the nation. Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the novelist, a Scot, wrote in the *Radio Times* on March 24 last:

All this pedagogic enthusiasm for a standard pronunciation of certain words is noth-

ing more than a camouflage for the attempt which is being deliberately engineered to make what the B. B. C. calls Southern English the common speech of the whole country, and of Scotland and Wales as well. The real crime that the announcer commits is not of saying *quandáry* instead of *quandary*, but of saying *fye-ah* when he means *fire*, and *nev-ah* when he means *never*. "Fye-ah en' slit en' kendlelite"—who would recognise in this that magical line, "Fire and sleet and candlelight"? . . . The genteel young persons of today, desperately afraid of betraying themselves with a Cockney broad vowel, cling to that mincing type of speech which enables them to slur over those vowels. *A* and *o* approximate to *er*, *i* approximates to *a*, and *ou* is throttled at the back of the throat to allow a ghost of itself to escape as something like *au*. I do not for a moment suggest that the B. B. C. is anxious to impose such a canon of speech upon the English-speaking world but that is in effect what will happen if any further attempt is made to standardise pronunciation.

What Shaw called "sham golfing English" before the war is now a pox whose ravages are seen on every side. The suburbs of all the English cities are rotten with its *refanement*. It has set brother against brother, parents against children. My young daughter is already incapable of pronouncing the simple vowel *o*, except with an effort; if ever she says *nace* I shall wash my hands of her bringing up. One boy whom I knew at school has become a London music critic. As I remember him, he spoke much as the rest of us did. The other day he came to lecture at his home town public library on "How to Speak English". His own speech was indistinguishable from that of a radio announcer. Oxford, the West End stage, and broadcasting, so afflicting him, had inspired him with the proselytising zeal of a drug victim.

Here in this ancient English town of mine I note a tendency among the boys

and girls of the public elementary schools to become bilingual. At home and in the street they use the vernacular, but they shed it at the school gates. In school they crack their jaws. This bilingualism is advocated in a textbook of phonetics called "The Play Way of Speech Training", by Rodney Bennett, who writes:

The maximum ideal would be to preserve the local dialect in its richest and purest form, side by side with a type of English considerably nearer standard usage, either of which pupils can use fluently at will. The ideal is a high one, yet it can be achieved.

What Mr. Bennett regards as standard usage may be gathered from the fact that he lists *oh* among the diphthongs. He uses most of the symbols of the International Phonetic Association, but discards the symbol *o* (not to be confused with the letter *o*) in the teaching of English. That symbol, however, is used in phonetic textbooks to express the pure, undiphthongised *o* of the Continental languages.

But the campaign for the establishment of the Southern dialect as Standard English has made such headway that Continental students of English now take pains to say *aow* for *o*, lest they be misunderstood in the English-speaking countries. I often meet Frenchmen who, speaking English with difficulty, carefully Cockneyfy their vowels in the effort to achieve a correct accent.

VI

Long, long ago, when the first talkies came to us from America, the chief argument of English critics who predicted a short vogue for them was that they were delivered in a tongue not understood of the people. In the same breath, however, these prophets assumed that British talkies

would proceed forthwith to drive the American product off the screen. "Hollywood", they said in effect, "has played into the hands of Elstree. Nobody will wish to listen to American speech when he can hear the pure English of our own players."

That pious hope was based on three naïve assumptions, to wit: that most English actors and actresses spoke pure English; that talkie directors could be expected to distinguish between good English and bad; and that people who went to the cinemas preferred good English to bad English. At about that time I heard the leading woman of a stock company say, in her Saturday night curtain speech, that she was *rally quate shaw* that the public would refuse to listen to the abominable American accent, and that the Americans themselves would soon welcome the opportunity to hear the *mather* tongue in all its *peeawurity*.

As a patriotic Englishman, I deeply regret that this glorious British victory on the celluloid front has failed as yet to come off; and I fear that it never will. Even as that stock actress spoke, the theatre was being wired for Western Electric apparatus. The last time I was there I saw James Cagney in a racketeering melodrama, and the audience seemed to understand every word. In the same theatre I recently saw the Marx Brothers, and the only bit of dialogue that failed to get over was a recondite allusion to the posterior anatomy of a horse.

Having worked in American film studios in the silent days, I can imagine the panic that the coming of the talkies started. It must have been easy then to persuade desperate producers, wringing their hands and crying "Eloi, Eloi!" that their only salvation lay in importing platoons of genuine English actors and actresses,

skilled in elegant utterance. But when these immigrants arrived, speaking the so-called Standard English of the West End stage, they were found useless except for English rôles. As there were not enough of these parts to go round, many returned to London and got jobs in British film studios on the strength of their American experience.

Of those who remained in Hollywood, the most successful either exaggerated and capitalised their Englishness or knocked the grace-notes off their dialect and made it cosmopolitan. None of the English players among Hollywood's front-rankers speaks pansy English. Two or three of them speak broad American. Victor MacLaglen, who inflicted "Oh, Yeah!" on the world, was as English as I until the other day, when he got naturalised. Leslie Howard, who possesses intelligence of an order rare among actors, speaks American or gigolo as the character calls for it, and in straight parts comes so near neutrality that it is difficult to catch a hint of his origin. So does George Arliss.

The talkies had not been going long before it became apparent that the joyous British whoops were premature. I wrote in 1929:

If half the members of each talkie audience shudder every time a silver ghost on the screen says "Get a load of this" or "It's in the bag", the other half make a note of the wisecrack for future use. I can offer no hope to the professors who think that talkies in pure English prose and verse would stem the Yankee tide; for every

such professor there are a thousand talkie fans to whom American has become as intelligible as Cockney, and much more pleasing. There has never been a talkie in pure English prose and verse, and there never will be. . . . We English have always borrowed other people's languages and made them our own. Within a few years we shall have absorbed the American language. Let America invent another, and we shall absorb that. The language of the future will be an Anglo-American or a Yankee-English, intelligible on both sides of the Atlantic and in Shanghai. It will be known as Plain English.

Something of the sort is now happening, in spite of the neo-Cockney counter-movement. George Atkinson, editor of the *Era* and film critic of the *Sunday Chronicle*, quotes a letter from a reader summing up the faults of British films thus: (a) insipidity; (b) the affectation of the detestable, so-called Oxford accent; (c) the acting of camera-conscious poseurs, and (d) portrayals of the inanities and fooleries of society. That typical criticism crystallises the indignant resistance of a virile populace to the pansy propaganda. If British film producers so antagonise Edinburgh and Liverpool, how can they expect to sell their product in America? It seems, indeed, that the mass of British people actually find the most god-awful Yankee twang more tolerable than the simpering falsetti of some of our juveniles and ingénues, and the drawl of Will Rogers less foreign to their ears than the hot-house Cockney of Chelsea, Mayfair, and Bloomsbury.

HARRY THURSTON PECK

BY WALTER GUEST KELLOGG

A RECENT letter to THE AMERICAN MERCURY,¹ inquiring if there did not exist a biography of Harry Thurston Peck, must have recalled to many a name that thirty years ago commanded much respect in the world but is now almost forgotten. As Professor Peck, its bearer was known from coast to coast, not as the Anthon Professor of the Latin Language at Columbia University, but as a literary pundit whose pronouncements reached and influenced a vast number of people.

Not only were his name and fame conspicuous in the advertisements of the New International Encyclopedia, of which he was editor-in-chief, but the *Bookman*, under his editorship, became a monthly of wide circulation and great power, whose readers regarded him as a leviathan, a later-day Dr. Samuel Johnson. His literary criticism appeared almost daily in the highly respectable New York *Commercial Advertiser*; he was adviser for Dodd, Mead & Company, the publishers, and editor of Harper's Classical Dictionary. But he reached his largest public through the learned papers, on all kinds of learned and unlearned subjects, that he contributed to the more popular American magazines. Today, if remembered at all, it is as Poor Peck. And, in his later days, Poor Peck he was.

It may be of some interest to consider him in the full sweep of his achievement,

as he appeared to a Columbia undergraduate at the end of the century.

I entered Columbia College with the class of '99. I had chosen Columbia largely because of the attraction that Brander Matthews and Harry Thurston Peck had for me. I liked what they wrote. I had never seen either of them.

Every freshman promptly called Professor Matthews Brander; this freedom of speech embodied something of the man's immediate likability. He knew everyone in the literary and dramatic world, he was apt at quoting their good things, and he had a singularly acute and appreciative critical mind. Brander was a most attractive person. Peck, with no nickname, was forbidding and austere till you knew him; perhaps his renown for learning made him seem formidable. Yet, as you saw him coming out of West Hall to take his trolley down town, you weren't sure that he *could* be a great scholar, but you were sure he was no ordinary man.

I have no portrait of him—nothing but a recollection thirty and more years old. But I see a stocky man with stubby, mutton-chop whiskers, a cream-colored derby hat and spats to match, wearing a black-and-white check suit, a white carnation in his lapel, and thick, small French eyeglasses tilted over his glary eyes; the whole sauntering along very erect, very punctilious, almost belligerent, and cuddling two or three leather-strapped books under his tense arm.

¹ The Soap-Box, January, 1933, p. 119.

If you stopped him, he would act as if startled and confused: you were conscious that his poor blinking eyes were struggling to focus and make out who the devil you were; his eyes grew big and bulgy; when he had got you, he'd perhaps say, "Well," or something equally innocuous, be vastly pleasant, and saunter on, not without his characteristic gesture of passing his right forefinger under his nose, and audibly sniffing its topside two or three times, as if smelling something tremendously agreeable. That was Professor Peck. When he took off his cream-colored derby, you'd see short thin hair, parted precisely in the middle.

Any man with mutton-chop whiskers, a cream-colored derby, and a white carnation (or any of them) will look a bit of a bounder—and Peck was no exception. Here was a man who prided himself on his discernment and perspicacity: the author of "The Little Touches," whose subject was the infinitesimal things that reveal character and personality. You had the feeling that he considered himself the last word in good taste, from his whiskers to his London clothes and haberdashery, for he wore them with a smirk of conscious pride.

I wondered, as I got to know him, if he ever really saw what he had on—if everything in the world may not have looked different to him through those poor eyes with their thick, shining lenses. Perhaps what was extravagant to anyone else may have looked subdued and quite as it should be to him, for his eyes had been so abnormal since childhood that he could scarcely recognize a friend five feet away. The tasks he set them with his constant reading made them a constant care and anxiety. His difficulty of ready recognition caused the nervous hesitancy in his initial speech, but much more of what

was peculiar and little likable in the outward Peck can be charged directly to his bad eyesight—even, I think, his way of dressing. On the whole, he was not a prepossessing person.

II

I took the required courses under him and, because I grew to like him and loved to talk with him, soon began taking courses that were not required.

His class-room manner was dogmatic and exacting: you had to have the thing right, or not at all. Prompt to catch on when you weren't prepared, he silenced you with a good-natured "Oh, now—that won't do, will it, Jones?" that was more effective than downright rebuke. Chuckling midway in a sentence about Catullus, he would remark how some phrase in the text reminded him of a joke heard in a Broadway farce the evening before, or note a resemblance between a line in Terence and something he'd just been reading in Hardy, perhaps, or Meredith, or Howells. He would jump with lightning rapidity from the Appian Way to Herald Square—and was at home in both. The pity is that he ever deserted the Appian Way, for Herald Square, it appeared in the end, was too much for him.

He was never merely professor of Latin, for he was professor of everything. I don't believe he knew much more about Latin than about Greek; much more about Greek than about German, or Sanskrit, or veterinary medicine, or palmistry, or astronomy, or architecture. He knew law better than most lawyers; it was a pleasure to read his review of a cook-book, because he made it plain that he understood more about cookery than its author. He was a profound student of politics, current and past; an authority, not only on American,

but on most Continental, literature. His particular interest in theology was nicely balanced by a genuine love for the theatre. He spoke, or at least understood, very many of the modern languages, as well as the classical, and knew his way about Berlin, or Rome, or Paris, as if in New York, or his native Stamford, Conn.

His tastes, his aptitudes, were universal. He was the best informed—but to put it in that way does him an injustice: he was the most learned man on every subject that came up that I ever talked with. He'd not only know that Columbus discovered America, and on what day of the week and what part of America it was, but also all about Columbus and Isabella, besides, and their genealogies, and the history of Spain and of Italy, and the name of the sailor that first saw land, exactly as if he'd just read it all out of a large book. Offhand, he seemed to know everything about everything, in all its last details. When I asked him how he happened to know so much about so many different things he answered me that he had determined as a boy that no field of human thought should be closed to him.

I remember little about him in the classroom. I recall, in reading Plautus, that one of the characters addressed his sweetheart as *ocelle*, and a class-mate's translating it literally as "Oh, little eye," and Peck's laughing, and laying down his text, and saying, "Oh, *my* little eye! Now think a moment! Did any young fellow ever call his best girl 'a little eye'? You forget—what you're reading isn't Virgil or Cicero, but a Charles H. Hoyt farce that happened to be written in Rome—it's a Roman "Trip to Chinatown," in other words. Do get the spirit of the thing—*ocelle* means nothing more nor less than 'Oh, you peach!'—something slang, anyway." And peach it was. I remember, also, someone's

mispronouncing *sacrilegious*, and Peck's explaining that the word had no connection with *religion* and was properly *sacri-LEE-gious*. If you took Latin from him, you got a full measure of Latin—and a little of everything else, besides.

I used to stay after class to visit with him, to hear him talk books, to hear him talk a thousand things. He lent me fully half the books I read in those days. He would tell why a current play just missed being good, and why Mrs. Leslie Carter's "Zaza" was moral, and "Lord and Lady Algy" profoundly immoral, or discuss the derivation of words, or tell the inside story of some political news that had just broken, or why Duse was head and shoulders above Bernhardt, or why Balzac was greater than Shakespeare, or why the service was bad at the Hotel Manhattan and good at the Sherman Square.

With a battered but cherished set of lead soldiers, he would lay out battle lines, and, shifting them about on a large board, illustrate where Grouchy was at Waterloo when he should have been somewhere else, and what troop movements would have changed the result at Antietam. And his poor old eyes would twinge and glare, and, passing his right forefinger under his nostrils, and sniffing it, he'd lean back, look up inquiringly, and say, "You see how it was?" You were certain you had seen exactly how it was, for he had made it all so plain.

My oddest impressions of him came when I breakfasted with him two or three times a year at the Century Association. He called it breakfast—and that perplexed me, for it was served at about noon, and a course breakfast with *hors d'oeuvres*, light wine and chicken was new to me. Perhaps he explained that it was a sort of French *dejeuner*, for he usually explained things to me—that, I think, was my

charm. Peck talked, and I, eager for more talk, and still more, drew him on. I was proud to be on such intimate terms with a walking encyclopedia.

Overhearing a man in the Century Club saying something about the Tichborne case, I asked Peck a few minutes later, when we were sitting at breakfast, what the Tichborne case was, and he told me about it: the Tichborne family history, Roger's disappearance, the Claimant's presumption—everything, in short, that I wanted to know, including half a dozen dates, the names of several witnesses at the trial, and a few high-lights on Mr. Justice Cockburn's charge to the jury. All this was characteristically Peck—had I asked him about Judge Martin Grover, for instance, or Joseph Bonaparte, or Ninon de l'Enclos, his immediate and detailed response would have been in no degree less astounding in its completeness and accuracy.

III

After college, my meetings with him were few. I got, during the years, perhaps a dozen letters from him. He was good enough to send me his books as they came out. Most of them are now forgotten. In great part they are literary criticism, with some, too few, political essays, and one or two frankly humorous papers. He published a book of poems, some of which are reprinted in anthologies. His one remarkable book is "Twenty Years of the Republic"—a history of American politics from the first term of Grover Cleveland through the first term of Theodore Roosevelt. This is very likely to survive, for it is written with all Peck's clarity of phrase, is superbly documented, and is as fair an appraisal of the period as has ever been made.

He was at his best in the pages of the *Bookman*, for there he displayed all his multiform talents: his deep learning, his versatility of taste, his wide reading in many tongues, his gift for popularization, his playful, trenchant wit, and the gusto and broad sweep of an intelligence that ranged appreciatively from Virgil and Homer to C. S. Calverley and Benson's "Dodo." Among his pet likings were Horace, Juvenal, Zola, Dickens, George Moore, Howells, Anthony Trollope, Flaubert, Petronius Arbiter, Walter Scott, and Balzac. He compiled a list of fifty books that he would choose to have with him if cast away for life on a desert island. The list begins with the Bible and ends with Moore's "The Confessions of a Young Man," which, he wrote, "is neither fiction, autobiography, criticism, nor philosophy, but which is curiously compounded of all these, and whose strange, brilliant, stimulating, and disquieting thought repels and fascinates to a degree unique in literature."

The *Bookman's* Letter-box became famous. Here the lady from Idaho might post her grammatical and literary problems direct to the oracle—and here, in an inch or two of type, he'd settle her doubts, once and for all—and delight and amuse thousands by his way of doing it. No, he'd answer the seeker of light from Alabama, you mustn't say "Wouldn't you", primly and precisely separating the syllables, but, preferably, something vaguely like "Wouldn't *chew*", for, he would insist, such a liaison is common to all languages. Sledge-hammer, tolerant, pedantic, colloquial—so spoke Leviathan—and people liked it, and they liked the *Bookman*, and they liked the great Professor Peck that thundered from his chair at Columbia.

His versatility and his absorption in every human interest undoubtedly were his undoing, both as a scholar and as a

man. Herald Square ultimately got the upper hand of the Appian Way. Having observed, for example, as he went about the world, that women singled out certain men for admiration, he seized on the fact as a problem for study and comment. It was unfortunate that the Anthon Professor of Latin at Columbia could see nothing incongruous in his bursting forth in a popular magazine with "What Women Like in Men," and treating the subject as he might some sober thesis concerned with Latin; or, wondering if significance attached to perfumes, writing an astonishingly wise-sounding paper on "The Morality of Perfumes," in which he attributed most of the cardinal virtues to the user of Violettes de Parme and denied them in toto to her who scents herself and the ambient air with Attar of Roses. These two articles alone rendered a little questionable the heavier scholarship that Peck distilled to faculty and students alike at Morningside Heights.

In 1910, a former secretary named Esther Quinn sued him for breach of promise. He was a person of such consequence that the journals spared him no publicity but printed his love-letters to her word for word, reproducing some of them in his own handwriting. It is probable he would have devoted more time to these letters had he known they would ever be published. Their composition seems hurried. They are quite silly, most of them, and contain phrases that Peck himself would have been first to sniff at—"I *would* like," for instance. In one, he remarks: "Life is very complex." He went pretty much to pieces when they were published: the towering edifice he had spent so many years in building crumpled to the sands. Leviathan shrank; Dr. Johnson dwindled to less than a feeble Theodore Hook. Those wretched, silly letters did more to destroy him than all their legal aftermath.

His first wife had divorced him two years before. Miss Quinn contended that he was engaged to her when he married his second wife in 1908. Columbia suspended him a few months after the bringing of the breach of promise suit. I thought then that Columbia had treated him shabbily, but I am certain now that no other course was properly open to it.

IV

Life, which before had only been very complex, now became distinctly difficult. He complained that all the magazines were closed to him, because of his notoriety; all he could find was hack-work, such as compiling obscure dictionaries and revising encyclopedia articles. He sued the *Boston Post* for libel and received a verdict for \$2500. In 1913 he filed a petition in bankruptcy.

This epicure, this cosmopolitan, this scholar, was then living in a hall bedroom that he hired for two dollars a week, and eating in a cheap Greek restaurant. His friends noted a marked decline in him, physically and mentally. His first wife came back to him and sought his recovery through Christian Science. When convalescent from a depression, he credited his improvement to Christian Science; when recovered, he denounced it as a conglomeration of Scripture, Buddhism, and a few other religions, along with a great deal of humbug and nonsense.

When, at the age of fifty-seven, he committed suicide by shooting on March 23, 1913, it seemed a logical ending to a career in which many strange elements were mingled. Professor Arrowsmith said of him that he was one of the most brilliant intellects that ever shed distinction on Columbia.

President Butler wrote:

As a matter of fact, I think that he was from the beginning under the shadow of inherited mental disease, and that this was added to by poison taken into his system as a result of his own experiences. It was characteristic of him, as of some of the brilliant personalities of the Middle Ages, to want to touch life at as many points as possible, and to have every sort and kind of personal experience. Now that he is gone and in this lamentable way, I like to think of him on his other side—the bright, cheerful companion, full of the results of wide reading and literary appreciation; the wit and the raconteur; and the man who had a positive genius for pointing out instruc-

tive and illuminating parallels between ancient and modern literature and thought.

After Peck's death, a former student wrote a poem that contained these lines:

Out of the welter and passion, out of your
whole life-wreck,
We frame our own hope's message,
Harry Thurston Peck.

Knowing Peck as I did, I'm not sure how he'd have taken that poem, could he have read it—whether he'd have been grateful for the sentiment or flabbergasted by its atrocious scansion. Professor Peck was deserving of a better poem.

THE ODYSSEY OF A WOP

BY JOHN FANTE

I PICK up little bits of information about my grandfather. My grandmother tells me of him. She tells me that when he lived he was a good fellow whose goodness evoked not admiration but pity. He was known as a good little Wop. Of an evening he liked to sit at a table in a saloon sipping a tumbler of anisette, all by himself. He sat there like a little girl nipping an ice-cream cone. The old boy loved that green stuff, that anisette. It was his passion, and when folks saw him sitting alone it tickled them, for he was a good little Wop.

One night, my grandmother tells me, my grandfather was sitting in the saloon, he and his anisette. A drunken teamster stumbled through the swinging doors, braced himself at the bar, and bellowed:

"All right, everybody! Come an' get 'em! They're on me!"

And there sat my grandfather, not moving, his old tongue coquetting with the anisette. Everyone but he stood at the bar and drank the teamster's liquor. The teamster swung round. He saw my grandfather. He was insulted.

"You too, Wop!" said he. "Come up and drink!"

Silence. My grandfather arose. He staggered across the floor, passed the teamster, and then what did he do but go through the swinging doors and down the snowy street! He heard laughter coming after him from the saloon and his chest burned. He went home to my father.

"*Mamma mia!*" he blubbered. "Tummy Murray, he calla me Wopa."

"*Sangue de la Madonna!*"

Bareheaded, my father rushed down the street to the saloon. Tommy Murray was not there. He was in another saloon half a block away, and there my father found him. He drew the teamster aside and spoke under his breath. A fight! Immediately blood and hair began to fly. Chairs were drawn back. The customers applauded. The two men fought for an hour. They rolled over the floor, kicking, cursing, biting. They were in a knot in the center of the floor, their bodies wrapped around each other. My father's head, chest and arms buried the teamster's face. The teamster screamed. My father growled. His neck was rigid and trembling. The teamster screamed again, and lay still. My father got to his feet and wiped blood from his open mouth with the back of his hand. On the floor the teamster lay with a loose ear hanging from his head. . . . This is the story my grandmother tells me.

I think about the two men, my father and the teamster, and I picture them struggling on the floor. Boy! *Can* my father fight!

I get an idea. My two brothers are playing in another room. I leave my grandmother and go to them. They are sprawled on the rug, bent over crayons and drawing-paper. They look up and see my face flaming with my idea.

"What's wrong?" one asks.

"I dare you to do something!"

"Do what?"

"I dare you to call me a Wop!"

My youngest brother, barely four, jumps to his feet, and dancing up and down, screams, "Wop! Wop! Wop! Wop!"

I look at him. Pooh! He's too small. It's that other brother, that bigger brother, I want. He's got ears too, he has.

"I bet *you're* afraid to call me Wop."

But he senses the devil in the woodpile.

"Nah," says he. "I don't wanna."

"Wop! Wop! Wop! Wop!" screams the little brother.

"Shut your mouth, you!"

"I won't neither. You're a Wop! Wop! Woppeddy Wop!"

My older brother's box of crayons lies on the floor in front of his nose. I put my heel upon the box and grind it into the carpet. He yells, seizing my leg. I back away, and he begins to cry.

"Aw, that was sure dirty," he says.

"I dare you to call me a Wop!"

"Wop!"

I charge, seeking his ear. But my grandmother comes into the room flourishing a razor-strop.

II

From the beginning, I hear my mother use the words Wop and Dago with such vigor as to denote violent disrepute. She spits them out. They leap from her lips. To her, they contain the essence of poverty, squalor, filth. If I don't wash my teeth, or hang up my cap, my mother says, "Don't be like that. Don't be a Wop." Thus, as I begin to acquire her values, Wop and Dago to me become synonymous with things evil. But she's consistent.

My father isn't. He's loose with his tongue. His moods create his judgments.

I at once notice that to him Wop and Dago are without any distinct meaning, though if one not an Italian slaps them on to him, he's instantly insulted. Christopher Columbus was the greatest Wop who ever lived, says my father. So is Caruso. So is this fellow and that. But his very good friend Peter Ladonna is not only a drunken pig, but a Wop on top of it; and of course all his brothers-in-law are good-for-nothing Wops.

He pretends to hate the Irish. He really doesn't, but he likes to think so, and he warns us children against them. Our grocer's name is O'Neil. Frequently and inadvertently he makes errors when my mother is at his store. She tells my father about short weights in meats, and now and then of a stale egg.

Straightway, my father grows tense, his lower lip curling. "This is the last time that Irish bum robs me!" And he goes out, goes to the grocery-store, his heels booming.

Soon he returns. He's smiling. His fists bulge with cigars. "From now on," says he, "everything's gonna be all right."

I don't like the grocer. My mother sends me to his store every day, and instantly he chokes up my breathing with the greeting, "Hello, you little Dago! What'll you have?" So I detest him, and never enter his store if other customers are to be seen, for to be called a Dago before others is a ghastly, almost a physical humiliation. My stomach expands and recedes, and I feel naked.

I steal recklessly when the grocer's back is turned. I enjoy stealing from him: candy bars, cookies, fruit. When he goes into his refrigerator I lean on his meat scales, hoping to snap a spring; I press my toe into egg baskets. Sometimes I pilfer too much. Then, what a pleasure it is to stand on the curb, my appetite gorged, and heave

his candy bars, *his* cookies, *his* apples into the high yellow weeds across the street. . . . "Damn you, O'Neil, you can't call me a Dago and get away with it!"

His daughter is of my age. She's cross-eyed. Twice a week she passes our house on her way to her music lesson. Above the street, and high in the branches of an elm tree, I watch her coming down the sidewalk, swinging her violin case. When she is under me, I jeer in sing-song:

Martha's crooooooss-eyed!
Martha's crooooooss-eyed!
Martha's crooooooss-eyed!

III

As I grow older I find out that Italians use Wop and Dago much more than Americans. My grandmother, whose vocabulary of English is confined to the commonest of nouns, always employs them in discussing contemporary Italians. The words never come forth quietly, unobtrusively. No; they bolt forth. There is a blatant intonation, and then the sense of someone being scathed, stunned.

I enter the parochial school with an awful fear that I will be called Wop. As soon as I find out why people have such things as surnames, I match my own against such typically Italian cognomens as Bianci, Borello, Pacelli—the names of other students. I am pleasantly relieved by the comparison. After all, I think, people will say I am French. Doesn't my name sound French? Sure! So thereafter, when people ask me my nationality, I tell them I am French. A few boys begin calling me Frenchy. I like that. It feels fine.

Thus I begin to loathe my heritage. I avoid Italian boys and girls who try to be friendly. I thank God for my light skin and hair, and I choose my companions by the Anglo-Saxon ring of their names. If a boy's

name is Whitney, Brown, or Smythe, then he's my pal; but I'm always a little breathless when I am with him; he may find me out. At the lunch hour I huddle over my lunch pail, for my mother doesn't wrap my sandwiches in wax paper, and she makes them too large, and the lettuce leaves protrude. Worse, the bread is home-made; not bakery bread, not "American" bread. I make a great fuss because I can't have mayonnaise and other "American" things.

The parish priest is a good friend of my father's. He comes strolling through the school grounds, watching the children at play. He calls to me and asks about my father, and then he tells me I should be proud to be studying about my great countrymen, Columbus, Vespucci, John Cabot. He speaks in a loud, humorous voice. Students gather around us, listening, and I bite my lips and wish to Jesus he'd shut up and move on.

Occasionally now I hear about a fellow named Dante. But when I find out that he was an Italian I hate him as if he were alive and walking through the classrooms, pointing a finger at me. One day I find his picture in a dictionary. I look at it and tell myself that never have I seen an uglier bastard.

We students are at the blackboard one day, and a soft-eyed Italian girl whom I hate but who insists that I am her beau stands beside me. She twitches and shuffles about uneasily, half on tiptoe, smiling queerly at me. I sneer and turn my back, moving as far away from her as I can. The nun sees the wide space separating us and tells me to move nearer the girl. I do so, and the girl draws away, nearer the student on her other side.

Then I look down at my feet, and there I stand in a wet, spreading spot. I look quickly at the girl, and she hangs her head

and looks at me in a way that begs me to take the blame for her. We attract the attention of others, and the classroom becomes alive with titters. Here comes the nun. I think I am in for it again, but she embraces me and murmurs that I should have raised two fingers and of course I would have been allowed to leave the room. But, says she, there's no need for that now; the thing for me to do is go out and get the mop. I do so, and amid the hysteria I nurse my conviction that only a Wop girl, right out of a Wop home, would ever do such a thing as this.

Oh, you Wop! Oh, you Dago! You bother me even when I sleep. I dream of defending myself against tormentors. One day I learn from my mother that my father went to the Argentine in his youth, and lived in Buenos Aires for two years. My mother tells me of his experiences there, and all day I think about them, even to the time I go to sleep. That night I come awake with a jerk. In the darkness I grope to my mother's room. My father sleeps at her side, and I awaken her gently, so that he won't be aroused.

I whisper, "Are you sure Papa wasn't *born* in Argentina?"

"No. Your father was born in Italy."

I go back to bed, disconsolate and disgusted.

IV

During a ball game on the school grounds, a boy who plays on the opposing team begins to ridicule my playing. It is the ninth inning, and I ignore his taunts. We are losing the game, but if I can knock out a hit our chances of winning are pretty strong. I am determined to come through, and I face the pitcher confidently. The tormentor sees me at the plate.

"Ho! Ho!" he shouts. "Look who's up!

The Wop's up. Let's get rid of the Wop!"

This is the first time anyone at school has ever flung the word at me, and I am so angry that I strike out foolishly. We fight after the game, this boy and I, and I make him take it back.

Now school days become fighting days. Nearly every afternoon at 3:15 a crowd gathers to watch me make some guy take it back. This is fun; I am getting somewhere now, so come on, you guys, I dare you to call me a Wop! When at length there are no more boys who challenge me, insults come to me by hearsay, and I seek out the culprits. I strut down the corridors. The smaller boys admire me. "Here he comes!" they say, and they gaze and gaze. My two younger brothers attend the same school, and the smallest, a little squirt, seven years old, brings his friends to me and asks me to roll up my sleeve and show them my muscles. Here you are, boys. Look me over.

My brother brings home furious accounts of my battles. My father listens voraciously, and I stand by, to clear up any doubtful details. Sadly happy days! My father gives me pointers; how to hold my fist, how to guard my head. My mother, too shocked to hear more, presses her temples and squeezes her eyes and leaves the room.

I am nervous when I bring friends to my house; the place looks so Italian. Here hangs a picture of Victor Emmanuel, and over there is one of the cathedral of Milan, and next to it, one of St. Peter's, and on the buffet stands a wine-pitcher of medieval design; it's forever brimming, forever red and brilliant with wine. These things are heirlooms belonging to my father, and no matter who may come to our house, he likes to stand under them and brag.

So I begin to shout to him. I tell him to cut out being a Wop and be an Ameri-

can once in a while. Immediately he gets his razor-strop and whales hell out of me, clouting me from room to room and finally out the back door. I go into the woodshed and pull down my pants and stretch my neck to examine the blue slices across my rump. A Wop! that's what my father is! Nowhere is there an American father who beats his son this way. Well, he's not going to get away with it; some day I'll get even with him.

I begin to think that my grandmother is hopelessly a Wop. She's a small, stocky peasant who walks with her wrists criss-crossed across her belly, a simple old lady fond of boys. She comes into the room and tries to talk to my friends. She speaks English with a bad accent, her vowels rolling out like hoops. When, in her simple way, she confronts a friend of mine and says, her old eyes smiling, "You lika go the Seester scola?" my heart roars. *Mannaggia!* I'm disgraced; now they all know that I'm an Italian.

My grandmother has taught me to speak her native tongue. By seven, I know it pretty well, and I always address her in it. But when friends are with me, when I am twelve and thirteen, I pretend to ignorance of what she says, and smirk stiffly; my friends daren't know that I can speak any language but English. Sometimes this infuriates her. She bristles, the loose skin at her throat knits hard, and she blasphemes with a mighty blasphemy.

V

When I finish in the parochial school my people decide to send me to a Jesuit academy in another city. My father comes with me on the first day. Chiseled into the stone coping that skirts the roof of the main building of the academy is the Latin inscription: *Religioni et Bonis Artibus*. My

father and I stand at a distance, and he reads it aloud and tells me what it means.

I look up at him in amazement. Is this man my father? Why, look at him! Listen to him! He reads with an Italian inflection! He's wearing an Italian mustache. I have never realized it until this moment, but he looks exactly like a Wop. His suit hangs carelessly in wrinkles upon him. Why the deuce doesn't he buy a new one? And look at his tie! It's crooked. And his shoes: they need a shine. And for the Lord's sake, will you look at his pants! They're not even buttoned in front. And oh, damn, damn, damn, you can see those dirty old suspenders that he won't throw away. Say, mister, are you really my father? you there, why, you're such a little guy, such a runt, such an old-looking fellow! You look exactly like one of those immigrants carrying a blanket. You can't be *my* father! Why, I thought, . . . I've always thought . . .

I'm crying now, the first time I've ever cried for any reason excepting a licking, and I'm glad he's not crying too. I'm glad he's as tough as he is, and we say goodbye quickly, and I go down the path quickly, and I do not turn to look back, for I know he's standing there and looking at me.

I enter the administration building and stand in line with strange boys who also wait to register for the Autumn term. Some Italian boys stand among them. I am away from home, and I sense the Italians. We look at one another and our eyes meet in an irresistible amalgamation, a suffusive consanguinity; I look away.

A burly Jesuit rises from his chair behind the desk and introduces himself to me. Such a voice for a man! There are a dozen thunderstorms in his chest. He asks my name, and writes it down on a little card.

"Nationality?" he roars.

"American."

"Your father's name?"

I whisper it, "Luigi."

"How's that? Spell it out. Talk louder."

I cough. I touch my lips with the back of my hand and spell out the name.

"Ha!" shouts the registrar. "And still they come! Another Wop! Well, young man, you'll be at home here! Yes sir! Lots of Wops here! We've even got kikes! And, you know, this place reeks with shanty Irish!"

Dio! How I hate that priest!

He continues, "Where was your father born?"

"Buenos Aires, Argentina."

"Your mother?"

At last I can shout with the gusto of truth.

"Chi-cag-ool!" Aye, just like a conductor.

Casually, by way of conversation, he asks, "You speak Italian?"

"Nah! Not a word."

"Too bad," he says.

"You're nuts," I think.

VI

That semester I wait on table to defray my tuition fee. Trouble ahead; the chef and his assistants in the kitchen are all Italians. They know at once that I am of the breed. I ignore the chef's friendly overtures, loathing him from the first. He understands why, and we become enemies. Every word he uses has a knife in it. His remarks cut me to pieces. After two months I can stand it no longer in the kitchen, and so I write a long letter to my mother; I am losing weight, I write; if you don't let me quit this job, I'll get sick and flunk my tests. She telegraphs me some money and tells me to quit at once; oh,

I feel so sorry for you, my boy; I didn't dream it would be so hard on you.

I decide to work just one more evening, to wait on table for just one more meal. That evening, after the meal, when the kitchen is deserted save for the cook and his assistants, I take off my apron and take my stand across the kitchen from him, staring at him. This is my moment. Two months I have waited for this moment. There is a knife stuck into the chopping block. I pick it up, still staring. I want to hurt the cook, square things up.

He sees me, and he says, "Get out of here, Wop!"

An assistant shouts, "Look out, he's got a knife!"

"You won't throw it, Wop," the cook says. I am not thinking of throwing it, but since he says I won't, I do. It goes over his head and strikes the wall and drops with a clatter to the floor. He picks it up and chases me out of the kitchen. I run, thanking God I didn't hit him.

That year the football team is made up of Irish and Italian boys. The linemen are Irish, and we in the backfield are four Italians. We have a good team and win a lot of games, and my team-mates are excellent players who are unselfish and work together as one man. But I hate my three fellow-players in the backfield; because of our nationality, we seem ridiculous. The team makes a captain of me, and I call signals and see to it my fellow-Italians in the backfield do as little scoring as possible. I hog the play.

The school journal and the town's sport pages begin to refer to us as the Wop Wonders. I think it an insult. Late one afternoon, at the close of an important game, a number of students leave the main grandstand and group themselves at one end of the field, to improvise some yells. They give three big ones for the Wop Wonders.

It sickens me. I can feel my stomach move; and after that game I turn in my suit and quit the team.

I am a bad Latinist. Disliking the language, I do not study, and therefore I flunk my examinations regularly. Now a student comes to me and tells me that it is possible to drop Latin from my curriculum if I follow his suggestion, which is that I fail deliberately in the next few examinations, fail hopelessly. If I do this, the student says, the Jesuits will bow to my stupidity and allow me to abandon the language.

This is an agreeable suggestion. I follow it out. But it back-tracks, for the Jesuits are wise fellows. They see what I'm doing, and they laugh and tell me that I am not clever enough to fool them, and that I must keep on studying Latin, even if it takes me twenty years to pass. Worse, they double my assignments and I spend my recreation time with Latin syntax. Before examinations in my junior year the Jesuit who instructs me calls me to his room and says:

"It is a mystery to me that a thoroughbred Italian like yourself should have any trouble with Latin. The language is in your blood, and believe me, you're a darned poor Wop."

Abbastanza! I go upstairs and lock my door and sit down with my book in front of me, my Latin book, and I study like a wild man, tearing crazily into the stuff until, lo! What is this? What am I studying here? Sure enough, it's a lot like the Italian my grandmother taught me so long ago—this Latin, it isn't so hard, after all. I pass the examination. I pass it with such an incredibly fine grade that my instructor thinks there is knavery somewhere.

Two weeks before graduation I get sick and go to the infirmary and am quarantined there. I lie in bed and feed my

grudges. I bite my thumbs and ponder old grievances. I am running a high fever, and I can't sleep. I think about the principal. He was my close friend during my first two years at the school, but in my third year, last year, he was transferred to another school in the Province. I lie in bed thinking of the day we met again in this, the last year. We met again on his return that September, in the principal's room. He said hello to the boys, this fellow and that, and then he turned to me, and said: "And you, the Wop! So you're still with us."

Coming from the mouth of the priest, the word had a lumpish sound that shook me all over. I felt the eyes of everyone, and I heard a giggle. So that's how it is! I lie in bed thinking of the priest and now of the fellow who giggled.

All of a sudden I jump out of bed, tear the fly-leaf from a book, find a pencil and write a note to the priest. I write, "Dear Father: I haven't forgotten your insult. You called me a Wop last September. If you don't apologize right away there's going to be trouble." I call the brother in charge of the infirmary and tell him to deliver the note to the priest.

After a while I hear the priest's footsteps rising on the stairs. He comes to the door of my room, opens it, looks at me for a long time, not speaking, but only looking querulously. I wait for him to come in and apologize, for this is a grand moment for me. But he closes the door quietly and walks away. I am astonished. A double insult!

I am well again on the night of graduation. On the platform the principal makes a speech and then begins to distribute the diplomas. We're supposed to say, "Thank you," when he gives them to us. So thank you, and thank you, and thank you, everyone says in his turn. But when he gives

me mine, I look squarely at him, just stand there and look, and I don't say anything, and from that day we never speak to each other again.

The following September I enroll at the university.

"Where was your father born?" asks the registrar.

"Buenos Aires, Argentina."

Sure, that's it. The same theme, with variations.

VII

Time passes, and so do school days.

I am sitting on a wall along the plaza, watching a Mexican *fiesta* across the street. A man comes along and lifts himself to the wall beside me, and asks if I have a cigarette. I have, and lighting the cigarette, he makes conversation with me, and we talk of casual things until the *fiesta* is over. Then we get down from the wall, and still talking, go walking through the Los Angeles Tenderloin. This man needs a shave and his clothes do not fit him; it's plain that he's a bum. He tells one lie upon another, and not one is well told. But I am lonesome in this town, and a glad listener.

We step into a restaurant for coffee. Now he becomes intimate. He has bummed his way from Chicago to Los Angeles, and has come in search of his sister; he has her address, but she is not at it, and for two weeks he has been looking for her in vain. He talks on and on about this sister, seeming to gyrate like a buzzard over her, hinting to me that I should ask some questions about her. He wants me to touch off the fuse that will release his feelings.

So I ask, "Is she married?"

And then he rips into her, hammer and tongs. Even if he does find her, he will not live with her. What kind of a sister

is she to let him walk these streets without a dime in his pocket, and she married to a man who has plenty of money and can give him a job? He thinks she has deliberately given him a false address so that he will not find her, and when he gets his hands on her he's going to wring her neck. In the end, after he has completely demolished her, he does exactly what I think he is going to do.

He asks, "Have *you* got a sister?"

I tell him yes, and he waits for my opinion of her; but he doesn't get it.

We meet again a week later.

He has found his sister. Now he begins to praise her. She has induced her husband to give him a job, and tomorrow he goes to work as a waiter in his brother-in-law's restaurant. He tells me the address, but I do not think more of it beyond the fact that it must be somewhere in the Italian Quarter.

And so it is, and by a strange coincidence I know his brother-in-law, Rocco Saccone, an old friend of my people and a *paesano* of my father's. I am in Rocco's place one night a fortnight later. Rocco and I are speaking in Italian when the man I have met on the plaza steps out of the kitchen, an apron over his legs. Rocco calls him and he comes over, and Rocco introduces him as his brother-in-law from Chicago. We shake hands.

"We've met before," I say, but the plaza man doesn't seem to want this known, for he lets go my hand quickly and goes behind the counter, pretending to be busy with something back there. Oh, he's bluffing; you can see that.

In a loud voice, Rocco says to me, "That man is a skunk. He's ashamed of his own flesh and blood." He turns to the plaza man.

"Ain't you?"

"Oh, yeah?" the plaza man sneers.

"How do you mean—he's ashamed? How do you mean?"

"Ashamed of being an Italian," Rocco says.

"Oh, yeah?" from the plaza man.

"That's all he knows," Rocco says. "Oh, yeah? That's all he knows. Oh, yeah? Oh, yeah? Oh, yeah? That's all he knows."

"Oh, yeah?" the plaza man says again.

"Yah," Rocco says, his face blue. "*Ani-male codardol*"

The plaza man looks at me with peaked eyebrows, and he doesn't know it, he standing there with his black, liquid eyes, he doesn't know that he's as good as a god in his waiter's apron; for he is indeed a

god, a miracle worker; no, he doesn't know; no one knows; just the same, he is that—he, of all people. Standing there and looking at him, I feel like my grandfather and my father and the Jesuit cook and Rocco; I seem to have come home, and I am surprised that this return, which I have somehow always expected, should come so quietly, without trumpets and thunder.

"If I were you, I'd get rid of him," I say to Rocco.

"Oh, yeah?" the plaza man says again.

I'd like to paste him. But that won't do any good. There's no sense in hammering your own corpse.

MAGENTA

BY THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

ONCE, up in Gilpin county, Colorado,
When a long blue afternoon was standing on end
Like a tombstone sinking into the Rocky Mountains,
I found myself in a town where no one was,
And I noticed an empty woman lying unburied
On a pile of mining machinery over a graveyard.

She was a dressmaker's dummy called Magenta.
I named her that because, all of a sudden,
The peaks turned pink and lavender and purple,
And all the falling houses in the town
Began to smell of rats and pennyroyal.

The town was high and lonely in the mountains;
There was nothing to listen to but the wasting of
The glaciers and a wind that had no trees.
And many houses were gone, only masonry
Of stone foundations tilting over the canyon,
Like hanging gardens where successful rhubarb
Had crossed the kitchen sill and entered the parlor.

The dressmaker's dummy was meant to be like a woman:
There was no head. The breasts and belly were
A cool enamel simulating life.
The hips and thighs were made adjustable,
Encircling and equidistant from
A point within, through which, apparently,
The woman had been screwed to a pedestal,
But the threads were cut and the pedestal was broken.

I propped Magenta into an old ore-bucket,
Which gave her a skirt of iron up to her waist;
And I told a mountain at some distance to
Become her lilac hair and face and neck.
It was the fairest mountain I could find,
And then I said, "Magenta, here we are."

And Magenta said, "Why do you call me Magenta?"

The sky no longer glowed rose-aniline,
So I looked at the town and thought of a different reason.

"Magenta's a mulberry town in Italy,"
I said, and she said, "What a very excellent reason!"
(I said no more though I was prepared to make
A speech a dressmaker's dummy might have relished,
About a naked Empress of France,
And how she held her night-gown at arm's length,
And named the color of her silken night-gown
In honor of the battle of Magenta,
The very year, the very day in June,
This mining camp was started in the mountains.)

The sun was low and I moved to a warmer flange
On the pile of broken mining machinery,
And Magenta said "It's always afternoon
Up here in the hills, and I think it always was."

"Why always afternoon?" I said and she answered:

"Mornings were crystal yellow, too hard to see through;
The realness didn't begin until afternoon;
We both are real, but we wouldn't have been this morning
Before the blue came up. It was always so:
Nothing real ever happened in the morning,
The men were always digging for gold in the morning;
They were dreaming deep in the earth, you never saw them,
But afternoons they'd wake up and bury their wives."

Magenta stared a moment at the graveyard.

"These women wanted me to be their friend.
I spent my mornings with them making believe.
They'd sit around me talking like far-off brides
Of things beyond the mountains and the mines;
Then they would get down on their knees to me,
Praying with pins and bastings for my sanction.

"Then they would look into mirrors and come back,
They'd look out of the windows and come back,
They'd walk into the kitchen and come back,
They'd scratch the curtains with their fingernails,

As if they were trying to scratch the mountains down,
And be somewhere where there weren't any mountains.

"I wasn't what they wanted, yet I was.
Mornings were never real, but usually
By noon the women died and the men came up
From the bottom of the earth to bury them."

"Those must have been strange days," I said, and I tossed
A cog from a stamp-mill into a yawning shaft.
We listened as it clicked the sides of the mine
And we thought we heard it splash and Magenta said:

"The men would measure in cords the gold they hoped
To find, but the women reckoned by calendars
Of double chins and crows-feet at the corners
Of their eyes. When they put their china dishes on
The checkered table-cloth they'd say to themselves
'How soon can we go away?' When they made quilts
They'd say to the squares of colored cloth 'How soon?'

"They could remember coming up to the dryness
Of the mountain air in wagons, and setting the wheels
In the river overnight to tighten the spokes;
But by the time they got to the mountains the wheels
Were broken and the women wanted the wagons
To be repaired as soon as possible
For going away again, but the men would cut
The wagons into sluice boxes and stay.

"Each woman had seven children of whom two
Were living, and the two would go to church.
Sometimes the children went to the opera-house
To see the tragedies. They can still remember
The acrobats and buglers between the acts."

I spoke to Magenta of how the graves were sinking,
And Magenta said, "All this is tunneled under;
I think some of these ladies may yet find gold,
Perhaps," she sighed, "for crowns" and she continued:

"Maybe you never saw a miner dig
A grave for a woman he brought across the plains
To die at noon when she was sewing a dress
To make a mirror say she was somebody else."

"I never did," I said, and Magenta said:

"A miner would dig a grave with a pick and shovel
Often a little deeper than necessary,
And poising every shovelful of earth
An instant longer than if he were digging a grave,
And never complaining when he struck a rock;
Then he would finish, glad to have found no color."

I didn't know what to say to that, so I said:

"It's getting dark at approximately the rate
Of one hundred and eighty-six thousand spruces per second,"
And Magenta smiled and said, "Oh, so it is."

And she said, "Up here the men outnumbered women,
But there were always too many women to go around;
I should like to have known the women who did not need me."
She indicated that their skirts were shorter.

"And so should I," I said. "Are they buried here?"

Magenta said, "I think there were hardly any:
They came like far-off brides, they would appear
Each afternoon when the funerals were over.
Some disappeared, some changed into curious songs,
And some of them slowly changed into beautiful mountains."

She pointed to a peak with snowy breasts
Still tipped with fire and said, "The miners named
That mountain Silverheels after a girl
Who never was seen until along toward evening."

"This is an odd coincidence," I said,
"Because I've been using that mountain for your head."

BUCK DUKE'S UNIVERSITY

BY W. J. CASH

THE late Buck Duke's immediate aim in pouring out his millions to transform an obscure Methodist college in a North Carolina mill-town into the university which now bears his name was simplicity itself. What he wanted was a Babbitt factory—a mill for grinding out go-get-'em boys in the wholesale and un-deviating fashion in which his Chesterfield plant across the way ground out cigarettes. In this, of course, he did not depart from the normal American pattern in such cases. Old Leland Stanford, for example, had much the same end in view in pouring out his millions at Palo Alto. But there was this difference: that whereas, vanity aside, Stanford's immediate aim may be set down for his ultimate aim, old Buck's can not be. What he had in mind in the long run was Profits, and, to the end of Profits, the preservation of the *status quo*.

It sounds sinister. But in reality it was enormously innocent. Everything old Buck ever did was done to the ultimate end of Profits, for Profits was the only thing he ever came to understand in his sixty-eight years on this planet. For all other purposes, he remained to the end essentially what he was at seventeen, a red-headed, shambling Methodist-jake out of Orange county, North Carolina—which is to say, a sort of peasant out of the Eleventh Century, incredibly ignorant, incredibly obtuse, incredibly grasping and picayune. But in this matter of Profits he was a

transcendent genius. I use the words advisedly, for in this realm he saw, not as common men see, not even as a Rockefeller or a Carnegie sees, not with fumbling, slow logic, not with thought as such, but with Bergsonian immediateness—with all the marvellous and intuitive grasp of the Real which distinguishes those astounding wasps celebrated by Jean-Henri Fabre.

Naturally, then, considering his history, it seemed to him that Profits was the only reasonable excuse for the universe, the only rational end of man. And naturally, too, he hated whatever threatened Profits. Above all, he hated Theory.

Theory, he knew, was always raising hell with things. In his youth, he had built himself up a magnificent Profits-machine, the American Tobacco Company. But Theory had hounded him mercilessly and at last it had sicked the Attorney-General of the United States on him, to damage his machine sadly. He had come back South then, back to Carolina to discover the Catawba river and set up a new Profits-mill, the Southern (now the Duke) Power Company. It was a nearly perfect one, far better than any mere tobacco combine. You built a dam for a million dollars, and you sold it to yourself for eight millions, and the accommodating rate commissioners in Raleigh and Columbia agreed that you were entitled to the ridiculously low return of 3% on the millions you had paid yourself, and most of the newspapers

not only agreed, but added gratuitously that you were a great public benefactor, worthy of the grateful admiration of every genuine patriot and Christian.

But even in this paradise, Theory could, and would, raise its snaky head. There was, for example, Josephus Daniels bawling, in his *Raleigh News and Observer*, some damned nonsense about robbing the people. And after the War for Democracy, there was the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, reneging on all its old sound principles and turning out cartloads of Theorists to afflict honest men. Worse, the time was drawing on when old Buck himself would have to shake off this flesh and betake himself to the Methodist Paradise. Since that had to be, he reckoned he could stand it: indeed, he was counting on a pretty good seat Up There. But what he couldn't stand was the thought of Profits ending when he was gone. And of course Profits *would* end. Left to themselves, the chuckleheads to whom it would be necessary to entrust the management of things would inevitably succumb to the smart Theorists. He would have to fix that if he was ever going to have any peace in Heaven.

And so, out of his genius he fashioned the Duke Endowment. Forty-two per cent of the income on \$80,000,000 (mainly in Duke Power stock) for hospitals and orphans, 10% for building Methodist churches in the sticks, and 2% for the support of superannuated Methodist preachers. That ought to hold the Legislature, eh? The Theorists wouldn't get far there, heh? How could you attack Profits now without attacking religion and the care of the helpless? It was them danged colleges, with their crazy-pot professors, that was mainly responsible for Theorists, wasn't it? Wasn't that where most of 'em came from?

No, he wasn't agin education. Only—it must be the right *kind* of education. You could have a *practical* college, couldn't you—one that would inoculate the boys against Theory and fix them up to make money for themselves instead of nosing around in other people's business? Yeah, and preachers and lawyers and doctors and teachers—these also helped to make public opinion, didn't they? If they were trained right, would they want to monkey with a great eleemosynary institution like the Duke Power Company? All right, then, let us have a *real* university, with no Theorists and plenty of money—42% of the income of the first \$40,000,000, 10% of the income of the second \$40,000,000, \$10,000,000 for a medical school. That ought to fix things, hunh?

Chuckling deep in his belly, old Buck died in great contentment in 1925.

II

Seven years after, along in September, 1932, the Hon. David Clark, editor of the *Southern Textile Bulletin* and Carolina's chiefest champion of the *status quo*, was giggling in great good humor. Brother Clark knew a joke when he saw one—and here was that crazy renegade preacher, Norman Thomas, running for President on the Socialist ticket, and asking the North Carolina Board of Elections to include his name on the State's ballot, sacrosanct time out of mind to good Democrats and low Republicans! And the board was replying, tongue in cheek, that he could get it put there only if he complied with its quaint interpretation of the election law and presented petitions bearing the names of ten thousand authentic Tar Heels. Ten thousand names! They might as well have said a million.

Then, on a morning, Brother Clark,

still giggling, opened his newspaper—and abruptly left off giggling and seized a wrathful pen.

What would Mister Duke say, hunh? What would Mister Duke say, hunh?

If it was that crowd at Chapel Hill, now. . . . But Newman Ivey White, professor of English in *Duke* University, and Holton Smith, professor of religion in *Duke* University!—that these should take the lead in defending a Socialist, in attacking the Elections Board, in yapping about “fair play”—really, it was too dreadful for thinking.

But poor Brother Clark was to see more dreadful things yet. Within a week the Duke men had drawn so much blood that the Rev. Thomas’s name actually went on the ballot. And in October, the Rev. Thomas, coming down to Raleigh in person to make a campaign speech, was introduced to his audience by the aforesaid Newman Ivey White, professor of English in Duke University. And at about the same time, the Liberal Club of Durham, composed mainly of Duke faculty members, sponsored the appearance of a speaker who roared for government ownership of utilities. And in November the American Civil Liberties Union (which Brother Clark had repeatedly proved to be in the pay of the Moscow cannibals) announced that “fourteen prominent Americans” had signed a letter threatening the prison commissioners of Georgia with Federal court action unless they put an end to the infamous malpractices in the State’s prison camps, and among the fourteen were listed, along with Oswald Garrison Villard, Arthur Garfield Hays, James Welton Johnson, and William Pickens—yes, along with this company of inflammatory Reds and sassy coons, there were Dr. Elbert Russell, dean of the School of Religion in *Duke* University, and Dr. Charles

A. Ellwood, professor of sociology in the same great institution.

What would Mister Duke say, hunh? What would Mister Duke say, hunh?

Well, old Buck was away in the Methodist Heaven and so couldn’t say, wherefore Judge William R. Perkins of New York, one time his lawyer and now vice-chairman of the Duke Endowment, said it for him. Speaking at the annual celebration of the establishment of the endowment in Charlotte on December 11, he first quoted the Founder’s words from the indenture:

I have selected Duke University as one of the principal objects of this trust because I recognize that education, *when conducted along sane and practical, as opposed to dogmatic and theoretical lines*, is next to religion the greatest civilizing¹ influence.

And then went on:

Such a statement is most refreshing and salutary in these Depression days when all sorts of isms are being vociferously hailed as sovereign panaceas, especially by some of those connected with our educational institutions, whose inexperience in everyday affairs has caused them to lose the practical in the theoretical. No such nostrums appealed to Mr. Duke. . . . He . . . stood four-square on the principles of our American government, believing that they constituted the best means whereby necessary individualism could attain its perfection, as illustrated in industry in his own life and in official life by Abraham Lincoln. . . .

So essential were these views deemed by Mr. Duke that he authorized the trustees of the Endowment to withhold its benefits even from Duke University should that institution “in their judgment” be not “operated in a manner calculated to achieve the results intended.”

Hearing that, the Hon. William Preston Few, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., Litt.D., LL.D., president of Trinity College since

¹ John Wilber Jenkins, in quoting the indenture in his book, “James B. Duke: Master Builder,” makes this word *stabilizing*.

1910 and of Duke University since its foundation, coughed nervously behind his hand and hurried back to his campus to issue one of his periodical bulls urging the students to frequent the chapel more.

Dr. Few is a somewhat transcendental old gentleman with an unworldly eye. He loves to stroll on the campus sweeping off his hat to every passing student, and he likes, too, to expatiate on the Christian mysteries. But above everything, he likes that chapel. He loves its Perpendicular tower (inspired by Canterbury, sir, carillon of fifty bells), its vaulted nave, its bright, new, chromatic windows, its cloisters (there *are* cloisters! what would Bishop Asbury say?) with the wind booming through the dark pines behind, and it pains him vastly that a perverse generation passes it hourly without ever coming to pray in its cool darkness, without, indeed, ever looking at it. Himself, he likes nothing better than to stroll there.

He strolled there pretty often in the days after Judge Perkins' speech, and it is not impossible that his thoughts turned now and then to the oracle's warning words. But if so he gave no sign, and he was still giving no sign when, in February, the North Carolina Legislature got around to considering a criminal syndicalism bill sent up by Mr. Clark, with the hearty approval, it may be said, of a power company which constantly boasts of the cheapness and docility of Southern labor in its advertisements. Justin Miller, dean of the Law School in Duke University, was pretty busy just then, and so he sent one of his young aides, Douglas Maggs, to Raleigh to argue in his stead. And Maggs argued so well that the bill died in committee. Clark's crowd shrieked at that. Surely things were getting to a pretty pass when a great Christian State could be handed over to Communists and labor

agitators through the machinations of a Duke professor!

Still Dr. Few kept on strolling in his chapel and saying nothing. Nay, to this day the good man is still strolling there and saying and doing nothing, ardently and ever more ardently.

III

Well, when it comes to that, there really isn't anything he could say or do. Of course, it is within the bounds of physical possibility to call the offenders in and lay down the law. But then they'd only tell him, politely or impolitely, to go to Hell for his pains. For many of them are men of established reputation, and hence tender in their egos, and all of them can have jobs elsewhere. And if they went elsewhere because of pressure at Duke, they'd nearly certainly write pieces about it for the *New Republic*.

Duke simply can't afford that. For, despite old Buck, it inherits a tradition of Liberalism, and that tradition, rather curiously, comes down to it from a Methodist college, the Trinity from which it descends. In 1903, the late John Spencer Bassett, then professor of history in Trinity, published an article in the *South Atlantic Quarterly* in which he said:

[Booker T.] Washington is a great and good man, a Christian statesman, and, take him all in all, the greatest man, save General Lee, born in the South in a hundred years.

"Treason!" snarled the whole Confederacy. "bASsett!" yelled Josephus Daniels, forgetting that he was a Liberal. "Kick the dirty so-and-so out!" chorused all the saviors of White Civilization from the Potomac to the Pecos. A boycott was begun. Parents must not send their sons to Trinity until the scoundrel Bassett was

fired. All the pious cotton-mill barons announced that they had closed their purses to the college. Students withdrew. But Bassett calmly declined to resign. And the administration—Dr. Few was then only dean—showed a strange disinclination to move against him.

Then the trustees came down with blood in their collective eye, and it began to look as if the jig was up. But the president of the college in those days was old John C. Kilgo, afterwards to become, under the inscrutable will of God, a Southern Methodist bishop. A proud, forceful egotist, he had no intention of being dictated to, regardless of the issue, by anybody. With lightning in his eyes, he told the trustees that if Bassett went he went too, and thundered:

Coercion of liberty in all times has been a miserable failure. . . . Bury liberty here and with it the college is buried.

Thus encouraged by their headman, the faculty leaped to the charge with the declaration that "this college has now the opportunity to show that its campus is undeniably one spot on Southern soil where men's minds are free," and every man of them solemnly filed his resignation to become effective immediately if Bassett was fired.

Within the board the fight raged and roared. It was three o'clock in the morning when the final session closed, but the ballot then stood 18 to 7 for Bassett's acquittal, and resolutions were adopted which said:

The search for truth should be unhampered . . . A reasonable freedom of opinion is to a college the very breath of life; and any official throttling of the private judgment of its teachers would destroy their influence, and place upon the college an enduring stigma.

To clinch the matter, Roosevelt I came down from the White House at the next commencement to say:

I know of no other college which has so nobly set forth, as the object of its being, the principles to which every college should be devoted.

Obviously, then, with all that on the record, Dr. Few's hands are tied, so far as any overt action against Liberals is concerned. Nor are his only. However much the board of trustees may yearn for the pelts of the faculty Bolsheviks, they must now suffer in silence: they are too hopelessly bound by that old and unforgotten declaration of academic freedom. Moreover, there are other restraining considerations. The trustees would never dare do anything anyhow without the approbation of the real master of the university, the Duke Endowment, and that approbation will never be given to anything likely to hold the university up to scoffing. Whether Judge Perkins knew it or not, he was simply bluffing at Charlotte. For on the staff of the Duke Power Company are some very acute members of the public relations guild, and they know just how quickly any open application of pressure would play hob with the precarious goodwill they have labored for two decades to build up, just how perfectly it would seem to confirm all that mockers have said about old Buck's Christian purposes, just how joyfully Yankee atheists and demagogues would pounce upon it.

In fine, there will be no lynchings at Duke.

IV

Is this to say, then, that it has gone completely over to Theory? that in a brief seven years it has already, and fully, con-

verted old Buck's aims into a laughing-stock and an irony? that it is not only no bulwark of Correct Thought but a potent engine of Bolshevism?

Not precisely. At the moment, indeed, and for all the Liberal activities of some of its professors, it may be said that the university as such is not a potent engine for anything. Nineteen million dollars have been spent there, in a forest of five thousand acres on the outskirts of Durham, to set up a plant to make even Chicago envious, but Duke is still without the focus, the sense of direction, which is the *sine qua non* of a great university.

What ails it is that it is still too much only Trinity College greatly magnified. Trinity College was born a backwoods Methodist at Old Trinity in Randolph county in 1838, and a backwoods Methodist it remained down to 1892. For years it lived around from log-cabin to log-cabin. Twice it lapsed into coma from malnutrition, and the Civil War left it flat on its back, gasping for breath. But somehow it managed to survive, somehow it stumbled on, steadily integrating its personality along Little Bethel lines and ramming Hell and damnation, hanging and calomel, and an enormous thriftiness—these things and nearly nothing else—into its students from the farms.

Then in 1892, when it was about to die finally, old Washington Duke, Buck's sire, came to its rescue with a gift of \$180,000 and an abandoned race-track in Durham for a campus—and corruption set in. For to accept Old Man Duke's cigarette-begotten money and move into Durham, as he required, involved an inescapable surrender of what was then universally regarded as basic Methodist principle. Trinity had maintained steadfastly for half a century that all towns, and particularly all factory towns, were sinks of abomination, and

that the cigarette was a snare of Satan second only to the Demon Rum. But the Duke money would come in handy, and so it was taken.

Within a few years most of the old Fundamentalist professors had died off and were being replaced by men of an altogether different stamp—men, that is, who, beginning life as innocent Southern Methodists, had gone away to the Eastern (or even the Hun) universities to be educated beyond their Methodism if not quite out of it. These men tried earnestly to be good Liberals and still go to Heaven. They said, and made themselves believe, that "Christian education" and "the illimitable freedom of the human mind" were not really incompatibles, and that, if only you looked at it right, theology and science came to the same thing. The inevitable result for the college was a massive stultification. It lost its old fierce Jahvistic character without really acquiring a new one. It advanced to the Bad Lands of indecision and there mired, unable to make its way forward to a sound and positive Liberalism.

No, not even in the Bassett case. The tradition then set up was in the last analysis only a negative one. The issue at stake was whether the college should be guilty of an act of outright medievalism, and to that it could cry No gladly and triumphantly, but it could not really make of "the illimitable freedom of the human mind" more than an innocuous phrase. Indeed, having rescued Bassett from the lynchers, it could still make him so uncomfortable by reproachful glances that he fled as soon as he could arrange it.

In the classroom, to be sure, there was no crude Bryanesque denial, no overt suppression of plain fact. Biology was actually taught as biology. Nay, it was even possible for the Bible faculty to smile in a

superior way at the common North Carolina notion that Jonah really swallowed the whale. But in the end these things were presented in such a fog of Methodist smuggerly, with such little downright-ness and definition, that they came to nearly nothing—left the student practically untouched.

Plainly enough, to take such a college, to take it with its native wishy-washiness reinforced by the paralyzing influence of old Buck's reactionary intentions, and transform it into a great university with a clear-cut personality of any kind, above all to transform it into a great Liberal university, was a task of considerable magnitude. If it was to be done swiftly and effectively, what was needed were the talents, the courage, the determined purposefulness of an Andrew D. White or a Daniel Coit Gilman—of a first-class directing mind. But at Duke there has been only Dr. Few—Dr. Few who is himself the very avatar of the Trinity spirit, Dr. Few who is horribly afraid of the manes of old Buck.

The good man has the best of intentions and no sympathy at all with old Buck's dream of making the university into a thumping Babbitt mill. He yearns—or rather a part of him yearns—to be known as a Liberal, and he'd dearly love to go into history as the man who created at Durham a great, free, militantly civilizing university. But he simply can't make the grade. At every step, old Buck's ghost and his own *alter ego* rise up to bid him pause. And what complicates matters is that this *alter ego* is no mere incorporeal thing to be disposed of by an effort of will, but something that takes on concrete form and stares at him with accusing eye from the frame of his dean, Dr. William Hane Wannamaker.

This Dean Wannamaker is a sort of

perambulating Methodist conscience. In his youth, he studied widely in the Hun universities, but they seem to have had no effect on him beyond confirming his native admiration for the goose-step. He likes, after the Trinity fashion, to call himself a Liberal, but it is difficult to know on what ground. He might have sat very well on the faculty of that old Trinity College of the Randolph county backwoods. He is immensely strong for tradition and precedent and rule, and violently opposed to innovation—and if he has a passion, it is for the Methodist Book of Discipline, which he does his level best to impose on the student body at Duke.

It is no secret on the campus that Dr. Few is considerably in awe of the dean. There are those, in fact, who say that Wannamaker is really the king there, and that Few only wears the crown. But probably this is to exaggerate; likely, the truth is as I say, that Few fears him only as his *alter ego*, only as a perpetually accusing eye calling up and reinforcing his own native and ineradicable Methodism.

Anyhow, there the honest doctor is, torn eternally between his hopes and his fears. His ambition, his will to Liberalism, his yearning to be remembered as a fair and tolerant man, impel him irresistibly forward, drive him to the accumulation of professors of high tone. But having hired them, he is forever in a flutter about what they may do or say, forever attempting to make sure that they won't do it or say it. If he cannot—and anyhow probably would not—resort to direct pressure, he can and does bring indirect pressure to bear.

Maybe he doesn't mean it so. Likely, it is simply a reflex set up by Wannamaker's Methodist eye. Still, the excellent man is everlastingly perorating on old Buck's great-hearted largesse and on the noble

traditions of Trinity College and the God-fearing men who built it—which, being translated into plain words, simply means, as the professors can readily understand, that he is earnestly imploring them to remember, for God's sake, that after all it is old Buck's money which pays them, and that after all Duke University is still a Methodist institution.

This is not without a certain effect. To be sure, it does not cause the Liberals among them to descend to conscious compromise. Nevertheless, many of them are excessively conscientious fellows, already a little uneasy about the morality of taking Cæsar's coin for the purpose of doing Cæsar down—and that uneasiness Dr. Few's prayer naturally serves to exacerbate. Certainly, they exhibit within the walls of the university itself a hesitancy which is in striking contrast to their often slashing boldness outside.

Maybe this is one of the reasons why the student body yet remains one of the most inert in the country. Among the 2,000 undergraduates there is almost nothing of that concern with social and economic questions, that "great argument about it and about," which has been fevering most American colleges of any importance since the advent of the Blight. The prevailing *mores* are Philistine and by no means passively so. Not only does the student body as a whole hold Mr. Wallace Wade (Mr. Wade is a high-powered gentleman who used to turn out very high-powered football teams at Alabama till Duke lured him away with \$18,000 a year) for its chief hero and look forward to the day when he shall take a Duke team to the Rose Bowl as Ultima Thule; it insists that everybody on the campus shall share the same view—declines pointedly to tolerate dissent. My own researches indicate that David Cornell De Jong, a fellow in Eng-

lish, was only telling the truth when he reported in the university magazine for March, 1932, that to be caught voluntarily reading anything above the level of *Liberty*, or willingly taking any interest in any intellectual matter, is an offense against the Duke *esprit de corps* which is not uncommonly punished by outright physical violence.

Yet, when all this is said and done, it is perhaps not too important. What really matters is that the Liberals have got into the place, and come in increasing numbers. What is really significant for *trend* in the university is the record of their deeds. The tremors of the moment, the hesitancy of some of the Liberals themselves, the dumb Philistinism of the student body—these things, in the last analysis, probably simply represent a transition phase, and perhaps an inevitable one.

Dr. Few and all that his generation stands for will pass. In truth, the doctor himself is already past the age for retirement, and there is a movement on foot to shelve him. Wannamaker, too, is an old man. Once they are gone, it seems very likely that the courageous, enlightened and resourceful administration which is needed at Duke will be forthcoming. Other Liberals will flock in, attracted by the really magnificent facilities for work. In time, all that will be left of the Trinity spirit will be the Bassett tradition. At any rate, there is ground for thinking so.

Already, and despite the Few-Wannamaker régime, a change begins to be apparent. The professional schools are even now completely in the hands of able men who pay little attention to either the administration or the old Trinity spirit: they bow down before no Methodist fetish and yield old Buck's ghost less than no regard. The Medical School, in particular, is al-

ready wholly independent. On the campus they tell the story that Dean Wannamaker's cops (he employs two to check up on the campus drinking and necking) once bagged a medical student who was definitely and lamentably oiled, and that the dean, dispatching a messenger hot-foot to Dr. Wilburt Cornell Davison, dean of the Medical School, to break the dreadful news and suggest that the student be canned, got back as answer an invitation to go off to Hell or elsewhere and mind his own business. Maybe the yarn is a myth, but if so, it nevertheless quite accurately reflects the state of affairs.

In short, old Buck has failed, and not only failed but woefully hashed up his own ends. If the faculty *prima donnas*

(whom he thought to hire and use as he would have used a gang of tobacco-drummers) have not as yet precisely and fully reduced his genius (that genius which was so marvellously effective so long as it moved in a world of relatively simple organisms like himself, in the world of business and politics) to a hissing and a mocking, they none the less make progress toward that end. In time, it seems certain, this university founded as a Babbitt mill will go over, lock, stock, barrel, hoof and horn, to Theory, and take up its place beside its neighbor, that University of North Carolina which old Buck distrusted, as a militant champion of civilization and a dangerous critic of the *status quo*.

CHICKEN-FIGHT

BY ROBERT LANE ANDERSON

ONE night last Spring my two friends and I drove away from the town of Marion in Southwest Virginia and into another county. We were going to a chicken-fight. Chicken-fights aren't advertised in newspapers or over the radio, but the word is passed along. It flits through county after county, even over into neighboring States. On the appointed night at the appointed place the chicken-fighters, the chickens and the watchers come together.

Southwest Virginia is that mountain part of Virginia which is a long wedge driven between West Virginia and North Carolina. It is a country of rugged highlands and deep fertile valleys—a country which vaguely knows that it isn't a part of "old" Virginia, although Richmond, too, is its capital. It's a country whose vigorous people have repaid themselves for this feeling by pretty much dominating the politics of the whole State.

I had never seen a chicken-fight. Neither had my friends. We were all curious.

And so the car sped along through the sunset and then the night. The moon came up, an orange globe shoving out of a distant mountain. The car left the highway. Miles, then, of side road. A stiff climb up the side of a mountain. We were looking for parked cars. It's hard to find a chicken-fight if you don't know local geography intimately. You have to know such-and-such a spring, so-and-so's barn if you want to be quick at getting to chicken-

fight, or quick at getting away from them, for that matter.

We stopped the car beside an old model T at a wide place in the road. Two or three men stood around the T. They looked as if they might be taking a drink.

I poked my head out.

"Can you tell us where the Big Oak Spring is?"

"Mister, you're right at it."

"The Big Oak Spring?" Where, then, were the parked cars? Where, then, the chicken-fighters? The question marks must have been in my voice.

"Mister, if you're looking for that chicken-fight, you're right at it."

We climbed out. An elderly man came over from the other car. He had a white moustache, clear in the moonlight. "Follow me," he said. "I'll set you right."

We went back along the road and over a bank into a grove. It was full of cars. Not a light anywhere. Some men were getting out of one car. They carried boxes and bags. "Follow those men," the old man said.

We did. Nobody spoke. The men with the bags and boxes glanced around. Then they went into a thicket along an old trail. The moonlight was coming down strong and it was easy to walk. It's a strange, rather outlawed feeling to be following strange men and stranger boxes through a mountain thicket to a chicken-fight.

We climbed a ridge. There were streaks of light in the hollow beyond and as we

came nearer we could see what looked like an old patched-up barn. We followed around to the side. A man stood in the door. He took your dollar and hung a neat little ticket on your vest, the same kind of ticket you get at a public dance down here. "April dues paid, Big Oak Mountain Recreation Club," the ticket said—something like that.

The barn was brightly lighted. Outside a gas-engine chugged as it drove a generator. In the center of the one big room was a pit about twelve feet across. It was round and sunk down into the ground, the sides lined with white composition board. There were plank bleachers on each side of the pit. Across from the door was another which let into a lean-to shed. Roosters were crowing in there.

The barn was full of men. There were men in riding pants and sweaters, men in overalls, men all dressed up. They walked around rather nervously. "No Drinking," said a big cardboard sign on the wall. Groups of two or three went out the door and to a nearby spring. "That sign just reminds you to take one," a man said. He didn't seem happy about it.

"Let's fight! Bring out your chickens! Let's get going!"

"C'mon, let's get started!"

"Let's fight!"

There was the referee, a natty little man in a cocky hat over a sharp, rather bloodless face. He got down into the ring and very carefully, using his foot as a measuring rod, marked five parallel lines across the pit. One was in the center. Two were on each side of it, one foot-length away. The last two lines were three or four foot-lengths away on each side of the center lines.

The man who had told me about the fight explained some of the terms and rules. "If a rooster is less than a year old,

he's a stag. If he's more than a year, he's a cock. They match 'em by weight. They must be within two ounces of each other. 'Give or take two ounces,' that's what they say.

"If a rooster is over a certain weight he's a shake. That's the same as the heavy-weight class in prize-fighting; it's unlimited. The two-ounce rule doesn't hold when they get to be shakes.

"They'll fight in just a minute now. You'll see something then. The last time they fought they went until four o'clock in the morning. I picked seven out of nine winners in fights I bet on.

"It ain't that I know so much about chickens. I don't claim to be an expert at it. But I do know these local chickens and I'm pretty lucky. If you feel like betting, just let me tip you the word. Keep your eye on me. But I ain't guaranteeing anything, you understand."

II

The cocks were brought out. They put them, one at a time, on a scale. The roosters stood up proud and shining. Men clustered around. Two cocks from opposing chicken-fighters were matched. They were carried back into the little side shed.

"They're fixing the gaffs now," my acquaintance told me. "There's an art to fixing 'em, too. They've got to be tied on with thread, just tight enough so they don't shut off the circulation. They've got to be fixed just so, too, or a rooster may cripple himself. They fight 'em here with two-inch gaffs. They kill pretty quick most times. There's such a lot of chickens to be fought."

The referee stepped into the ring. He carefully picked up and flipped out a loose pebble. "Everybody to their seats," he commanded. "No crowding around the ring!

"Now, this first fight is between a Grey Tormenter, weight four pounds eleven ounces, and a Black Roundhead, weight four pounds nine and one-half ounces.

"Get back to your seats!"

The cocks were brought into the ring by the handlers. There was a rivalry here. "The Tennessee bunch have got the best handler in East Tennessee to handle their chickens tonight. The last time they were here Cal licked 'em almost every fight."

Cal was a quiet fellow in overalls. He stood calmly at his side of the ring while the referee felt over the gaffs. But his eyes were excited. He looked quickly at his brothers in the stands. They nodded.

The best handler in East Tennessee was a small man in shirt sleeves who looked like a Swede. He kept his head down and stroked the cock in his arms. There was a dogged air about him. A solid man—a man to fight chickens methodically, directly.

When the weights are found and the cocks picked for a fight, each owner or his backers bet \$5, \$10 or \$15 with the owner or backers of the other cock. The men around the pit bet too. Close by the pit were four flashily dressed Italian bootleggers who had come from a city a hundred miles away. They held sheafs of bills in their hands and stroked the money as the handlers in the pit stroked the cocks. "Even money on the black. Even money on the black," the four chanted. Men came to them and made bets. The whole crowd, for a few moments, swirled around the pit ring. "Two bits on the Tormenter. . . . Taken! . . . Here, hold these stakes."

At a chicken-fight in my country you don't have to be a heavy plunger to get a bet down. Most bets in the crowd were for a quarter, forty cents, a half dollar, a dollar. The five dollar bettors were scarce. Perhaps it is the state of the times.

One of the Indians, a small man with a crippled leg, constantly darted into the lean-to where the cocks and chicken-fighters held forth. Perhaps he was picking up special information. Perhaps he was an especial judge of the looks of game chickens. Before each fight he limped hurriedly around. Then back to his friends. Again the chant, "Five dollars on the blue. . . . Even money on the blue. . . . Who wants it? . . . Who wants it?"

And so, the bets being made, the chickens are faced at the center line. Each handler holds his cock in his arms and swings him toward the other. The chickens glare at each other and peck. One grabs the comb of the other and holds on viciously. The handlers shake them apart. A word from the referee and each steps back to the lines away from the center. The two cocks are placed on the pit floor, facing each other. The handlers kneel behind, each with a hand under the rump of his chicken.

"Fight!"

III

Each handler gives a push. The cocks advance. The feathers rise in a ring around each forward-thrust neck. They sink down like boxers crouching for a blow. A few feints with the head and both dart suddenly into the air. They meet in a fury of beaks and gaffs, three feet above the floor. There is an ouff sound from the bettors.

Again the cocks fly. One this time tops the other and strikes. They land on the pit floor together and lie there quietly. The top chicken has sunk his steel gaff two inches into the side of the other. They are locked together.

"Handle," says the ref. The handlers dart to their chickens. With anxious hands they work the two apart.

The referee holds a stop watch in his hand. There is a few seconds rest until the next fight. The handlers stroke the cocks, held now on their knees, flex legs, rub thighs, cleanse the feathers from their beaks.

"Fight!"

Again the fighters fly together. The gray is slower now. He cannot rise well on his wounded wing. Viciously the black cock flies and strikes, flies and strikes. They lock again. Again the count. Another count. They are locked. The wounded cock is weaker. It has been pierced and pierced again. Its backers are silent. "Get him, Roundhead, get him!" yell the backers of the black cock.

"Ready," says the ref. "Fight!"

But the fight is over. The best handler in East Tennessee walks from the ring. His cock is dead in his arms.

And so the fights go on. The weighing in. Elaborate alibis from the owners, sparring for odds. Bets, bets, bets. "Two bits . . . a half . . . sixty. I'll take you. . . ."

Another handler comes in, from another group of chicken owners. He is a small young fellow with half his teeth gone. His name is Cecil. He fights first Cal and then the best handler in East Tennessee.

He is a small man and young. He hasn't the careful composure of the other handlers. He comes into the ring fairly twitching with excitement. Tenderly he strokes his fighter. As the chickens dart together and fly into the air his right leg flies into the air.

"Aroow," he crows as his chicken flies high and strikes home. The referee is constantly cautioning him not to touch the chickens until the command, "Handle."

And so the small Cecil dances around the ring, his right leg flying into the air. He wins and wins again. He wins two, three, four fights. One of his chickens,

fighting a losing battle, he holds on his knee. A friend hurries up with a tin of water. Like a prize-fight second tending his man, Cecil drops water into the throat of the exhausted cock—just a little water, sprinkled with the tip of the finger.

The cocks fly again. The little man's cock makes a lucky stroke through the throat of the other. The little man crows and hugs his fighter. The best handler in East Tennessee walks sadly from the ring, swinging another dead cock by the legs. A little trail of blood runs from the ring to the lean-to door. The trail will thicken through the night.

The handlers are passionate men working over the cocks between fights. There are certain tricks in keeping a cock going. You slip his bill into your mouth and suck the blood from his throat and lungs. You keep the gaffs clean and deadly shining.

The fighting goes on. More and more men come in the door. Some bring more chickens. There is always a little procession going out to the spring, too. The crowd isn't as sober now and the barn is full of smoke. There is a red-faced man who barks constantly at the referee. "Let 'em walk around before they fight. Give us a chance to look 'em over before we bet. For God's sake, give us two minutes, or a minute." The referee nods and does so. The red-faced man keeps on losing bets. There is a gross sweaty man in a black sweater and no shirt. For each fight he crawls on hands and knees to the pitside. In their sleek little group the pale, deadly Italians are holding more bills. It is uncanny how often they back the right cock.

It is almost midnight. They have been fighting now for three hours. Seven, eight, nine cocks have been taken out dead or dying. In the last fight one cock was so weakened he could not stand. He lay on the pit floor and the other cock flew and

struck, flew and struck. "Take him out. He's done for but you can keep him for breeding," a man yells from the planks.

Cal, handling the helpless cock, shakes his head. Finally his cock can no longer even peck weakly at the other.

The winning cock has lost his hate. He walks around the ring in a puzzled fashion. Once in a while he gives a half-hearted little kick at the prostrate and bloody but still breathing foe. The little fighter has been filled with hate and fury but it has died out now. It isn't mercy—but the lust to kill is gone. Nevertheless, the beaten cock must struggle on in the pit until the fight is lost by all the rules, until all the bets are decided . . . must suffer there, that is, unless his handler yields the fight while still he breathes. There is no yielding from Cal, the handler. Fights have been going steadily against him. His cocks have fought gallantly but one by one he has carried them out dead. This last cock will go out dead, too.

"Bring 'em up to the line," the referee orders.

The chickens are brought to the two lines close to the center. They face each other a foot apart.

"Fight!"

IV

The dying chicken lies still. The winner pecks once and stands on him. "One, two, three . . ." and so up to ten the referee counts. "Handle!" he commands. Two counts of ten seconds and one of twenty seconds (during which counts the prostrate cock does not once peck) must pass. They do pass. "The fight is won by the gray," the referee announces.

And so it goes. The beautiful cocks come in. Sometimes the fight is over quickly, sometimes it's a slow mangling

and creeping death. The cocks are proud and haughty. They are pure fighters. There is the blind forward thrust of the small fighting brain under the gleaming red comb. To fight. To fly up striking. And the needle gaffs end it quickly.

The air is smoky. Quarrels break out between bettors. Snarls, now, when a cock goes down. Snarls and the terrible money look in the faces of the winning bettors as a cock goes down with a gaff in his throat. "Two to one he can't come out again. Two to one . . . who wants it?" Nobody wants it. My acquaintance has a sad look. He has not picked seven out of nine winners tonight.

A fresh faced boy comes through the crowd. He touches you on the knee. "The men from Galway brought their wives with them. They're scared to let them stay out on the mountain side alone, so the ladies will be in in just a minute. No rough talk, please." O Southern Gentleman; O gallant Knight-at-Arms! He goes on gracefully from group to group. But the ladies never come in.

It is well after midnight now. This will go on perhaps till dawn.

We leave the barn and go out into the sweet moonlight. My two friends are silent. We breathe deeply.

The trees stand tall and silent beside the trail over the ridge. It's not far until the barn is hidden by the laurel. Climbing, it is sweet and quiet in the moonlight on the mountain side. There are a few lights in the valley far below.

The air is cool and sweet and filled with moonlight. Back there, a little way in the deep hollow, the proud gleaming cocks kill and are killed. The red-faced men, the white-faced men clench their hands and count their money. Here, in the soft light, a rabbit hops across the trail. We three, going down the steepness, are silent.

THE SOAP-BOX

AN ENGLISHMAN ON ENGLAND

MR. HAMILTON BUTLER, who, we are told, "was in the American consular service for seven years and is now living in Detroit," sure raises merry hell with poor old Johnny Bull in his article, "The Anglo-American Love Affair," in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* for July. Perhaps his living in Detroit so close to Father Coughlin accounts for such choice language as "punctilious pauper," "a surly, sullen, selfish and evasive debtor," "the customary luxury of insulting us" and "the same noble motives that move a woman of the street to drag a sister into the gutter with her." If Mr. Butler were living in Chicago with His Honor Big Bill Thompson, twice elected mayor because of a threat to "bust King George in the snoot," the thought is submitted that only asbestos pages could carry "The Anglo-American Love Affair."

To make certain that it shall not escape the attention of present-day Americans, this ambassador of good-will with his hands across the sea tells us again of England's espousal of the Confederacy and the cause of slavery. Had he read a little history instead of going on a man-hunt for abusive and vitriolic adjectives he would have learned that the real England, the working men of the country, were at that time disfranchised. (They were later taken into the fold by the "crumbling Gladstone".) Only those with certain property rights could vote. They, of course, sent landowners to Parliament. These, in turn,

sympathized with the landowners of the South. But the common people of England were with the North, and the cotton-spinners of Manchester suffered industrial martyrdom because of their refusal to handle cotton coming from the slave-owning States, and for this contribution to the Union they were warmly thanked by President Lincoln in his letter, "To the Workingmen of Manchester," January 19, 1863.

Mr. Butler tells us of England's efforts to welch on its World War debts and on the debts of prior wars. Did not the Prohibition States of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North and South Carolina get \$400,000,000 from English investors, and haven't those investors still got that amount coming to them? Regarding this default did not President Theodore Roosevelt say, "It is a shameful and painful record"?

Ex-Consul Butler complains because "the British Anti-Slavery Society stuck its nose into our affairs with an impertinent familiarity", but wasn't that at the request of William Lloyd Garrison and Henry Ward Beecher, who went to London in 1840 and 1863, respectively, for the sole purpose of getting this and other organizations to stick their noses into our affairs; and to offset this interference didn't we later loan to England Pussyfoot Johnson, hoping to inflict on that happy country American Prohibition? Between Beecher and Pussyfoot, didn't this nation encourage Moody and Sankey, the singing evangelists, to go there with their soul-saving methods, operating on a mass pro-

duction basis? Mr. Butler should study up on these things. Had he done so, he would not have libelled a nation which has given to the world steak-and-kidney pie, suet pudding, the English sparrow, General Booth, and Jack the Ripper (the original), and is the only country that has had the courage to put the boots to William Randolph Hearst.

In case I am accused of being an Englishman, please let me say I am. However, I am writing this unknown to my American-born wife, who doesn't like Englishmen.

THOMAS K. DAVEY,
*Chaplain Englewood Post No. 61, The
 American Legion
 Colonel on the Staff of the Hon. William
 H. (Alfalfa Bill) Murray, Governor of
 Oklahoma
 Chicago*

AN ADVERTISER ON ADVERTISING

TO QUOTE from Miss Kenyon's sprightly article, "A Housewife Looks at Advertising," in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for June:

Likewise I cannot see why Bonwit Teller should think to lure me into having them knit me a sport-suit to order, by publishing for my benefit a photograph of a nude woman covered at essential points by a few semi-revealing strands of boucle yarn. Far better show me a photograph of one of the suits they make to order.

If we could show a photograph of one of the suits we knit to order, it wouldn't really be knitted to order, for the appearance of the suit itself depends entirely on the customer's prescription. *She* chooses the neckline, the pattern, the drape of the shoulders, the cut of the sleeves, the flare of the skirt, the texture of the yarn. We show some fifty models as starting points,

not with the idea that she will order any one of these, but merely to provide suggestions as to interesting new details she may want to blend. A photograph of any of these models would look exactly the same as a photograph of a ready-made knit, whereas the statuette photograph, because it dramatizes the *idea* of knitted-to-order costumes and contrasts vividly with the millions of ready-to-wear advertisements which show actual photographs, emphasizes the difference.

So far as the advertisement itself is concerned, it has pulled better than any other magazine advertisement we've ever run, bringing back in sales many times the cost of the space. Apparently, repetition does not stale its effectiveness, for we've repeated it five times so far—in daily newspapers, Sunday rotogravure sections, fashion magazines, and programmes—and each time have seen sales take a boost.

During the interim, we've experimented with numerous other types of advertisement for our knitted-to-order clothes, in some cases using illustrations of specific fashions, but none of these other advertisements has proven nearly so effective in actually bringing customers to the store.

Indeed, a member of our board of directors, who's usually pretty hard-boiled about Advertising Art, pops up every month or two with the suggestion that we use a small reproduction of the photograph, trademark fashion, in *all* our newspaper ads. We don't expect to do that for the present, but indications are that we'll run the identical advertisement again this Fall, and no one knows how many times thereafter.

Incidentally, we've received dozens of letters regarding this advertisement, ranging from theological associations who have held meetings and passed resolutions condemning it, to a man in Vancouver who

said he was an art lover and asked for a full-sized enlargement to hang in his room.

GEORGE BIJUR,
*Director of Advertising,
 Bonwit Teller.*

New York City

WHAT THE REPUBLIC REALLY NEEDS

CORNWALLIS had surrendered at Yorktown. The country belonged to the winners. Immediately the big question arose, Shall the government be a democracy, an aristocracy, an autocracy, or a monarchy? Alexander Hamilton, George Washington, Patrick Henry, and John Marshall were in favor of an aristocracy. Thomas Jefferson fought all of them for his democracy. The Big Four must have had some suspicion that an aristocracy would fail, but Jefferson never had any suspicion that a democracy would fail. He coined the phrase, "All men are created equal," and started all Americans saying, "I am just as good as you are."

All men are *not* created equal, never have been created equal and never will be, but there is only one right way to class them and that is according to their intelligence. In *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* for last February Mr. Lewis Randolph said that what the country needs is for a fighting aristocracy to arise and skim off the scum. But aristocrats, collectively speaking, would make very poor skimmers. What the country really needs is a vast number of intellectual strainers. Scum can become too bothersome after it has once risen, but strain it and it will never rise.

Thomas Jefferson said that he believed in universal education. Everyone should be exposed to an education. Great numbers are immune, but how are we to discover it if we do not subject them to educational vaccination? We could go through

the schools and select many who are plainly wasting the teachers' time, but infinite numbers will fool us, for they will be able to answer the teacher's every question and yet may never be able to think and reason for themselves and thereby find the true value of things.

If we expose the masses to education for the next two generations, perhaps by that time a sufficient number of intelligent people will be developed to elect intellectually honest statesmen. When our country has reached this stage of intellectual development, democracy will be a success, and the dream of Thomas Jefferson will be true.

Monrovia, Calif. SALLIE PATRICK PRATT

WILLIAM FOX

IN A review of Upton Sinclair's book on William Fox in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* the statement appears that Fox was *geboren* Fuchs. It was my impression that Fox came from the English line of the Fox family, of which Charles James was a member. What is the reviewer's authority for the statement that he does not?

Paris

PHILIP GOODMAN

BUT HOW COULD ONE ISSUE HOLD THEM?

WHY not get out an issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* made up entirely of the best things that have appeared in past numbers? I'm sure that your readers would cherish such an issue beyond all others—an issue in which fifteen or twenty of the best articles and short-stories (but mainly short-stories) would be bound in one number. You might even hold a contest and let your readers nominate the memorable features that they would like to read again and possess, and let the most popular of them be the ones that you reprint. The

magazine would be worth its weight in gold—of which there ain't none any more.
Los Angeles F. N. BLISS

REVIEWS OF BEERS

WHY doesn't THE AMERICAN MERCURY review beers as it does books in its incomparable Check-List? I am too young to have been a drinker of beer prior to thirteen years ago, and hence know very little about it, except that I am very fond of it, but the little I know is enough to tell me that all beers are not of equal quality, and yet it is not enough to steer me clear of the meretricious ones. I think a beer critic could help the public just as a book critic, or a play critic, or a movie critic does, and in the same way, namely, by guarding it against the less worthy offerings. If it has come to be good practice to pan a bad book, play, or movie, why not a bad beer?
Philadelphia Y. M. C. A.

** Unfortunately, the state of American law makes it impossible for THE AMERICAN MERCURY to carry out this suggestion in a frank and effective manner. Reviews of books are what is called "privileged"; that is, the reviewer has an established legal right to express his honest opinion in them, however unfavorable it may be. But so far the courts have not extended the same right to critics of food and drink, and in consequence any attempt to tell the truth about some of the atrocious beers now on the American market would probably be followed by a series of libel suits, with every advantage on the side of the recreant brewers.

GREEN'S HOTEL

MAY a great admirer of Josephine Herbst be permitted to call her attention to a

slight mistake in her magnificent memoir, "A Very Successful Man", in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for June? She speaks of the Green Hotel in Philadelphia, and I assume that she refers to the landmark at the northeast corner of Eighth and Chestnut streets. But its name is Green's Hotel, named after its founder, Thomas Green, though in the old days—I'm speaking of twenty-five years ago—it was known simply as Green's, just as the older London hotels often took for their complete name a possessive surname. I am surprised that Miss Herbst's Uncle Trexler didn't appreciate the dinner he had at Green's. Once upon a time—I am again speaking of twenty-five years ago—it was one of the town's best eating-houses for sea-food. I haven't set foot inside the place since 1909, so I don't know how it is today. But I'm inclined to believe that the fault was not Green's, but Uncle Trexler's. He was probably worried all through the meal thinking of the check. I have heard of such people.
Nice, France J. B. S.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

I AGREE thoroughly with that contributor to THE AMERICAN MERCURY (or was it some other magazine?) who was saying lately that "The Pilgrim's Progress" struck him as mainly blah. I go further, and say that it is *all* blah—and I have reread it within the past week to refresh my memory. The best that I can find in it is the stale bilgewater of evangelical Christianity. The fact that parts of it—but not *all* parts—are written in very lovely English only makes it worse. Those parts simply remind me of a fat and ugly woman singing beautiful music.

Incidentally, I encountered in it one of the many examples of the inadequacy of the English language for clear statement

—not Bunyan's fault this time. It is to be found in the couplet:

He that did wear this head was one
That pilgrims did misuse.

Obviously, this may mean either one who misused pilgrims, or one who was misused by them. In the next couplet Bunyan explains that he means the former, but the explanation is sufficient proof that English is very far from what it ought to be. I often wonder that no one ever proposes to revise and improve it, as Mark Twain once proposed to improve German.
Albany J. K. H.

THE NEGLECT OF TOM PAINE

I OFTEN marvel at the neglect of Tom Paine. There is not one really good biography of him. He is seldom mentioned or seriously discussed in the magazines, and in the colleges he is considered as having been no more than an irresponsible ranter. He was actually one of the very few truly great characters in our early history. Better than anybody else he understood the full meaning of the Revolution, and more than anybody else he fanned the rebel flame which finally destroyed English rule on this land. Washington and Jefferson knew it, and, to their glory be it said, publicly acknowledged the debt of the Republic to him.

More, he dealt the first mighty blow against superstition in the new hemisphere. In the latter half of the Eighteenth Century it took real courage to question the Bible and to ridicule the Christian ministry, and Paine did both. He was completely devoid of discretion; the cheap calculations of personal advantage were a life-long mystery to him. Compared to him, Benjamin Franklin, who gave money

to all churches, regardless of denomination, was a time-server and hypocrite.

Finally, there is Paine's magnificent prose style. There are passages in "The Age of Reason" and "The Rights of Man" which are among the finest pieces of writing in American history. How much longer shall we neglect him?
Oxford, Miss. AN EX-BAPTIST

QUERIES

47. BEETHOVEN AS A CRITIC.—Years ago, reading in English translation some letters of Beethoven, I came upon a blistering characterization of some third-rate *Musiker* of his time. As I recall his words, they were: "Ass! Ass! Double-barrelled ass!" Lately I tried to recover them, but have been unable so far to find them in any edition of Beethoven's letters available here. Perhaps some reader of THE AMERICAN MERCURY will be able to supply them. I'd like to have the original German, if possible, and the date.
Houston, Tex. LEWIS JORDAN

48. SHOES.—When did shoes, of the modern variety, first come into use? Who invented the high heel in women's shoes? The latter interests me especially. Did you ever notice the difference in the walk and posture between a woman in low heels and one in high heels? If you did, then you will agree with me that high heels add at least 50% to the charm of women.
New York City ANTHONY O. COËN

49. NEGRO POPE.—A learned Negro tells me that at least two of the early Popes were Negroes, and that another had several children by a Negro woman. He said the facts can be found in any good history of the papacy, but I'm stranded in a place where there are no good books of any kind. Perhaps one of your readers will be kind enough to let me have the facts.
Richmond, Va. J. O. S.

50. STALIN.—Lately I read a collection of speeches by Joseph Stalin, the Russian dic-

tator, and was greatly impressed by their wide information, shrewd thinking, and effective writing. I spoke of the matter to a friend, and he told me that all of Stalin's writings and speeches are ghosted. Is it a fact? If so, who is the ghost?

Dallas, Texas

A READER

51. A NEW DEAL.—When and where did President Roosevelt first use the phrase, "a new deal"? Did he borrow it from Stuart Chase's book of that title? It was reported during the campaign that Mr. Roosevelt was a close student of the works of Mr. Chase.

Milwaukee

P. F. D. LeBRUN

52. MARK HOPKINS.—President James A. Garfield is generally credited with the observation: "My idea of a university is a log with a student on one end and Mark Hopkins on the other." Did he really say it, and if so, precisely when and where? Also, what is the exact text? I have seen different versions of it.

Hartford, Conn.

P. L. McGUIRE

53. NATIONAL RECOGNITION.—A lawyer friend of mine tells me that according to international law President Roosevelt really recognized Soviet Russia when he recently addressed his peace message to President Kalenin of the U.S.S.R. I'm out here in the wilds of Montana chopping trees in a reforestation camp, and have no access to reference books. Will some reader of THE AMERICAN MERCURY enlighten me?

Missoula, Mont.

R. T. BARNES

54. LOVING-CUPS.—Winners of golf matches generally get loving cups for their troubles, and so do chairladies of suburban literary societies. How, when, and where did the custom of giving them originate?

Tacoma, Wash.

K. OF C.

55. THE POTENCY OF BEER.—Since the return of 3.2% beer I have heard many discussions of the difference between it and the old he-beer of pre-Prohibition days—now, I hope, on the way back. The main question seems to be, How much alcohol was in the old beer? On this point the standard encyclopedias throw no light. The Britannica gives the alcohol content of the different varieties of English beer, but not that of German beer, which is the kind commonly brewed in the

United States. I have heard estimates of its ordinary alcohol content ranging from 3.5 to 5.5% by weight. It occurs to me that a good many brewmasters must read THE AMERICAN MERCURY, and that one of them may care to send in facts, which should be of great interest to many other readers. What was the alcohol content of Pilsner? And of the Würzburger that August Lückow used to sell?

New York City.

JOHN WARD KENNY

REPLIES

40. THE DEEP END.—"Going *in* off the deep end" is often used. This is a piece of slang of English origin, a metaphor from the swimming-bath, where the most spectacular dives are made at the deep end. It signifies to act in a precipitate, reckless or violent manner: the analogy between one taking a high dive and one plunging *in medias res* is plain. Examples: "Winston Churchill went off the deep end in the Antwerp business in 1914"; "When Jones' wife came home with another Spring hat, he went in off the deep end and kicked it through the window."

Ottawa

E. L. M. BURNS

41. THE HUMAN RACE.—The quotation Mr. Church asks about is a part of the last sentence in Chapter VI of Gulliver's Voyage to Brobdingnag (Prose Works of Swift, Vol. VIII, p. 136, ed. Temple Scott). The King says:

But by what I have gathered from your relation and the answers I have with much pain wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth.

Spartanburg, S. C.

ROBERT M. WALLACE

42. NARROW-BACK.—This word is a descriptive term applied by native-born Irish to those of American birth. My recollection is that it is most generally used, perhaps almost entirely so, in the East, more especially New York. From the way in which I have usually heard it applied, I would say that its implication is a compound of contempt and envy: "What, give it to that fella, an' him a narra-back?" I never heard the term in my native city, Dublin, nor anywhere in Leinster, the eastern province of Ireland.

Chicago

JOHN M. FLYNN

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Laugh, Suckers, Laugh!

THE INTERNAL DEBTS OF THE UNITED STATES, edited by Evans Clark. \$4.50. 6¼ x 9¼; 430 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

MR. CLARK, who is director of the Twentieth Century Fund, founded by the benign busybody, Edward A. Filene, LL.D., of Boston, was assisted in preparing this report by six brothers and two sisters of the economic faculty, some of them professing the dismal science in colleges and the rest employed by such outfits as the Brookings Institution. In addition, he had the advice and consent of ten eminent authorities, headed by Colonel Leonard P. Ayres, D.S.M., LL.D., the Cleveland statistician. The result is a very interesting and instructive work. I will not go so far as to say that it makes voluptuous reading, but I can at least assert that I have read it without pain. Even the tables of statistics, which are numerous, have a certain sneaking charm.

The substance of the volume is that the people of the United States now owe one another the colossal sum of \$238,000,000,000—\$134,000,000,000 of it in long-term debts and the balance in short-term debts. This works out to a little less than \$2,000 for every man, woman and child in the country. The total national wealth for 1929 was estimated by the National Industrial Conference Board at \$361,837,000,000. Since then it has plainly shrunk considerably, but Mr. Clark and his associates, apparently to be on the safe side, still put it at \$300,000,000,000. Thus the long-term debts in force run to 45% of it, and the

short-term debts to 35%, making 80% altogether. This is the net load on the wrinkled necks of the American people. Against every dollar's worth of property that they own there lies a debt of eighty cents.

More than half of this stupendous burden has been accumulated since the war. In 1914 the total of long-term debts reached but 20% of the national wealth, and even in 1922 it was but 23%. But after that, with the dawn of the Coolidge Prosperity, it began to sky-rocket, and by 1929 it was up to 33%. Today, as I have just said, it is at 45%. The curve of short-term debts has shown a somewhat different course. The total doubled between 1914 and 1921, and by 1929 there was a further increase in the same amount, but since then, apparently because of the decline in open-account trading and bank loans and the collapse of instalment buying, it has gone back to the 1921 level. Even so, it still amounts to 35% of the national wealth. But perhaps a comparison of the carrying charges with the national *income* will tell the story better. In 1914 the long-term debts consumed 6% of that income, in 1922 7.5% and in 1929 9%, but today they consume 19.8%. Add now the 15.4% consumed by the short-term debts, and we arrive at 35.2%. In other words, thirty-five cents out of every dollar earned by the American people today goes to the service of their debts. Even this is probably an underestimate, for short-term debts commonly carry higher interest charges than long-term debts, and the rate of amortization is naturally faster. Altogether, it is likely that

nearly half of the total income of the United States is now consumed by debts.

The loudest squawks against the burden always come from farmers, but Mr. Clark and his associates show that the farm mortgages currently in force actually run to but \$8,500,000,000, and that 60% of them are to be found in eleven States—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Missouri, the Dakotas, Nebraska and Montana. Nearly 60% of the farms of the country have no mortgages hanging over them, and even those that are mortgaged carry loads averaging but 40% of their value. The farmers in the cow States began to borrow money during the war boom, chiefly to acquire land from colleagues who retired and went to Los Angeles, or settled in the villages; they were told by the bogus experts in practise among them that the high prices then prevailing would continue, and that in a few years they would all be rich. When wheat dropped they found themselves in the hands of the mortgage-holders, and ever since that time they have been bellowing for relief from the Treasury. But their total debt is still less than a quarter that of the owners of city real-estate. The latter started on a joy-ride during the building boom of 1923-29, and have been bumping down to ruin ever since. They now owe \$35,000,000,000, and most of them will probably never be able to pay up.

As everyone knows, the national government has piled up a dreadful debt since 1917, and is still adding to it at a rapid rate. In 1914 it owed but little more than a billion, and the burden upon the taxpayer was but \$23,000,000 a year. But by 1922 its long-term and short-term debts, taken together, had mounted to nearly \$23,000,000,000, and though the late Andy Mellon, LL.D., cut them down to \$17,000,000,000 by 1929, they are now above \$22,000,000,-

000 again, and by the time the Brain Trust gets its grandiose plans to save us into full operation they will come to nearly \$30,000,000,000. Nor is this likely to be the end, for it will be impossible, without powerful and long-continued resistance from the beneficiaries, to cut off the doles now set up. By the end of the first Roosevelt term (which will probably be also the last) the total may well run to \$40,000,000,000, and if we have another war, which seems very likely, it may actually reach \$60,000,000,000. At the moment the national debt amounts to but 7.2% of the national wealth, and its service consumes but 2.53% of the national income. But idealistic men are hard at work at Washington, and in all probability they will bring these figures up to 15% and 5% before they finish.

The burden of State and local debts is somewhat less in gross amount—it runs to \$19,300,000,000 this year, as compared with \$4,800,000,000 in 1914—but it is considerably more burdensome, for much of it is without adequate security, and the returns from local taxes have been diminishing steadily. So far, no less than 1,120 public units (*i.e.*, cities, towns, counties, drainage and school districts, etc.) have defaulted, and others are going overboard every day. They have been joined as yet by only one State—Arkansas, the American Peru—, but other States are wobbling, and no doubt we'll see some more defaults, and maybe a few bold repudiations, before another year has gone screaming down the dim corridors of time.

The doles that the Brain Trust is now offering to the States—to succor the starving, to make jobs for the unemployed, and for other such lofty purposes—are mainly offered on the condition that each State match them in the proportion of 7 to 3. This will encourage a new crop of State loans, and if enough suckers can be found

to buy the bonds the total of State debts will probably rise to at least \$30,000,000,000 by the end of 1934. It has long been the prudent rule that no public unit should borrow more than 7% of its taxable wealth, and in many States that limit is established by law. But some of the States have now quite forgotten it. No less than twenty-one already owe more than 7% of their taxable wealth, and eight have gone beyond 10%. Meanwhile, the taxable basis is shrinking everywhere.

As everyone knows, some of the largest of American cities—notably Chicago and New York—are virtually bankrupt, and there is little hope that they will ever be able to pay off their debts out of their ordinary revenues. Various kinds of new taxes have been proposed to meet the situation, but wherever they have been tried they have failed. Mr. Clark and his associates believe that, in many cases, the only way out is by the appointment of receivers, as for a bankrupt railroad or other private corporation. These receivers could call in the bondholders, force them to take a part of their money for the whole, and so start the busted municipality upon a new career, whitewashed and happy. Obviously, such a plan, if it went no further, would simply give the local politicians a free license to start all over again, and pile up a fresh and perhaps even worse debt. It is therefore suggested that the State assume a sort of supervision over the bankrupt, and forbid it to spend beyond its means. But where State politicians are to be found with sense and honesty enough to enforce any such prohibition is not stated. It is possible that they may exist here and there, but certainly not generally. For a State politician, like a local politician, gets on in his art by finding new ways to spend money, not by finding ways to save it. He may earn some transient

newspaper notice by pious gabble about economy, but in the long run he must hold his lieges in line by giving them pap, and that pap must be provided out of the public treasury.

How much of the country's present almost astronomical debt will ever be paid off remains to be seen—probably not much more than half. As Messrs. Clark and company show, the security behind it is of widely varying value. The investor who has his money in street railway bonds may just as well kiss it goodbye, for he will certainly never get it back. A large part of the steam railroad stocks and bonds of the country are in the same low state, but here there are some brilliant exceptions. The gas and electric light companies, on the other hand, are generally in good condition, despite all the Insulls, and unless they are ruined by mounting taxes or by the forays of demagogues, they should be able to repay their creditors. As for the great industries, some of them are sound and some are not, but the sound ones probably outnumber the others. As for real estate, its future differs from town to town, and even from street to street.

Thus there can be no general and all-inclusive prediction as to what God and the politicians have in store for the American investor, though it must be plain that he is to be trimmed of a large part of his holdings. His securities, of course, have risen somewhat in value since the Brain Trust began operations, but if he acquired them during the Coolidge Prosperity they have still to go some way before they are worth what he paid for them. Even his cash must be written down, for since the United States repudiated its solemn promise to redeem its gold certificates in gold, every \$1 dollar that he put into bank before that repudiation has become a 70-cent dollar. All of his government securities

have declined similarly, and his State and municipal securities have declined very much more. Altogether, he has probably lost at least a third of his money. I assume here, of course, that he did not go in for speculative securities, but was a careful investor. If he bought any foreign bonds, or let himself be taken in by the swindlers who organized investment trusts—and promised gaudily to relieve him of all his worries—or if he succumbed to real-estate mortgage bonds guaranteed as to principal and interest by bonding companies which now calmly welsh on him, he will emerge from the New Deal with little save a headache.

This investor, a few years ago, was the hero of all American moralists; he had, indeed, held that position since the days of Benjamin Franklin, the first Rotarian. The fact that he saved his money instead of blowing it in was hymned alike by pastors and pedagogues, publicists and politicians. No college president ever cut loose without praising him, and he was frequently noticed favorably in messages to Congress. But now he is a scoundrel, with none so soft as to do him reverence. Every time he hints that he would like to have his money back he is damned as a sort of public enemy. In the cow country it is a settled principle of ethical science that he deserves richly to have it taken away from him, and handed over to those who borrowed it, and even in the great urban centers it seems to be unanimously agreed that the most he merits is a part of it, and not infrequently that part is estimated to be a small one. It must greatly upset this poor fellow to consider the rapid change in his public estate and dignity. Once held up as a model for schoolboys, he is now used to scare them.

What is happening to him has happened to his predecessors in the world over and

over again. Human history is a history of slowly accumulated savings, and rapid, orgiastic spendings. The laborious, careful, thrifty type of man is praised while he is at the dull, painful business of accumulating capital, but as soon as he has accumulated it idealists leap up with the news that he is really an anti-social monster, and the proposal that his money be taken away from him and divided among those who were loafing or joy-riding while he was saving it. This is precisely what is going on at the present moment in the United States. The gentlemen of the Brain Trust do not come out for open expropriation, as their fellow master-minds in Russia do, but nevertheless that is the thing they are driving at. The idea is simply to take money away from those who earned it, and distribute it among those who didn't.

What the final result of this great Christian endeavor will be remains to be seen. It may be that the looted investor, after getting used to the loss of a large part of his money and living down his present shame, will spit on his hands, resume his dismal labors, slowly accumulate new savings, and invest them as before. On the other hand, it is possible that he has learned something, and will refuse to go through the mill again. He may, for one thing, export his money to safer countries and even follow it himself, as has been done more than once by victims of inflation and expropriation in the past. He may, again, decide that any kind of saving is bad medicine, and blow in his money as fast as he acquires it, on wine, women and song or on harrying his neighbors, according to his taste. Or he may invent some new and worse way of safeguarding it, or of getting rid of it.

That he is, at the moment, very shy of all investments is plain enough. As Mr.

Clark and company show, he is already accumulating an unusually large amount of cash. To be sure, the banks have used him evilly in the recent past, but those that remain open seem to him to be relatively sound, and the money in them, though every dollar in it has been reduced to seventy cents, is at least safer than the money he has in bonds and real estate. He will certainly lend no more money to farmers and other such professional deadbeats, at least in this generation. But what if the farmers are now helped out of the public treasury, and the investor is commanded, as an act of patriotism, to provide the cash by buying government bonds? What if, with this summons in his ears, he replies, "Go to and be damned to you"?

If that happens, then the brains of the Brain Trust will surely need a copious oiling.

Zola cum Gorky

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LIVERPOOL IRISH SLUMMY, by Pat O'Mara. \$2.50. 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{4}$; 307 pp. New York: *The Vanguard Press*.

MR. O'MARA is a taxicab driver—not a Young Intellectual resorting to the hacks in search of sociological and amorous adventure, but what may be called a dirt taxicab driver, on the streets now for a dozen years and with no other regular source of livelihood. He has literary aspirations, and a year or so ago he printed a novel, "Taxi Heaven", which had its brief day and then expired. There was some competent writing in it, but what chiefly got it attention, I suspect, was simply the fact that a taxicab driver had written it. The present volume needs no such help to public notice. It is a thoroughly excellent piece of work, and I can think of very few professional literary charac-

ters of this great Republic who could have made a better one of the same material.

All autobiographies, of course, start off with the auguries in their favor, for in every man's life there is something that excites and fascinates all other men. The dulllest of nonentities, describing his adventures in this sorry haunt of dragons, becomes a kind of hero, and the worst of liars is never quite a bore. I have read in my time dozens of volumes of memoirs by the most preposterous of persons—Methodist evangelists, militia colonels, college presidents, old settlers in Iowa and Indiana, forgotten United States Senators, and even magazine editors—, and yet I can't remember one that set me to yawning, as I am so often set to yawning by novels. When the author of an autobiography really has a good story to tell he enjoys a sort of literary walk-over. No one, starting to read him, can stop.

Mr. O'Mara certainly has a good story to tell, for his life has dipped down into the very sewers of civilization, and in addition he has also seen his share of melodrama. Here was a plain advantage. But there went with it a compensating disadvantage, for telling that story without becoming impossibly gross and revolting was anything but an easy task. Yet he manages to do it—and always without resorting to transparent evasions, always without succumbing to mere niceness. There is no prissiness in him, but neither is there any of the infantile nastiness which so often passes for rugged literary individualism: he is neither Bowdler nor Hemingway. He tells it all—throwing in the stinks along with the rest—but in the telling there is no eye-rolling, and when he has got it told he passes on. At half a dozen places in his narrative he gets into what, for most authors, would be serious difficulties, but always he surmounts them without bog-

gling. The book, in brief, is very adroitly written. It might have been a bald shocker, but it comes very close, especially in the latter part, to being a piece of literature.

The *dramatis personae* are nearly all poor people in the slums of Liverpool—to the superficial eye, mere human blanks. The life of one is pretty much the life of every other—a dull round of squalor, eating bad food, wearing rags, staggering on without hope. But Mr. O'Mara knew them too well to see them as blanks. He finds them full of oddities, mysteries. Under his hand each gradually takes on form and color, and at the end he has before him a stock company as sharply differentiated as the pilgrims to Canterbury. Even the policeman on the beat—long stiffened into a marionette in the Irish *commedia dell'arte*—begins to breathe and live.

The chief characters are the author's father and mother—the former a decayed and worthless scion of a family with some claims to respectability, and even to distinction, and the latter an heroic daughter of the folk. O'Mara *père* is done at length, and with a gorgeous mixture of loathing and fascination. Wrapped in the dirty toga of his superiority, he lingers in the background, coming downstage anon to wolf an unearned meal or to beat his wife. In theory a dock laborer, he works only when the spirit moves him, and in the intervals he is a cruel nightmare to his family. But at the pub on the corner he shines, and when the times come he turns out to be full of learning in the law—none of it true. There is something immensely racy about the old scoundrel. His course ends in the lazarett of the Little Sisters of the Poor, but the glories of the O'Maras console him to his last gasps, and there is never any doubt in his mind of his high dignity as an Irishman of tone and the head of his house.

Mrs. O'Mara is done almost as well. The author's affection for her is manifest, and his debt to her endless capacity for self-sacrifice is made plain enough, but when her mounting troubles drive her to the pub at the corner he follows her there without trying to conceal her mission, and when she returns home he makes note of her exhilaration quite frankly. To her piety he owes his present high privileges and prerogatives as a citizen of this nation, and indeed his existence in the world, for if she had not let the priests drive her back to her drunken husband there would have been no Pat O'Mara today. The operations of these holy men are described realistically, but without rancor. They were, in the main, as stupid as their customers, and if their theology kept Liverpool swarming with starving brats they at least tried to cover the brats with their charity.

The record presents a problem for the eugenists. By what process did a man capable of writing it emerge from that abominable wallow? What gave him the idea of writing at all, in a place where no one read? He had no books, and knew no one who had any. He was a grown man, and already on his taxicab in America, before he began any systematic reading, and even then he had to make his way through a wilderness, for he was baffled in all his first attempts to find a guide. During the past dozen years he has covered acres of paper, and learned a lot. His first attempts were heavily self-conscious, and he wasted a lot of time trying to acquire puerile literary tricks. Even his novel is full of bad writing. But now he has come at last to a simple, straightforward and entirely adequate style, with few frills remaining to mar it.

The professors would do well to study his book. There is a lot of information about the process of learning in it.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

ROBERT LANE ANDERSON *is the son of Sherwood Anderson. He is associated with his father in the conduct of two newspapers at Marion, Virginia; the Marion Democrat, and the Smyth County News. He is twenty-six years old.*

HOWARD F. BARKER *has charge of index and filing supply research for Remington Rand. He studied at the Universities of Minnesota and Wisconsin.*

WHIT BURNETT *was born in Utah and has worked on newspapers all over the United States and Europe. For a time he was Vienna correspondent for the Consolidated Press-New York Sun Foreign Service. With his wife, Martha Foley, he edits Story.*

W. J. CASH *lives in Boiling Springs, S. C. He is at work on a book dealing with the psychology and sociology of the South.*

H. L. DAVIS *is now living in Mexico, where he is writing a book on American folk-lore.*

J. FREDERICK ESSARY *entered newspaper work at Norfolk, Va., in 1903, and is now chief correspondent at Washington for the Baltimore Sun, which paper he has also served in London. He is the author of six books.*

JOHN FANTE's *first novel will be published in the near future.*

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL *lives in Denver, Colo. He is the author of a book of verse, "High Passage."*

MORRIS FISHBEIN, B.Sc., M.D. (Rush), *is the editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association. He is the author, with Dr. Oliver T. Osborne, of a standard handbook of therapy, and has also written several books on quackery and many articles. He was born in St. Louis.*

MARION GRUBB *is a Baltimorean, but has spent little of her adult life in her native*

city. She was educated at Randolph-Macon and at Johns Hopkins. Since her graduation she has been teaching in secondary schools and colleges. Since 1928 she has contributed occasional articles and verses to the magazines.

NANCY HALE (Mrs. TAYLOR HARDIN) *is assistant editor of Vogue. She is the author of a novel, "The Young Die Good."*

ALBERT HALPER's *first novel, "Union Square" was the Literary Guild selection for March, 1933. His second will be published soon.*

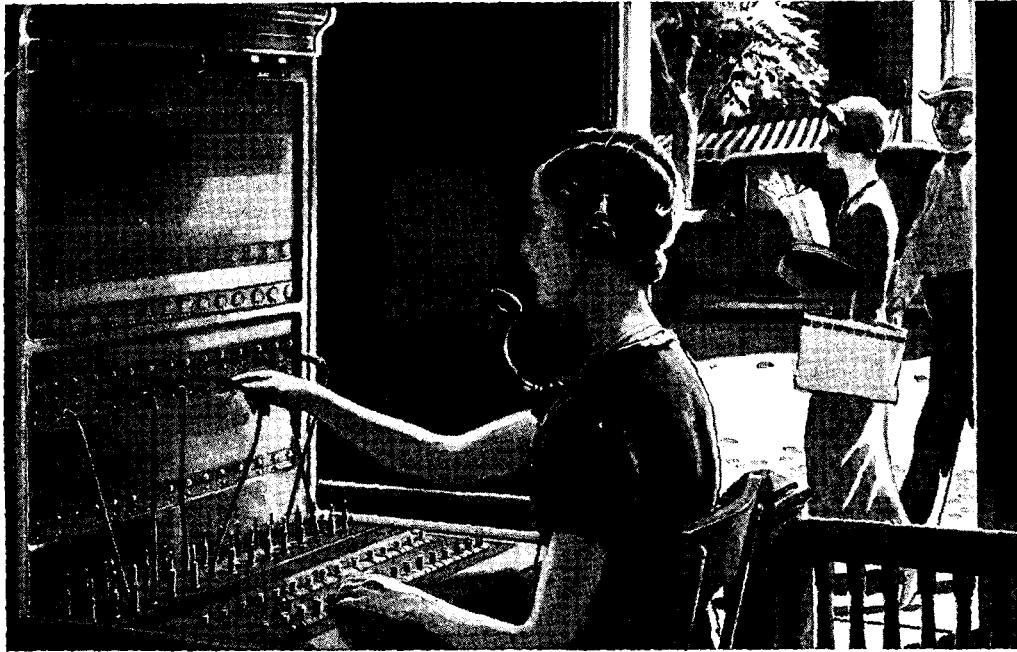
LANGSTON HUGHES *is the author of two books of poems and one juvenile. He has also written a novel, "Not Without Laughter."*

WALTER GUEST KELLOGG *was graduated from Columbia in 1899, and was the senior class poet. He has been practicing law in his birthplace, Ogdensburg, N. Y., since 1901. During the World War he was a major in the judge advocate general's department, U. S. A. He is the author of a book on "The Conscientious Objector" and of a novel, "Parish's Fancy."*

SAMUEL PUTNAM *was born in Central Illinois and educated at the University of Chicago. He was for years on the staff of the late Chicago Evening Post. During the past ten years he has published seventeen translations of books, a biography of Rabelais, two pamphlets on painting, and a volume of verse. For two years he was editor of the New Review of Paris.*

H. W. SEAMAN *was born in England, but has served on newspapers in Canada and in the United States. He is now on the staff of the London Sunday Chronicle.*

LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY, Ph.D., *is professor of English at the University of Nebraska, and editor of the Prairie Schooner.*



FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR

CLOSE to those who live in small towns, and farther out upon the farms, is the helpful service of the telephone operator.

In the truest sense, she is both friend and neighbor. Ties of kinship and association bind her to those whose voices come across the wires. Through her switchboard pass many messages that are important to the life and business of the community.

Bright and early in the morning she puts through a call that helps a farmer locate a drill for sowing oats. Another connection finds out if Jim Thomas, "over near Bogard," is feeding a bunch of calves and needs any shelled corn. Another gets the latest price on heavy hogs for Bill Simpson.

Through the day she aids in calling a doctor for Mrs. Moore, whose baby is ill. Plugs in an emergency call

that sends an ambulance east of town. Puts through a long distance call for Bob Roberts, whose boy attends the state college. Then, through the night, stands ever ready to help those in need.

Constantly in her mind and activities is one fixed, guiding purpose . . . "*Speed the call!*" And the further thought that she serves best when she serves with courtesy and sympathetic understanding.

In the bustle of the city, as in town and country, that is the established creed of every employee of the Bell System. Its faithful observance in so large a percentage of cases is an important factor in the value of your telephone service.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE
AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

*Continued from front advertising section,
page v*

BEGINNING THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

*By Joseph Ward Swain. W. W. Norton & Company
\$4.75 6¼ x 9½; 631 pp. New York*

In the preface Dr. Swain, who is associate professor of history in the University of Illinois, says: "The present book is an account of the origins, outbreak, progress, and end of the World War; yet it professes to be something more. It is a history of the generation of men who made this war." It is an admirable book. Dr. Swain is plainly thoroughly familiar with all the relevant material, and he has brought it together in an able manner. He attempts no profound philosophizing, but he has intelligent opinions and he presents his facts fairly. He has the full measure of such men as Walter Hines Page, David Lloyd-George, and Alexander Kerensky, and as for the origins of the war he sides with Professor Fay. There are many maps in color and in black and white, and at the end are a bibliography and an index. Altogether, a useful book.

THE GERMAN JEW. *His Share in Modern Culture.* *By Abraham Myerson & Isaac Goldberg.*

*Alfred A. Knopf
\$1.25 5½ x 7¾; 161 pp. New York*

Dr. Myerson is professor of neurology in the Tufts College Medical School, and Dr. Goldberg is the well-known authority on Hispano-American literature. In this book they attempt to answer the charges against the German Jews made by "the paranoid, medieval Hitler." They begin with a brief history of anti-Semitism on the Continent, and then they list, with short comments, the German Jews of the recent past and of today who have made lasting contributions to medicine, physics, philosophy, mathematics, chemistry, music, literature, journalism, drama, and the cinema. The record is most imposing. Some of the names included are Henle, Ehrlich, Hertz, Einstein, Cantor, Minkowski, Husserl, Gumpowicz, Simmel, von Hofmannsthal, and Schnitzler. There is an index.

THE RISE OF THE CITY, 1878-1898.

*By Arthur Meier Schlesinger.
The Macmillan Company
\$4 5¾ x 8¾; 494 pp. New York*

This is Volume X in the generally excellent History of American Life Series, edited by the author, who is professor of history at Harvard, and Dr. Dixon Ryan Fox, who is professor of history at

Columbia. In the 80's and 90's of the last century the city reached its highest point as a regenerative force in American history. The old predominant country life receded in the face of the spreading metropolitan way of life, the frontier disappeared, and the new inventions created a new cultural center of gravity. Dr. Schlesinger shows how the rising city was reflected in education, literature, journalism, religion, society, and the New Woman. He has unearthed little really new material, but he has brought together, in readable form, much interesting stuff, and presented it very effectively. There are some illustrations, a critical bibliography, and an index.

THE BARBARY COAST.

*By Herbert Asbury. Alfred A. Knopf
\$3 5¾ x 8¾; 331 pp. New York*

San Francisco's celebrated Barbary Coast, for half a century the most wicked area in the United States, was laid low by the earthquake of April 18, 1906, but its men and women of vision proceeded at once to lift it from the ashes, and by 1913 they had restored it to something of its old liveliness. But then the local Hearst paper began to howl for its reform, and four years later it was tackled head on by a militant Methodist pastor, the Rev. Paul Jordan Smith, and by the Spring of 1917 it was dead. A resurrection was attempted in 1921, but it failed, and since then the Barbary Coast has been but a memory. Mr. Asbury recounts its history at length, and with a great deal of amusing detail. He has not only consulted all the printed records; he has also given ear to many veterans, male and female. There are twenty-one full-page illustrations, including two group photographs of eminent madames and their staffs. There is also a bibliography, followed by a good index.

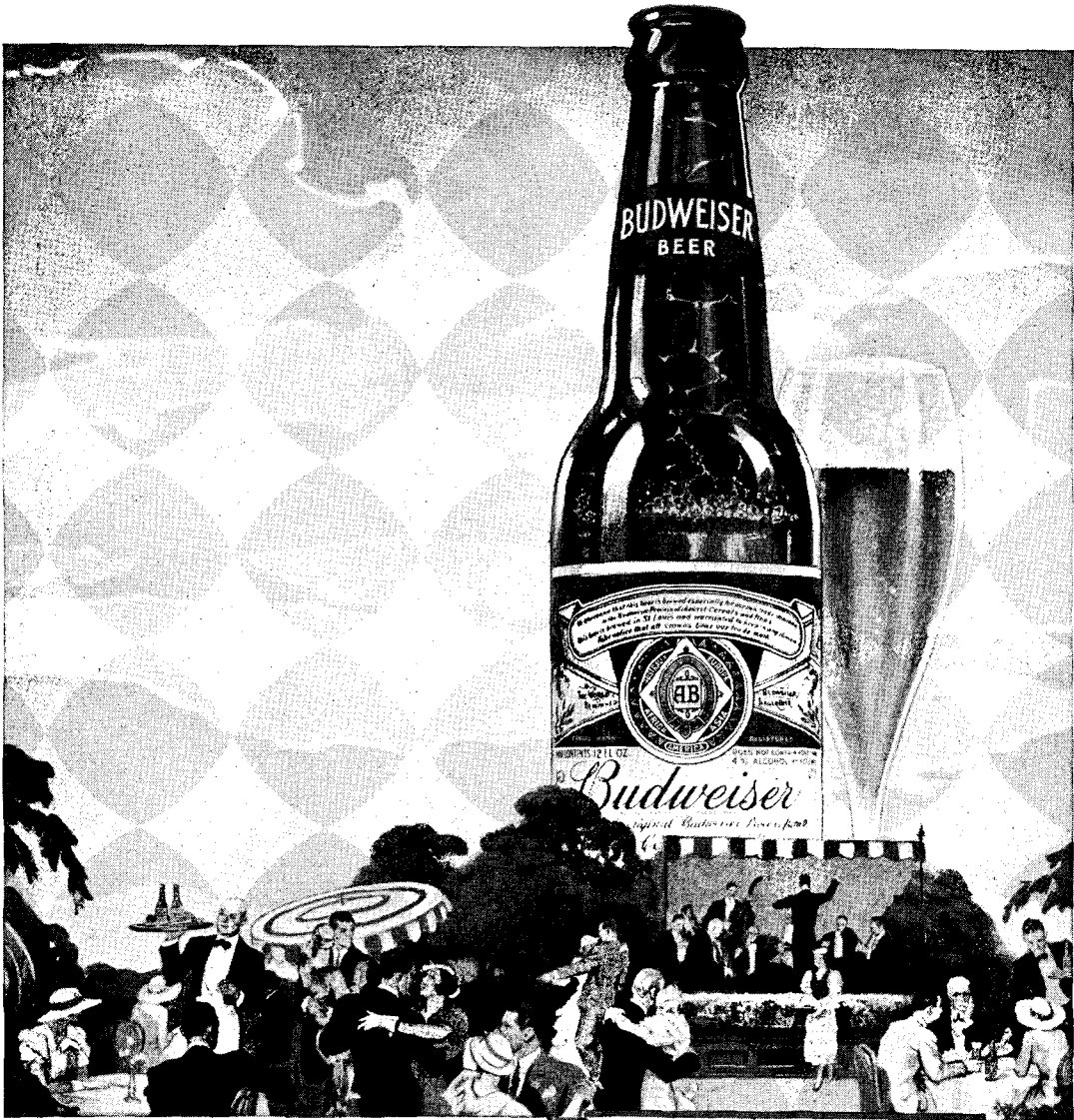
THE INTRODUCTION OF THE IRONCLAD WARSHIP.

*By James Phinney Baxter, 3rd.
The Harvard University Press
\$5 6¾ x 9½; 398 pp. Cambridge*

Dr. Baxter, who is associate professor of history at Harvard, has here written what is in effect a rapid survey of the history of the warship from the earliest times down to 1861, when the great revolution in naval architecture took place, the construction of the first armored vessels. Attempts to protect ships from fire or shot were made in classical times, but it was not until the middle of the Nineteenth Century, when the great metallurgical discoveries were made, that a

Continued on page xii

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



WHERE THERE'S LIFE, THERE'S BUDWEISER... and so it always has been, because the best in life calls for the best in beer. The quality which has made BUDWEISER outsell any other bottled beer on Earth is the result of 75 years of brewing skill. The demand for that quality built the largest brewery in the world. Today, as always, BUDWEISER comes to you fully aged. *Visitors Cordially Invited to Inspect our Plant*

A N H E U S E R - B U S C H ~ S T . L O U I S

xi

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page x

real solution was found. France then took the lead in the introduction of ironclad warships, and the other countries followed in rapid succession. Dr. Baxter tells the story of the evolution of the man-of-war with heavy documentation, and does not forget to correlate it with the diplomacy and economics of the times. There are some illustrations, a long bibliography, and an index.

POETRY

THE GARDEN OF THE EAST.

By N. V. Thadani. *The Bharat Publishing House*
Rs. 2/8 5 x 7½; 127 pp. *Karachi, India*

Mr. Thadani here presents English versions of poems by thirteen Persian poets, ranging in date from the Tenth Century to the Seventeenth. They include Firdausi, author of the greatest of all Persian sagas; the celebrated Omar Khayyám; Sa'di, the foremost Persian didactic poet; Hafiz, the premier Persian lyricist; and Zeb-un-Nissa, a woman poet. Mr. Thadani's renderings are free, and most of his lines are smooth and musical. Unluckily, his translation of Omar comes into sharp conflict with Fitzgerald's, and suffers thereby. Here, for example, is what he makes of the familiar stanza beginning "Here with a loaf of bread beneath the bough":

The bowl of wine, the charmer, and the field:
Ah, this is paradise on earth revealed.

He reduces Fitzgerald's seventy-five stanzas to forty-five. His other translations, since they challenge no hopeless comparisons, stand up better. His little book is interesting and useful.

A GREEN BOUGH.

By William Faulkner. *Harrison Smith & Robert Haas*
\$1.75 6¾ x 8½; 67 pp. *New York*

Mr. Faulkner's verse varies considerably in manner and in quality. Some of his pieces are quite conventional sonnets; others are somewhat heavy experiments in the idiom of E. E. Cummings; yet others (for example, XIII) suggest Edna Vincent Millay at her worst; finally, there is actually one (IX) which faintly recalls "An Elegy in a Country Churchyard." It is not until XLIII that there comes anything in the key of the Faulkner novels, and by that time one is hard upon the end. The little volume is interesting, but it will probably not advance the author's reputation appreciably. Some of the poems are painfully obscure. The best quality that

they reveal is a hand for picturesque phrases. For example: "Where dead kings slept the long cold years away." Again: "The windy bloom of drunken apple trees." Yet again: "And it is like a dream between gray walls."

HONORABLY DISCHARGED.

By Marc Le Clerc. *Bruce Humphries*
\$1 5¾ x 7¾; 24 pp. *Boston*

This slender volume presents a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the limited edition. It appears in an edition of 1000 copies, set in Lutetia type and printed on Normandy vellum paper. The poem which supplies the text is a banal sentimental piece in the Anjou *patois*, taken from the *Echo de Paris*, and the translation by John Heard, ostensibly into "the slang of the doughboy", is truly dreadful. Certainly it would be a herculean task to find a doughboy who ever talked as Mr. Heard makes this *poilu* talk. To make the score perfect, the printing is bad, for the paper is too hard and rough for a type-face as delicate as Lutetia, and moreover it is less opaque than it ought to be, and thus makes the page look muddy.

BIOGRAPHY

BAUDELAIRE.

By Enid Starkie. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
\$3.75 5¾ x 8¾; 518 pp. *New York*

Miss Starkie is lecturer in French literature at Oxford. Here she attempts what is perhaps the most ambitious life of Baudelaire in English. She has apparently examined all the available documents, and she sets forth her findings at length. The Baudelaire of "satanic black masses, orgiastic revelling and all the unnatural practices of a decadent civilization," she says, is a pure myth. He sinned a-plenty, but at bottom he was really a very shy man, and extraordinarily fastidious in his person, in his habits, in his dealings with others, and in his work. It was the bogus idealism of his age which drove him to his spiritual cell and to his occasional excursions among the men and women of easy virtue. As a poet, says Miss Starkie, "he ranks amongst the two or three great French poets of the Nineteenth Century." There is a long bibliography, and also an appendix of notes and an index.

LINCOLN: A Psycho-Biography.

By L. Pierce Clark. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
\$3.50 6¼ x 9¼; 570 pp. *New York*

Dr. Clarke is a psychoanalyst of the Freudian school. Here he attempts to interpret the life of Lincoln in



Check List of NEW BOOKS

terms of the principles of the Viennese master. His conclusion is that the Civil War President suffered all his life from a mother-fixation, and that this accounts for his abiding melancholy, for his inability to love fully, and for his life-long loneliness. "Throughout his life, Lincoln possesses an attachment, concealed from even himself, to the infantile memory-image of his mother. This slender thread winds in and out of his whole existence. Though the physical tie is severed, an imperishable remnant of her influence comes to dwell with him always. So insidiously is it interwoven that it shapes the ideals, the plan, the purpose of Lincoln's life." There are many illustrations, a bibliography, and an index.

LETTERS OF ROBERT BROWNING.

Edited by Thomas L. Hood.

The Yale University Press

\$5 6 1/4 x 9 1/2; 389 pp. *New Haven*

This is the first important contribution to the Browning biographical literature since the publication of the Barrett-Browning letters in 1899. There are about 200 letters here, and they cover the years 1838-1889. They all come from the collection of Thomas J. Wise, "now the last man living to have broken bread at Robert Browning's table." They deal with the poet's mature life, and especially with the long years of work that went into "The Ring and the Book." There are also some more personal letters, among them a number to Isabella Blagden, one of his early flames, and to Lady Ashburton and Harriet Hosmer, two lesser loves of a later date. As the years go on, the evidence piles up that Browning had a more cosmopolitan heart than his early letters to Elizabeth Barrett led the world to believe. He was very susceptible to moody women. There are many notes, and an index.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE FRENCH NEWSPAPERS & PERIODICALS OF LOUISIANA.

By Edward Larocque Tinker.

The American Antiquarian Society

\$2 6 1/8 x 9 3/4; paper; 126 pp. *Worcester, Mass.*

The first French newspaper ever set up in Louisiana was the *Moniteur de la Louisiane*, established at New Orleans on March 3, 1794, by Louis Duclot, a French printer who had fled the Negro uprising in Santo Domingo. It flourished for twenty years, and was the sole newspaper of the colony at the time Louisiana was taken into the United States, in 1803. But the greatest of all the Creole journals was *L'Abeille*, which began in 1827 and ran until 1925. Today there is but one French journal remaining in the State—the *Comptes Rendus de l'Athenée Louisi-*

Continued on page xiv



SAN FRANCISCO'S
largest and finest
HOTEL . . .

*Overlooking Union Square
Center of City's Activities*

The ST. FRANCIS

Genuine hospitality finds its best expression at the St. Francis. You'll enjoy the excellent cuisine, superb service and *moderate rates* at San Francisco's most distinguished address.

All rooms with bath—from \$3.50 single, \$5 double

•
*Three famous Dining Rooms
Delicious food...Popular prices*

•
One of the World's Great Hotels

MANAGEMENT . JAMES H. McCABE


HOTEL
GEORGE V
AVENUE GEORGE V
PARIS

A DISTINGUISHED
INTERNATIONAL
ADDRESS

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xiii

anaïs, which began in 1876 and still comes out irregularly. Mr. Tinker's bibliography is mainly found on his own collection, though he has also made good use of other sources. There is an historical introduction, and at the end is a brief list of reference works.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WORKS OF ROBINSON JEFFERS.

Compiled by S. S. Alberts. Random House
\$10 6½ x 9½; 262 pp. New York

This is the most complete bibliography of Mr. Jeffers' work in print, and is probably exhaustive. It seems to include everything: books, poetry and prose originally printed in magazines and newspapers, poetry and prose not previously printed in book form, poems reprinted in anthologies, books and pamphlets dealing with Mr. Jeffers, and critical and biographical articles and reviews about him. Mr. Jeffers contributes a brief foreword, and there are many reproductions of title pages and facsimiles of letters and MSS., an index of first lines, and a general index. In the preface Mr. Alberts says that Jeffers' poetry is "of and for the centuries." This is an unnecessary exaggeration. Mr. Jeffers' work can stand up very well by itself, and needs no overpraise. The book is very handsomely designed and printed.

FICTION

POUR WINE FOR US.

By Dean Van Clute.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company
\$2 5 x 7¼; 311 pp. New York

Peter Holland, a normal but highly perceptive lad, lives an uneventful life until an adolescent love-affair sends him shipping on the Great Lakes. Then experiences crowd in upon him: an evening with a street-walker, . . . Cleveland with its bright lights, . . . riding the rods with a fellow hobo. Finally, at seventeen, he marries René, his sweetheart, who has become pregnant, and buckles down to hard work in the Eastman factory at Rochester. His wife dies in childbirth, and he goes on the road again. At Watertown, N. Y., playing baseball, he has a twinge of pain that later develops into a crippling arthritis. He becomes an addict of morphine, but is cured, and devotes himself to reading, desiring "above all things to be an assiduous student; to have no loose threads dangling, incomplete, from any subject once covered." Then, to

crown his misfortunes, he goes blind. He proceeds to New York, where a brother is living, becomes the prize patient in a round of hospitals, and ends up in a charity ward of the City Hospital on Welfare Island. "What possible reason could I have for living?" he asks himself after five years. "Man lives to triumph," he answers; "to place the stamp of eternity upon his experiences!" Mr. Van Clute's own experience in life—he died a few months ago—was that of his hero; he was a helpless cripple, and blind. He did a very interesting and touching story. It was written in collaboration with Walton Van Clute, his brother.

LOST LAUGHTER.

By Mateel Howe Farnham.

Dodd, Mead & Company
\$2.50 5½ x 7¼; 432 pp. New York

Bella Price, of the Missouri Prices, has an illegitimate child—the only boy in the family—and the Prices take him to raise, after Bella promises to go away and never see him again. But she actually visits him all during his childhood as his *Cousin* Bella, and becomes more and more of a nuisance. Hughie grows up in ignorance of his birth. After he finishes college he buys a farm, and becomes engaged to a flighty little girl, Janey Hyde, who is visiting relatives in the neighborhood. When Bella hears of this she rushes to him and tells him of his illegitimacy. Shocked, he breaks off his engagement and goes into a decline—until his foster-sister tells him that his father was a United States Senator. This causes him to recover his bearings, and in the end he marries Judith Hyde, Janey's cousin. Mrs. Farnham has drawn very good portraits of Bella and the stiff-laced Prices.

HUMAN NATURE.

By Edith Wharton.

The D. Appleton-Century Company
\$2 5½ x 7¼; 249 pp. New York

These five stories by Mrs. Wharton are competently done, but scarcely distinguished. The best is "Her Son", really a novelette. Mrs. Stephen Glenn of New York sets out, after the death of her second son and her highly conventional husband, to find her first, illegitimate son. Duped by three European adventurers who pose as the son and his foster-parents, she lavishes her fortune upon them, and after the death of the bogus son, continues to support the supposed foster-parents until the woman flies at her in a drunken rage and makes it plain to her that "son" and "foster-mother" were really lovers.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

BEHIND THE DOCTOR

by Logan Clendening, M.D.

Here is a book that should be read by everyone who has read Dr. Clendening's classic *The Human Body*. It is the story of medicine, of the men and women and the episodes that are behind your doctor—that have created the knowledge and the skill at which you marvel when your doctor treats you. From the dim mists of the past, the days of conjurors and herb-doctors, down through the time of Vesalius, Harvey, Lady Mary Montagu, Jesty among his cows, gentle Joseph Lister, poor Horace Wells, Bright, and Laennec, and many others, to the present, the age of shining laboratories and clinics, the story is a fascinating and heroic one, and it is told here as only Dr. Clendening can tell it.



Dr. Clendening

450 pages, 148 illustrations. \$3.75

SEEDS OF REVOLT

by Mauritz Hallgren

A study of American life and the temper of the American people during the depression. The author, an Associate Editor of *The Nation*, spent months in mining and factory towns, farm districts, and the large industrial cities, interviewing representatives of all classes and sections. The result is an authoritative survey of what went on among the masses in the last four years. Mr. Hallgren concludes with a brilliant attempt to predict whether the future of American politics lies in communism, fascism, or traditional democracy. \$2.50

AMERICAN WINES

And How to Make Them

by Philip Wagner

Readers of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* were greatly interested in Mr. Wagner's articles in the March and June issues on American grapes and wines. They will therefore be pleased to learn that he has written a comprehensive volume on the subject. Here he discusses in detail the virtues of all American wine grapes and gives full information on how to make wines from them at home. Whether you live in California, Illinois, or New York—whether you have a cellar or only a kitchenette—you can make good wine, and make it cheaply, by following the instructions in this book. \$2.00

ALFRED · A · KNOPE



PUBLISHER · N · Y ·

xv

RIO GRANDE

by Harvey Fergusson

"This volume, a handsome piece of work, is the most attractive and valuable of all of Mr. Fergusson's excellent works."—Stanley Walker, in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune*.

"The splendor of the historical New Mexican pageantry . . . vividly portrayed . . . richly, flourishingly told."—*N. Y. Evening Post*. \$3.00

THE BARBARY COAST

by Herbert Asbury

For seventy years the Barbary Coast, San Francisco's criminal district, was the scene of more viciousness and depravity, but at the same time possessed more glamour, than any other area of vice in the world. Here is a record of all its wickedness. *Illustrated*. \$3.00

PRIEST OR PAGAN

by John Rathbone Oliver

The distinguished author of *Victim and Victor* and *Fear* has written perhaps his most powerful novel in this magnificent epic of the struggle between the forces of good and evil. The story—crowded with strange episodes and adventures, ranging from the riotous and the brutal to the gentle and the beautiful—is intensely dramatic and engrossing, but it is much more than that. It is a modern fable of vast meaning. \$2.50

TWO BLACK SHEEP

by Warwick Deeping

In this story of human frailty, the reader will find in rich measure the compassionate understanding of love and sorrow that has made Mr. Deeping, author of *Sorrell and Son*, one of the most renowned and most beloved novelists of our day. The story concerns Captain Vane, a young Englishman, across whose life was the shadow of prison, and Elsie, a charming and lovely girl, who found herself under arrest for a crime that was morally justifiable. \$2.50

ALFRED · A · KNOPF  PUBLISHER · N · Y ·

xvi

THE HADDON CRAFTSMEN, INC.
CAMDEN, N. J.



for publishers • • •

composition

hand
monotype
linotype



**one phase of a
complete service**



The Haddon Craftsmen

INCORPORATED

NEW YORK, 393 SEVENTH AVE., PHONE: PE 6-9792
PLANT, 19TH & FEDERAL STS., CAMDEN, N. J., PHONE: CAMDEN 6800

"Quality that Charms"



"It's toasted"

Sundown